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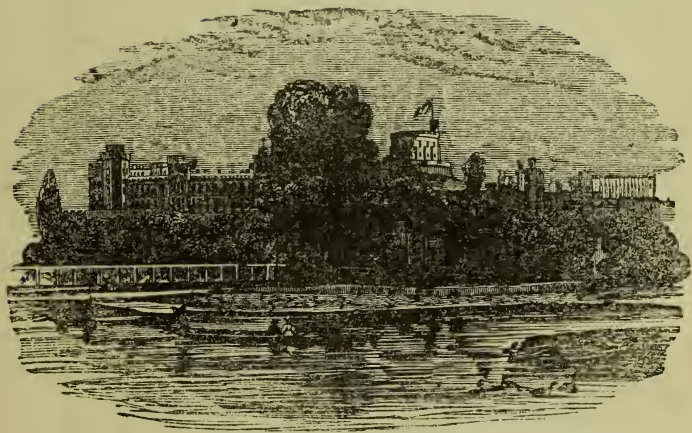
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THE
PATRICIAN.

EDITED BY

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TO

THE REV. SAMUEL HAYMAN, B.A.,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

ONE OF THE ABLEST CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PAGES OF THE PATRICIAN,

AND

A CONSTANT COADJUTOR IN THE AUTHOR'S GENEALOGICAL WORKS,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE TRUEST ESTEEM AND REGARD.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE FIENDS OF POETRY: — MILTON'S SATAN,
SHAKESPEARE'S IAGO, GOETHE'S MEPHISTO-
PHELES, AND LORD BYRON'S LUCIFER.

THE idea of that terrible portion of Revelation—the existence of an eternal fiend, the tempter and destroyer of mankind, does not occur in the mythology of the ancients. We look in vain among the poets of classic Greece and Rome for the description of a devil similar to the fearfully impressive portraits given in the Old and New Testament. Homer and Virgil, it is true, depicted a hell in glowing colours, and peopled it with dark rulers, judges, furies, and tormentors; with cruel guardians, and sinners in perpetual agony. But the demon of the Christians was not there—that demon, bent for ever on the ruin of man, —coming majestic in awful truth to the conscience-stricken imagination of the wicked. The book of Genesis, narrating the fall, and the Evangelists, relating the temptation in the desert, present the fiend to us with a power of language far beyond the flights of uninspired poetry. The impression made by the sacred writings is unalterable, indelible. Through ages and ages, from generation to generation, the notion of the fiend is ever vividly before the human intellect. The wretch in his sin may daringly rebel against a Divinity of mercy; he may deny his God, but Revelation holds him still. The avenging fiend haunts him to the death, and the greater his perverseness, so the greater is his agony. No wonder, when it is thus, that in all Christian nations the Tempter should have formed the subject of thousands of legends and stories—that clergy and laity should alike dwell upon the theme—and that poet and painter should have continually strove to represent the fiend effectively. Many a monkish and antiquarian tale depict the Spirit of Evil with strange yet pious simplicity; but it belonged to the later poetry of the Christian era to attempt to re-produce the demon with a force approaching that of Scripture. Four poets, in particular, have laboured with all the energies of their gifted minds to lay before us the devil, as he has appeared to their brilliant conceptions. These poets were Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron; and the comparative merits of their diabolical delineations seem to us a subject of interesting and curious discussion. To take them in the order of time.

First comes Milton with his Satan, pourtrayed in verse of surpassing magnificence and energy. His whole description of the abasement of the angels, and of the infernal abyss, is conceived in the noblest style of

poetry; the flaming, rushing fall of the apostate angels, and the dark but fiery prison which received them, are perhaps the most sublime pictures which the human imagination ever produced. Dr. Channing, in his able Essay on the Poetical Genius of Milton, thus treats the author's character of Satan:—

Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames, than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not, indeed, in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good; whether the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the *power of mind*. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors, though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him, the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes

That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, * * *

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.

We have more which we should gladly say of the delineation of Satan ; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain.

As far as regards the daring, dauntless disposition of Milton's Satan, we are inclined to agree with Dr. Channing. What, indeed, can more terribly demonstrate the desperate determination of the devil than the following famous lines :—

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light ? Be it so, since he
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells ; hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place, or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least
 We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell ;
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in Heav'n or what more lost in Hell ?

So does his personal description of the fiend give us the idea of a Spirit of Evil, mighty and majestic :—

The superior Fiend
 Was moving tow'rd the shore ; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,

Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle ; not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd imbow'r ; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels : so thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded.

Still we have often doubted whether Milton has successfully detailed the entire nature of the devil. He has made him, like the Prometheus of Æschylus, a magnificent rebel to the Divine power, but we scarcely perceive, throughout the *Paradise Lost*, that crafty, tempting, and utterly malignant demon, such as spoken of in Scripture. Milton, for instance, commits an unpardonable error when he makes Satan, tempting Eve, to be moved even for instant :—

Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
 Of gesture or least action, overawed
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good ; of enmity disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge ;
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd.

The very notion of a moment's hesitation to do wrong, in the mind of the demon, is utterly absurd. If such vacillation were to occur once, it

might occur again, and thus would it destroy that eternity of active evil which is supposed to occupy the arch-enemy of mankind. Milton's Satan is a grand impersonation of wickedness, but it is not the Tempter of the desert—insidious, indefatigable, and implacable. This is fully the opinion of Dr. Blair, who, in his celebrated Lectures, thus alludes to the Satan of Paradise Lost:—

Milton has not described Satan such as we suppose an infernal spirit to be. He has, more suitably to his own purpose, given him a human, that is, a mixed character, not altogether void of some good qualities. He is brave, and faithful to his troops. In the midst of his impiety he is not without remorse. He is even touched with pity for our first parents, and justifies himself in his design against them, from the necessity of his situation. He is actuated by ambition and resentment, rather than by pure malice. In short, Milton's Satan is no worse than many a conspirator or factious chief that makes a figure in history.

Shakespeare, in his Iago, has produced a masterly incarnation of the fiendish spirit. Iago has all the qualifications of the demon; he is deep, daring, sarcastic, malignant, and unmerciful: not alone his acts, but his every thought is wicked. He has no human feeling beyond hate and malice. True, he talks of injuries inflicted, yet we think it is a mistake to suppose that he is actuated by revenge. The fierce jealousy he expresses with regard to Othello is a mere pretext, such as even fiends will start in excuse for the perpetration of crime. This is the more clearly so, from his giving the very same reason, immediately afterwards, for destroying Cassio, when in Cassio's case he could have no ground for suspicion. Moreover, Iago cares nothing for his wife, and treats her with utter contempt. He is throughout the play an arch-enemy of mankind; and that Shakespeare intended him to be so is evident from the frequent allusions made to infernal agency. Thus Iago says—

Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

And again—

Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.

Othello, too, exclaims, in addressing Iago—

I look down towards his feet, but that 's a fable.

Some of the speeches of Iago demonstrate his devil's spirit to perfection. For instance, how subtle is the following!

O sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he 's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,

Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
 In following him I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end;
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

How fiendish, too, is this!

Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

He watches the progress of the evil he does with the exulting satisfaction of a demon—

I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin
 And let him find it; Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Shakespeare, though usually so fond of supernatural agency, exhibits consummate art in avoiding it when delineating the character and schemes of Iago. His object is to represent the fiend incarnate, triumphing in his villainy, without any other aid than the resources of his own diabolical mind, and he works out the plot most ably. Milton's Satan may be a magnificent creation, but Shakespeare's Iago approaches far nearer to the nature of the devil.

The Mephistopheles of Goethe may be said to be a compound of Milton's Satan and Shakespeare's Iago: he has the bold daring of the one and the cruel craft of the other. The opening prologue of Faust

reminds one strongly of Milton, though Mephistopheles is more subservient and sarcastic than Satan. Goethe's fiend thus addresses the Almighty Power:—*

Since Thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
 Deigning to our concerns to lend an ear;
 As Thou wast pleased to see me heretofore,
 Behold, I now among thy train appear!
 Forgive me, if in rhetoric I'm unskilled;
 Tho' at my words the Audience all should scoff!
 Pathos, from me, had Thee with laughter filled;
 If, long ago, Thou hadst not left it off!
 Of Suns and Planets I have nought to say—
 I mark how men still fret their lives away!
 Ever the same, the little God of Earth
 Is just as whimsical as at his birth!
 Much better had the creature thriven,
 Had'st Thou to him no glimpse of Heaven's light given,
 Which he calls Reason, using it, at best,
 To prove himself a greater brute than all the rest!
 He seems to me, with licence of Your Grace,
 Like one of your long-shanked grasshopper race,
 That springs, and flies, and, flying, springs;
 While in the grass, he ever to the old tune sings.
 Why can't the insect in the grass lie close?
 Now into every mess he pokes his nose!

The temptation of Faust by Mephistopheles is finely conceived and powerfully described. Though long, we make no excuse for presenting the greater portion of it:—

FAUST.

A knock? Come in—another plague, to-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pronounce it thrice.

FAUST.

Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! That will suffice.*

We're likely to agree it seems.
 To chase away your idle dreams,
 Like to a noble youth I now appear,
 In gold-laced scarlet vest arrayed,
 Under a cloak of stuff brocade—
 A cock's plume in my cap I wear,
 With a long rapier at my side.
 I'd have you such a dress provide;
 That so, you, debonnair, and free,
 A little of the world may see.

* The translation of Faust, here given, is that by the Hon. Robert Talbot.

FAUST.

In every garb, I must endure, alas,
Earth's cabined life of misery!
Too old in play my days to pass,
Too young, without a wish to be!
What from the *World* could I obtain?
"Abstain thou must—Thou must abstain,"
Is still the stale, unvaried song,
That in our ears for ever rings!
And this thro'out our whole life long,
Hoarser and hoarser, every minute sings!

Each Morning, I awake, in fear,
And fain my bitterest tears would run,
To see the Day, whose dull career
Shall gratify no wish—not one!
While each presentiment of joy
It shall, with captiousness, alloy!
The full creations of my glowing breast
A thousand wordly trifles shall molest!
Again, at the return of Night,
When I my weary couch have prest,
What horrid dreams my slumbers fright,
Whilst I, in vain, must sigh for rest!
The God, that dwells within my soul,
My inward Man may toss about,
And all its energies controul,
But hath no power o'er aught without!
On me Existence hangs, a loathsome weight;
I long for death, and life I hate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet, Death is never a quite welcome guest.

FAUST.

Yes, he, of all mankind, is truly blest,
Whose brow, amidst the blaze of Victory,
Death with the blood besprinkled laurel binds;
Or he, whom in a Maiden's arms he finds,
After a night of dance, and revelry!
Oh, that I'd sunk before the Spirit's might,
Entranced, exhausted, soul-less quite!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet somebody, I rather think,
One night a certain brown juice would not drink.

FAUST.

It seems thou lov'st to play the spy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Altho'
Omniscient I am not, 'tis much I know.

FAUST.

Well—since a sweet, and once familiar sound,
From Horror's depths, my soul could raise,
Weaving a charm my childish feelings round,
With the according note of happier days—
My curse on all delusions that bewrap
The Spirit, and with their juggleries entrap;
The while, with Flattery's binding spell,
They chain it in this dreary cell!
Accursed be the high opinion,
That o'er the Mind usurps dominion!

Accurst the cheat of outward show,
 That tramples down our feelings so!
 Curst be whate'er our dreams beguiles!
 Accurst the ignis-fatuus of Fame!
 Accurst be that, which, like possession, smiles!
 So wife, and child, the serf, and plough we name.
 Accurst be Mammon, when his treasures
 To virtuous deeds our soul excite;
 Accurst, when he, for slothful pleasures,
 Labours to smooth our pillow right!
 Accurst the balsam by the wine-grape nurst!
 Accurst the extacy, which Love we call!
 Accurst be Hope! Be Faith accurst!
 And curst be Patience, most of all!

Chorus of INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe, woe!
 Thou hast crushed
 The lovely world,
 With mighty hand!
 It reels, and cannot stand—
 Down it is hurled!
 A Demigod 'twas struck the blow,
 That laid it low!
 The scattered fragments 'tis our duty,
 To carry to primeval nought,
 Bewailing its departed beauty,
 As we ought!
 Thou mightiest of the Sons of Men!
 In nobler fashion, build it up again!
 Let thy own bosom it renew!
 With purer thoughts, a new career pursue;
 And then, new Heavenly strains
 Shall well requite thy pains!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are youngsters of my choir.
 Hark, how, with sense beyond their age,
 They now impart a counsel sage,
 When love of action they inspire,
 And would allure your soul to bliss!
 Away, into the World, from this,
 This weary Solitude, so dread,
 Where life's sap stagnates, and each pulse lies dead!
 Oh, cease to trifle with thy misery,
 That, like a vulture, preys upon thy heart!
 For, even in the homeliest company,
 Thou may'st feel conscious that a man thou art;
 Not that I would pretend, of course,
 You, Sir, among the Mob to force.
 'Tis true, I am no Magnate of the Land;
 But if you'll let me take you by the hand,
 Content to tread Life's maze with me,
 My services you may command—
 Sir, from this hour, in me you see
 A friend, companion, nay, your *slave*,
 If, to your liking I behave.

FAUST.

What, for thy service, must I pay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that I'll give you a long day.

FAUST.

No, no—that would not answer quite :
The Devil was e'er a selfish wight.
That he should serve a man were odd,
Without a fee, just for the love of God !
Speak your terms plainly out ; since, in one's house,
Faith, such a lackey might prove dangerous.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To serve you *here*, Sir, I myself will bind,
Still, without slumbering, at your beck to be,
If, when on *t'other* side ourselves we find,
You will consent to do as much for me.

FAUST.

That other side I little prize—
If you this World have power to crush,
Another, from its wreck, may rise.
From *this* alone my transports gush ;
And its Sun shines upon my woes :
Could I of these, at once, dispose,
What would and could might, then, succeed !
Further to hear I do not need—
I care not whether, in that other state,
There may be room for love and hate,
Or whether, in that distant Sphere,
There be a High and Low, as here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood, you the risk may dare.
First bind yourself, according to our law ;
The wonders of my Art, then, freely share ;
Wonders, which yet no Mortal ever saw.

FAUST.

And what, poor Devil ! can'st *thou* bestow ?
When was it given to one like *thee*, to scan
The mighty spirit of aspiring Man ?
Oh, yes, of food, that sates not, thou dost know—
Slippery red gold thou can'st provide,
That, like quicksilver thro' the hand will glide—
A game, at which no mortal ever won—
A Maid, that, while within my arms she lies,
Leers at my neighbour with her wanton eyes—
Or bright-eyed Honour's Godlike glow,
That like a Meteor, flashes, and is gone !—
Shew me your fruit that rots, ere one can choose—
Your tree, that every day its green renews.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The task imposed affrights not me ;
Those treasures I can give to thee.
Come, my good friend, the time is drawing nigh,
When we may feast on dainties peacefully.

FAUST.

If e'er I rest me on a slothful bed,
Then let there be an end of me !
If e'er thy flattering lures, around me spread,
Can trap me into self-complacency ;

If e'er, with pleasure, thou my heart betray,
Be that for me my latest day!
I'll risk the wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Done!

FAUST.
And, be it instantly!
Whene'er I to the passing moment say,
"Tarry awhile, thou art so fair!"
Then, may'st thou me in fetters lay,
And to destruction sweep away!
Then, may the death-bell toll for me—
From thy engagement thou be free,—
The clock be dumb, its index fast,—
For me be Time for ever past!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Think well of this—We shall remember it.

FAUST.
You have the right—So, do as you think fit.
Myself I did not rashly weigh.
I feel I am a slave—whether to thee,
Or to another, little skills it me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
I, in the College Hall, this very day,
Shall, as your Servant, wait on you;
But, to make sure, I first must pray,
That you 'll indulge me with a line or two.

Poor Margaret, the fiend's victim, draws an awe-inspiring portrait of Mephistopheles:—

MARGARET.
Then, I
Have long deplored the company
You keep.

FAUST.
How so?

MARGARET.
The man who lives with you,
I, from the bottom of my soul, detest!
If anything, my whole life through,
E'er struck a dagger thro' my breast,
'Tis that Man's horrid look!

FAUST.
Nay, nay, my dear,
That man you need not fear.

MARGARET.
I bear good-will to all, as Christians should,
But his mere presence agitates my blood!
As to behold *thee* is my chief delight,
From him I start with horror and affright!
I, for a Villain, too, have held him long—
God pardon me, if I have done him wrong!

FAUST.
Such humorists, my love, there still will be.

MARGARET.
But never fit associates for me.

I never see him enter here,
 Without a cold, sarcastic leer,
 Something so savage in his eyes !
 One sees he can with nothing sympathise—
 Upon his brow *that* 's written legibly.
 He ne'er could love a human soul, not he !
 I feel so blest, when circled by thine arm,
 In such abandonment, so free, so warm !
 And then comes he and quite shrinks up my breast !

FAUST.

Thou evil-boding Angel.

MARGARET.

So opprest
 I feel whene'er he joins our company,
 As I had even lost my love for thee !
 Besides, when he is by, I cannot pray—
 And this so eats into my heart ! Oh, say,
 My Henry, is it not the same with thee ?

The great and apparent objections, on the whole, to Goethe's demon, are—the pettiness of his object, and the little trouble he has to effect it. It is scarcely necessary to raise the supernatural power of a hell to destroy the uncertain virtue of a dreamy, doubting scholar, and to seduce an innocent maiden, who, as the Zenaida dove does with its nest, artlessly lays her honour exposed and unprotected before the first unkind and unprincipled pilferer. Iago achieves the ruin of a victorious warrior at the very period of his power and glory ; and Milton's Satan enters into a warlike contest with heavenly authority, and effects the fall of man. These are stirring subjects ; while, after all, Goethe's Faust is at most a tale of simple seduction, likely enough to be done by human agency alone.

The last grand attempt at depicting the Fiend is that of Lord Byron in his "Cain," which, despite of its splendid verse, is far inferior to the other three poems. Lord Byron's Lucifer is certainly a mighty and magnificent demon ; but, beyond troubling the mind of Cain, he seems to have no definite object, and his impious discourses are given apparently for the mere purpose of propounding profanity. Unlike Satan, Iago, or Mephistopheles, a horror of him is not made to encircle the existence.

Of Lucifer, as drawn by Lord Byron, (says Heber,) we absolutely know no evil : and, on the contrary, the impression which we receive of him is, from his first introduction, most favourable. He is not only endued with all the beauty, the wisdom, and the unconquerable daring, which Milton has assigned him, and which may reasonably be supposed to belong to a spirit of so exalted a nature, but he is represented as unhappy without a crime, and as pitying our unhappiness. Even before he appears, we are prepared (so far as the poet has had skill to prepare us) to sympathise with any spiritual being who is opposed to the government of Jehovah. The conversations, the exhibitions which ensue, are all conducive to the same conclusion, that whatever is, is *evil*, and that, had the Devil been the Creator, he would have made his creatures happier. Above all, his arguments and insinuations are allowed to pass uncontradicted, or are answered only by overbearing force, and punishment inflicted, not on himself, but on his disciple. Nor is the intention less apparent, nor the poison less subtle because the language employed is not indecorous, and the accuser of the Almighty does not descend to ribaldry or scurrilous invective. That the monstrous creed thus inculcated is really the creed of Lord Byron himself, we certainly have some

difficulty in believing. As little are we inclined to assert that this frightful caricature of Deism is intended as a covert recommendation of that further stage to which the scepticism of modern philosophers has sometimes conducted them. We are willing to suppose that he has, after all, no further view than the fantastic glory of supporting a paradox ably; of shewing his powers of argument and poetry at the expense of all the religious and natural feelings of the world, and of ascertaining how much will be forgiven him by the unwearied devotion of his admirers. But we cannot, with some of our contemporaries, give him the credit of 'writing conscientiously.' We respect his understanding too highly to apprehend that he intended a benefit to mankind in doing his best to make them discontented.

Notwithstanding the many objections to Lord Byron's poem, there are some beautiful lines in it. The description of Lucifer is remarkably fine:—

Whom have we here?—A shape like to the angels',
 Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
 Of spiritual essence: Why do I quake?
 Why should I fear him more than other spirits,
 Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords
 Before the gates round which I linger oft,
 In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those
 Gardens which are my just inheritance,
 Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
 And the immortal trees which overtop
 The cherubim-defended battlements?
 If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,
 Why should I quail from him who now approaches?
 Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
 Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality.

Adah's account of Lucifer's influence is also exquisitely done:—

ADAH.

Oh, my mother! thou
 Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine offspring
 Than to thyself; thou, at the least, hast pass'd
 Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent
 And happy intercourse with happy spirits:
 But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,
 Are girt about by demons, who assume
 The words of God, and tempt us with our own
 Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as thou
 Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most flush'd
 And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.
 I cannot answer this immortal thing
 Which stands before me; I cannot abhor him;
 I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
 And yet I fly not from him: in his eye
 There is a fastening attraction which
 Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart
 Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me near,
 Nearer and nearer:—Cain—Cain—save me from him!

CAIN.

What dreads my Adah? This is no ill spirit.

ADAH.

He is not God—nor God's: I have beheld

The cherubs and the seraphs ; he looks not
Like them.

CAIN.

But there are spirits loftier still—
The archangels.

LUCIFER.

And still loftier than the archangels.

ADAM.

Ay—but not blessed.

Such, then, are the four endeavours which have been made to amplify the impersonation of the Evil Spirit given by Revelation ; still the awe-striking simplicity of Scripture remains unrivalled. Among these four poets, Shakespeare has decidedly most nearly hit upon the demon's nature, though his is but an earthly devil ; the defects of the other three we have tried to point out. It must be confessed, however, that all these attempts, with the exception of Lord Byron's needless profanity, tend much to enhance the solemnity, the strangeness, and the sublimity of poetry.

JOHN OF BOHEMIA.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY A LADY.

Cressy.

AND hotly raged the bloody fight
 On Cressy's field of fame ;
 Fierce in hatred, strong in might,
 The hostile armies came.
 And blind King John his men has brought
 To aid the French intent—
 Full many a time he's with them fought,
 Now rests he in his tent.

But hark how loud the trumpets sound !
 The fearful strife's began !
 The leaders shout, the horses bound,
 Up starts that fine old man :
 " And though I am both old and blind,
 Some vigour still I feel ;
 My fiery blood, my daring mind,
 This battle shall reveal.

" Bring me my arms, my sword and shield—
 My squires are here I ween
 And quickly chain my noble horse
 Their powerful steeds between,
 And let us hence—the armies meet,
 Their arrows swiftly fly ;
 My ear shall guide my horse's feet,
 Theirs will obey the eye."

And there they stand before the tent,
 The three chained side by side ;
 And to the field with lances bent,
 How quick these horsemen ride !
 The King, that noble, blind, old man,
 So royally did seem—
 His squires with youthful joy began
 Of knightly deeds to dream.

And where the battle fiercest raged,
Their mighty swords are felt ;
And bloody tokens strew the path
Where'er their blows are dealt.
But soon they fall, these spirits bold,
And see, their eyes grow dim !
HE lies like winter, white and cold,
And THEY like spring with him.

“ Farewell, ye earth and heavens so bright !
Your wailings, comrades, cease !
We bravely die in open fight,
And gain eternal peace.”
Brave spirits go ! your wreaths we 'll weave,
Your deeds shall live in story ;
With hero's deaths the crowns receive
Of deathless peace and glory.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY:

XVII.—PHILIP STANSFIELD, THE PARRICIDE.

THIS grim Scottish story of the latter part of the seventeenth century is marked in all its features with a wonderfully deep and significant impression of the country and the time to which it belongs. New Milns (now Amisfield) appears to have been a place in the neighbourhood of Haddington, in East Lothian, which was so called from a manufactory of broad-cloth established there not long before the date of the events about to be related.

Sir James Stansfield held the rank of Colonel in the Parliamentary army. After Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, he went to Scotland, and set up the woollen manufactory at New Milns, under the patronage of the protecorate. At the Restoration, parliament granted certain annuities and privileges to Colonel Stansfield, on whom Charles II. conferred the honour of knight-hood. His prospects, were, however, soon blasted; for in 1687, he was found murdered, as was supposed, by his eldest son Philip, whom he had disinherited for his debauchery. This unfortunate man was brought up for trial, February, 6, 1688, when

The indictment set forth:

“That whereas by the laws of this kingdom, the speaking of malicious and seditious words, to the disdain of His Majesty's person and contempt of his royal government: such as drinking, or wishing confusion to his Majesty, is high treason. And the cursing, beating, invading, or assassinating of a parent, is punishable with death, &c. And that murder under trust, is punishable as treason. Nevertheless, the said Philip Stansfield, shaking off the fear of God, &c., did upon the 1st, 2d, or 3d, or one or other of the days of the months of June, July, August, or September last, in the kitchen of New Milns, as a most villainous and avowed traitor, begin a health to the confusion of his Majesty, his native sovereign; and did cause others, in his company, to drink the same.

“That although his father had given him a liberal education, he had taken ill courses, and had been detained prisoner in the Marshalsea, in Southwark, and in the public prisons of Antwerp, Orleans, and other places; from whence his said father had released him: and that notwithstanding, he fell to his debauched and villainous courses again. Whereupon, his father signifying his intention to disinherit him, and settle his estate upon John Stansfield, his second son, the said Philip Stansfield did

declare he would cut his father's throat: particularly, that upon the 1st, 2d, or 3d, or one or other of the days of the months of January, February, March, and remaining months of January, February, March, and remaining months of the year of God, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, and 1684 years, or one or other of them; he did attempt to assassinate his father by pursuing him in the highway, &c., and firing pistols upon him: which the said Sir James, his father, had declared to several persons of honour in his lifetime.

“And that upon the — day of November last, the said Sir James Stansfield, coming from Edinburgh to his house at New Milns, and going into his chamber to rest about ten o'clock at night, and being alone in the room, under the credit, trust, and assurance of the said Philip, his son, and his own servants within his family: the said Philip did consult with one George Tomson, and divers other persons, how to murder him: and that accordingly, they did murder and strangle him in his bed-chamber; and in the dead of the night carried him from the said room, and threw him into a pond near the house. That the next morning when the body was found, the said Philip caused it to be buried in haste, and refused to stay till his friends and physicians viewed it. That the body being taken up again by authority, and inspected by surgeons, it appeared to have been strangled and not drowned. And that his nearest relations being required to lift the corpse into the coffin after it had been inspected; upon the said Philip Stansfield touching of it (according to God's usual method of discovering murder, says the framer of the indictment) it bled afresh upon the said Philip, and that thereupon he let the body fall, and fled from it in the greatest consternation; crying Lord have mercy upon me.

“And that the said Philip being found by an assize to be actor, art and part of the aforesaid crimes, one or other of them, he ought to be punished for the treasonable crimes above specified, with forfeiture of life, lands, and goods: and for the other crimes above mentioned capitally, and with the pains of death, and confiscation of moveables, to the terror and example of others, &c.”

The trial of Philip Stansfield took place at Edinburgh, before the supreme criminal court, called the High Court of Justiciary; the judges on the bench being George Earl of Linlithgow, who held the long sinecure and now abolished office of Lord Justice General, and the Hon. Sir John Lockhart of Castlehill, Sir David Balfour of Forret, Sir Roger Holge (or Hog) of Harcase, and John Murray of Drumcarnie, styled Commissioners or Lords of Justiciary. The then second, and now presiding, judge of the court, the Lord Justice Clerk, does not appear to have been present.

The first day, Monday, the 6th of February, was occupied in arguing and considering what is called in the Scottish law the relevancy of the facts libelled or charged, that is to say, their sufficiency to infer the conclusion affirmed in the indictment or criminal letters. The decision of this purely legal question belongs solely to the judges of the court.

The pursuers, or counsel, who appeared for the prosecution, were Sir John Dalrymple, Lord Advocate (the same who afterwards became Secretary of State, and first Earl of Stair), and Sir George Mackenzie, the well-known writer on Scottish law and antiquities. The counsel for the prisoner (or pannel, as called in Scotland), styled procurators in defence, were Sir David Thoirs, Sir Patrick Hume, Mr. William Monie-

penny, and Mr. William Dundas—the three last, names that have continued to be eminent in connexion with the bar and courts of Scotland down to our day.

Sir Patrick Hume alleged in the prisoner's defence, that as to the drinking confusion to the King it was an improbable calumny, he having upon all occasions testified his loyalty; particularly in Monmouth's rebellion, when he entered himself a volunteer in the Earl of Dunbarton's regiment; where he continued till the rebels were defeated.

As to his firing pistols at his father in 1683 and 1684, it might be proved there was an entire friendship between him and his father at that time: but if those facts were true, as they had been pardoned by the act of indemnity, so they could not be made use of as instruments now, to infer that he was guilty of this murder.

That as to the corpse bleeding when the prisoner touched it, it was a superstitious observation, founded neither upon law or reason: and quoted *Carprovi*us and *Mattheus de Criminibus* to be of the same opinion: and said, the bleeding was occasioned by the moving of the body, and the incision the surgeons had made; and that other people touching the body at the same time, it could no more be ascribed to the prisoner than to them.

That the other circumstances laid in the indictment were but idle stories, for that it could be proved the prisoner went to bed in his own chamber the night his father was murdered, and did not stir out of his bed till called up by his father's servant next morning.

His Majesty's advocate replied, that the drinking or wishing confusion to his Majesty (which fact was not expressly controverted) did clearly infer treason, and came within the intention of the act. All speeches in disdain and contempt of his Majesty (as this was) being by that act made so. And although the prisoner having engaged voluntarily in his Majesty's service; it was urged that these words could not be spoken deliberately and maliciously, yet they being proved to be reiterated, and the prisoner forcing others to drink the same health: the crime once committed could not be wiped off by any speeches or actions afterwards, and that the prisoner had due sense of the importance of the words, having conjured the company to secresy; and threatened to beat and brain them that should discover what they had done.

Whereas it is said all crimes before the year 1685, are pardoned by the indemnity, it is answered, the crime of cursing of parents was not included in a general act of indemnity; for the words of the act against curses of parents being, that the cursers of parents shall be put to death without mercy, there required a special remission in the act of indemnity, especially where private persons are more interested than the public, as here the parent is: and also for that the indemnity extended only to those who were under the degree of an heritor, wodsetter, or burgess, which the prisoner could not pretend to be.

Although it is said, the son threatening to cut his father's throat was but a remote circumstance, and that it could not be concluded from thence that he had actually murdered him; yet he thought it such a circumstance, that unless the prisoner could shew that some other person killed him, he must be reputed the murderer.

Here the King's advocate opened the evidence, and then went on. That as the body bleeding, although several persons touched it, none of

their hands were besmeared with blood but the prisoner's ; and that the body having lain two days in the grave in a cold season, the blood must naturally be congealed. That the lifting about the body, and even the incision that was made, causing no such effusion before, but only of some water or gore, and should upon the prisoner's first touching begin to bleed afresh ; he must ascribe it to the wonderful Providence of God, who in this manner discovers murder ; especially since no natural reason could be assigned for it : and that the horrible impressions it made on the prisoner, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, might be urged as another argument of his guilt.

And that although Sir James Stansfield was melancholy and frantic in the year 1679, yet, he was known to have recovered his health, and to be of a composed, sedate temper of mind for several years past, and so capable of business, as to be intrusted by the wisest men in the kingdom ; nor at the time of his death had any sickness or returning frenzy upon him : besides, it appearing plainly that he was strangled, it could not be presumed that he afterwards walked out and drowned himself. And as to the prisoner's surrendering himself, it was indeed suitable to the rest of his imprudence, and he might imagine by that means to make the world believe he was innocent.

The court at Edinburgh, the 7th February, 1688, met, and the assize consisting of fifteen merchants and tradesmen, being sworn without any challenge or exception to any of them, his Majesty's advocate produced his witnesses.

John Robertson, servant to the deceased, deposed, that he saw the prisoner a little before harvest last in the kitchen at New Milns, drink confusion to the Pope, Antichrist, the Chancellor, and the King, and commanded the deponent to drink it on his knees, and that the prisoner was not drunk at that time : and, that the deponent saying it was treason, the prisoner answered, you dog, what are you concerned, you do not understand to whom you speak ?

Agnes Bruce deposed, that a little before harvest last, in the kitchen at New Milns, she saw the prisoner drink confusion to the Pope and the King, and made Samuel Spofforth drink the same on his knees ; and it being talked of in the house about a week after, he said to this deponent, God — him, if he knew who divulged it, he would be their death.

John Robertson aforesaid, further deposed, that since harvest last, he heard the prisoner wish the devil might take his father. And at another time, the deponent telling the prisoner he was going to such a place with his father, he prayed the devil might let none of them come back, either horse or man. And on other occasions he had heard the prisoner say of his father, the devil damn him, the devil rive him, &c., and said, his father girmed upon him like a sheep's head in a tongs.

William Scot deposed, he heard the prisoner wish the devil might take his father.

Agnes Bruce, above said, further deposed, that she had often heard the prisoner vow and swear he would kill any person that offended him : That he conversed much with Janet Johnston, George Tomson and his wife (charged with being concerned in this murder), and used, after supper at his father's, to go to these persons. That she has frequently heard the prisoner curse his father, and express his hatred and abhorrence of him,

and say, he had hated his father these seven years; and this in his mother's presence. That the Friday before Sir James's death, Janet Johnston was a considerable time with the prisoner in his chamber. That she thought Sir James not so merry as usual the night before his death. That on the Saturday night when Sir James came home, he went to his lady's chamber, where he did not stay a quarter of an hour; and that his lady fell a quarrelling with him for going to another house before he came there. That the next morning when Sir James was missed, the deponent went into his chamber to make a fire, and found the bed in better order than usual, and the candle at the bed's feet, which used to be at the head. That the deponent desiring the body might be brought up to the chamber, the prisoner answered, it should not enter there, for he had died more like a beast than a man; and that it was brought to a cellar within the close, where was very little light. That she heard the prisoner cry and lament when his father's body was found, but saw no tears. That he would have forced his father's chamber-door open, but the key being found he entered, and took the gold and money out of his pocket, and then searched the cabinet; that, within the hour after his father was brought from the water he got the buckles of his shoes, and put them in his own. That a short time before Sir James died, his lady having fallen into a swoon, and afterwards telling the prisoner he was likely in a short time to lose his mother, he answered in the deponent's hearing, that his father should be dead first. That two nights after Sir James's death, the lady told this deponent that she had heard the prisoner had vowed his brother's death, and little less as to his father, upon his hearing Sir James was about to settle his estate upon his brother; and that the lady renewed the same expression to this deponent at Edinburgh, and added, what if they should put her bairn in prison.

Archibald Dunbar, merchant, deposed, that, having met the deceased at Cutler, and being with him and some other company in a room, Sir James was discoursing of his son's undutifulness, and they heard a shot at the outer door, and soon after another; and some of the company offering to go down, Sir James dissuaded them, and said it might be his distracted son Philip; and they asking why he should fear any harm from him, he told them that as he was going to Lothian Burn, he shot two pistols at him, and that if he had not been better mounted than his son he would have killed him: and one saying there could not be ball in them, Sir James said he had too many proofs of his son's unnatural behaviour to him. That Sir James went not to bed, but the deponent sat up with him that night, and conveyed him to Edinburgh.

Mr. William Clark, advocate, deposed, that Sir James ordering him to draw a settlement, in order to dispose of his estate to his son John, the deponent dissuaded him from it, saying, his son Philip might be reclaimed: but Sir James answered, he had no expectations of it, for when he was at the Lead Hills there was a pistol shot at him, which he was sure came from his son Philip.

The next witness, *Mr. John Bell*, minister of the gospel, aged forty years, having been sworn, and also *solutus*, or released (apparently from some restraint against giving his testimony held to be imposed by his clerical character), was not examined, but produced the following written declaration of what he knew relating to the murder, which he declared to be the truth, as he should answer to God. It is declared, in the title, to

have been emitted "in answer to several interrogatories proposed by his Majesty's Advocate before the Lords of the Committee of the Council;" and will be found to be a very curious and characteristic effusion—characteristic of the time as well as of the individual.

"*Imprimis*, I declare that, at Sir James Stansfield's earnest desire, I went from this town with him to New Milns; and that by the way I discerned nothing but sound judgment and reason in Sir James, for his discourse was both rational and pertinent, and that both at supper that night, and after supper, his discourse was rational, and his carriage most civil, and was pleased to accompany me to my chamber, and sat with me there (as I supposed) until it was about ten o'clock at night, discoursing pertinently, and to good purpose.

"2. I declare that, having slept but little, I was awakened in fear by a cry (as I supposed), and being waking, I heard for a time a great din, and confused noise of several voices, and persons sometimes walking, which affrighted me (*supposing them to be evil nicked spirits*); and I apprehended the voices to be near the chamber door sometimes, or in the transe [passage] or stairs, and sometimes below, which put me to arise in the night, and bolt the chamber door further, and to recommend myself, by prayer, for protection and preservation, to the majesty of God; and having gone again to bed, I heard these voices continue, but more laigh [low], till within a little time they came about to the chamber window, and then I heard the voices as high as before, which increased my fear, and made me rise again to look over the window to see whether they were men or women: but the window would not come up for me, which window looked to the garden and water, whither the voices went on till I heard them no more: only towards the morning I heard walking on the stairs and in the transe above that chamber where I was lying.

"3. I declare that I told the woman who put on my fire in my chamber that Sabbath morning, that I had rested little that night, through din I heard; *and that I was sure there were evil spirits about that house that night.*

"4. I declare that, about an hour after day, Philip came to my chamber, and asked if Sir James came to that chamber this morning, and told me that he had been seeking him upon the banks of the water; unto which I replied, I have not seen your father—but what mean ye by the banks of the water? Whereupon Philip, without answering, went down stairs immediately, and within a little time I followed, to see what he meant; and having gone without the gate, and up the causey that leads to the manufactory, one came running, and said, they had found Sir James lying in the water: whereupon I was stricken with such astonishment, fear, and trembling, that I could go no further, but returned trembling to the chamber; and, having sitten down on the bedside, I said to an honest man who accompanied me, This is the saddest day that ever I saw—my affrightment in the night was terrifying to me, but this is more grievous. And, having gone to an honest man's house, where I took horse that morning, I said, If the majesty of God did ever permit the devil and his instruments to do an honest man wrong, then Sir James Stansfield has received wrong this last night, which the Lord will discover in his good time.

"5. I declare that, after my return from Moreham that Sabbath evening, Philip told me that he had advertised several friends at Edinburgh,

and that he was expecting the Commissary amongst others that night : whereupon I commended what he had done, in sending for such intelligent persons, and that for two reasons, (1.) because it was necessary his father's body should be sighted ; (2.) because they could advise him about his burial. Philip answered, that he was seen by these that took him out of the water. But I replied, that was not enough, for the murder committed was either a violent murder, or a distracted murder ; and having described what a distracted murder was (upon Philip's relating some distemper his father had been in some years formerly), I said, that I conceived no person could come to such a high act of frenzy, to do such a thing, but it would be known on him many hours, yea, some days before ; but I could testify that Sir James was in his right reason at ten o'clock ; wherefore I inclined to think *it was a violent murder committed by wicked spirits* ; and so advised that the corpse might be sighted by the nearest physicians and friends, and the honest men living in that town. Nevertheless, they went and buried Sir James that night, without either acquainting me or several honest persons who lived in the place. Mr. John Bell deposes his above-written declaration is truth, as he shall answer to God."

Evil spirits, in this worthy clergyman's notion, it will be seen, were existences quite as substantial as any of flesh and blood ; and, indeed, this was in that age the almost universal faith of his countrymen. How undoubting was the conviction in which he rested that the noise he heard was made by supernatural agents, notwithstanding a momentary impression that they might possibly be men or women, may be inferred from his conduct in never attempting to alarm the household, which he would certainly have done if he had believed that the nocturnal disturbers were of his own species. He contents himself with a recourse to prayer, as the only available weapon in the circumstances. Touching the minutiae of form, we may remark, that this declaration of Mr. Bell's is subscribed both by himself and by the Earl of Linlithgow, the presiding judge ; whereas, in other cases, the depositions are only subscribed by Linlithgow, when the witness cannot write himself.

The report of the evidence for the prosecution proceeds as follows :—

Sir Robert Sinclair, of Steinstoun, deposed, that Sir James Stansfield, being at the deponent's house, told the deponent that he regretted that his son Philip had mis-spent his time and money ; and when he came home from London, he was ashamed to tell how he came on him in his chamber at London.

James Murehead, chirurgon, deposed, that after he and James Craufurd, chirurgon, had opened the corpse about the neck, and sewed it up again, and removed the foul linen, and put on again the clean linens, in doing whereof they were obliged to shake the body to and fro, and move the head back and forward, the deponent desired that the friends might lift the body, and put it in the coffin, and that the pannel, having come and lift up the head, he did let it fall upon the table suddenly, and that it made a considerable noise at falling, and that the pannel retired back quickly, rubbing his hands on his breast, and crying, O God ! O God ! and some such other words ; and that the deponent, being astonished thereat, looked to the corpse, and, as the pannel did take away his hand from it, did see it darting out blood through the linen from the left side of the neck, which the pannel touched ; and that the deponent was

amazed at the sight, partly through the darting out of the blood, and partly through the apprehension he had of the murder. He saw nobody touch the left side of the defunct's head, the time it bled, but the pannel. As soon as the deponent recovered out of his amazement, he cried to the boy to give the pannel some treacle water, which he did; but he did not see Philip, the pannel, return again to the body of his father. When the deponent and the other chirurgion were putting on the clean linens, and stirring and moving the head and craig [throat], he saw no blood at all.

Besides this testimony to the supernatural fact of the bleeding of the dead body at the touch of the murderer, Murehead had previously, in conjunction with another Edinburgh surgeon, Mr. James Craufurd, made a somewhat more professional report of their inspection of the corpse in Moreham Church, on Friday the 30th of November, after it had been disinterred.

The College of Physicians at Edinburgh, having, at the desire of his Majesty's advocate, considered the said report of the surgeons, delivered their opinions, that there were sufficient grounds to believe the said Sir James Stansfield was strangled and not drowned.

The next witness called was *Umphray* (or *Humphrey*) *Spurway*, who is described as an Englishman, of the age of fifty years, and who appears to have been the proprietor or manager of the cloth manufactory. It is, perhaps, on account of his having been a native of another kingdom that this witness, as well as the clergyman, is stated to have been *solutus*, or released from some restraint, before giving his evidence. He deposed to the truth and verity of the following declaration now given in by him, "which," says the record, "is all written and subscribed with his own hand, and consists of two leaves of paper, written on all sides:"—

"I, *Umphray Spurway*, of New Milns, clothier, being summoned to appear before the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council in Edinburgh, the 6th of December, 1687, to declare my knowledge of what I had seen and heard, relating to the death of Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, did then and there declare before the said Lords, as hereafter followeth; and, after declaring what I had to say, was commanded to commit to writing my said declaration, under my own hand, which I, the aforesaid *Umphray Spurway*, do hereby humbly offer to the above-said Lords of his Majesty's Council, subscribing the same with my own hand.

"About six weeks before the death of Sir James Stanstfield, after night, I went to pay my respects to Sir James, as I usually did when he was at New Milns, at which time I found him not so free for discourse, nor so pleasant as at other times: insomuch that I used that freedom with him, to *querere* the reason why his honour was so melancholy. Who, with a great sigh, ringing his hands together, with tears trickling down his cheeks, said, Mr. *Spurway*, I have great cause for it; I have borne my own burden, without complaining to others, but I have a very wicked family, and it is very sad that a man should be destroyed by his own bowels; but let me be never so sparing in my expense, both at home and abroad, yet they at home of my family consume me—condescending on some particulars, of some extravagant sums of money, monthly brought in to him, that his family had expended, besides what he allowed for them, which was very sufficient; but that which grieved him most was, that his youngest son, whom he had some comfortable hopes

of, and upon whom he had settled his estate, his just debts being first paid, and that to the knowledge of his son; but now he was frustrated of his hopes of that son too; for his eldest son had debauched his youngest son, who had several times of late come in drunk, as the other; this he declared to me with very great grief of heart. But the Saturday's night after Sir James and a minister, one Mr. Bell, came to New Milns from Edinburgh, I came in at the house of one James Marr, where I saw Sir James and Mr. Bell sitting by the fire, before he had been at his own house, which I wondered at, having never known the like done by him before; but since I have had my thoughts that he had a fear upon him (good gentleman) of going to his own house; but, having sat some time with him, he desired Mr. Marr to send one of his people at his house, to know if they had kindled a fire for him; and upon the return the messenger gave this answer, May it please your honour, your fire is kindled for you; upon which Sir James and the minister arose, and took their leave of Mr. Marr; and I also accompanied Sir James and the minister half the way towards his home, and so took my leave of him, wishing his honour a good night. But the next morning, being sabbath-day, after the light well appeared, one Agnes Bruce came at my chamber door and knocked. I went and opened the door. Says she, Sir, Sir James is gone out of his lodging-room this morning, and we have sought all the rooms of the house for him, but cannot find him. She goes off—I immediately followed her; and when I came out of my door I met with Mr. Philip Stansfield and James Dick. Mr. Stansfield declares to me, Lord, Mr. Spurway, what should be the cause of this man's discontent, that he should thus leave his lodgings and walk out? To which I replied, Sir, do you wonder the cause of his discontent, who never gave him content, but had been the cause of grieving him, from one to the other of them, ever since I knew the family? But he turned his back upon me, and made no reply at all. However, I went at Sir James's house, but could not procure the keys of neither of the gardens, and I sent abroad of Sir James's servants, and of my own, some on horseback and some on foot, to inquire after him: and at last a servant of mine, one William Bowman, found him in the river. I went at the place, and saw him lying about two yards or eight feet from the brink of the river, lying upon his belly, just at the top of the water, as it were floating, only his coat and waistcoat loose about him, and a shirt on him that I saw. I saw the place at the brink of the river, where some one had stood, all beaten to mash with feet, and the ground very open and mellow, although a very hard frosty morning; so I gave orders to some to get a ladder, and to set one end into the river, as near the hinder part of Sir James as they could, and the other end of the ladder to fall at the top of the brae [bank], which was very steep, and so they might get him out easily; so I came away from the place, and desired Mr. Marr to see the body landed, declaring that I would go home, and write to Mr. George Hume, merchant of Edinburgh, of the sad sight which I had seen, desiring him to communicate the same to my Lord Advocate, with desire to know by the messenger his lordship's pleasure, what of advice or direction he would be pleased to give concerning it, and it should be followed: but the messenger that I sent, after he had delivered my letter to Mr. Hume, and order given by Commissary Dalrymple how to proceed further with the body of Sir James, which order was directed to myself

by a letter, which, when I read the letter, the contents were:—That I should endeavour to procure two or three discreet persons of New Milns to myself, and we together view the body of Sir James; and, if we found no grounds to believe that his person had been wronged by others, that then with all speed he should be buried, and that as privately, and with as little noise as could be: but this letter, which was the commissary's order to me, was sent by the hand of one James Mitchel, kinsman to Sir James; for that horse that the express rode on to Edinburgh was taken out of the stable where he was set up; and one Mr. Patrick Smith, the brother-in-law of Sir James Stansfield, mounted on him to come for New Milns. So that my express was thereby disabled to bring me the answer of my letter; and the said James Mitchel, who brought my letter, came home at the place by nine of the clock that Sabbath-day at night, and gave an account of the letter that he had for me; but they dissuaded him from bringing it me, so that I had it not till three hours after Sir James was buried. But upon Monday morning I arose about three or four of the clock; and, coming out of my house, I saw great lights at Sir James's gate, which occasioned my going down to see what the matter was; and, as I went, I met with one William Robinson coming up of home; I asked what the meaning was of these lights, and of the horses that I then saw at Sir James's gate? Who answered me, that Sir James's corpse was brought out at the gate, and that they were carrying it at Moreham to be buried, having received orders from my Lord Advocate for that purpose. At which I returned to my house, thinking it very strange thus to proceed without having had the corpse viewed by some person, as I well knew was customary in England in such cases. The next step, to my remembrance, was, that upon the Tuesday night following, after I was in bed, one Mr. Alexander Campbell in Edinburgh, with one Mr. James Row, and a gentleman, one Mr. Hamilton, with two chirurgeons, came at my house, and caused me to rise out of my bed, shewing me an order which they had from my Lord Advocate for the taking up again of the body of Sir James Stansfield, and commanded me to make ready to go with them; and, having seen the order, readily submitted thereunto, and, when coming upon the place at Moreham, caused the said grave to be opened, and the coffin taken up. It was carried into the church, and there opened; and, as soon as Sir James's grave-clothes were taken off him, and all his upper parts uncovered, methought his face looked not as I expected, nor as others had insinuated, that were at the dressing of him at first; for they said that his body and face were very fair and fresh; but I found his face, at first view, of another complexion, being blackish, with some streaks of red, like standing, or rather strangled, blood; and under his left ear I saw a swelling home to his throat, and of a blackish-red colour. After this I saw the chirurgeons opening his body, beginning at the top of his chin, and so down to the pit of his stomach, and then cut his skin on both sides his throat, towards each ear, and coming at the place near his left ear that I saw swollen, I there saw of corroded, or congealed blood, lying a lump of great thickness, and two or three inches long, which proved to me he had been strangled: and one thing more I observed, that, when Mr. Murehead put off his cap at first from his head, in slipping it back, Sir James's eye-lids opened, and his eyes appeared, but his eye-lids were much swollen and very red, which did also prove to

me a symptom of strangling. This being done, and his breast opened, so that his entrails appeared, and to me seemed in good order, and no appearance of water in his body, neither then, nor when first he was taken out of the river: the like, I think, has not been ever known by any man that cast himself, or that has been cast into a river alive, and not to have his body full of water; nor that ever a dead man should lie at the top of the water where no running stream is, but a still water of about five feet deep; but to me in this it shews that, as God is a wonder-working God, so he has in this shewn no less, to convince men that this worthy gentleman murdered not himself, but was murdered.

"But my last observation was of a wonder more, that the Lord did shew, when the chirurgeons had caused the body of Sir James to be by their servants sewn up again, and his grave-clothes put on. A speech was made to this purpose:—It is requisite now that those of Sir James Stansfield's relations and nearest friends should take him off from the place where now he lies, and lift him into his coffin. So I saw Mr. James Row at the left side of Sir James's head and shoulder, and Mr. Philip Stansfield at the right side of his head and shoulder; and, going to lift off the body, I saw Mr. Philip drop the head of his father upon the form, and much blood in his hand, and himself flying off from the body, crying, Lord have mercy upon me! (or upon us!) wiping off the blood on his clothes, and so lay himself over a seat in the church. Some supposing that he would swarff, or swoon away, called for a bottle of water for him. After this we went for Moreham Castle, where Mr. Philip Stansfield, myself, and several others staid until it was day. In which time I challenged Mr. Philip for his unkindness to me, by his not inviting me to accompany the corpse of his father when first buried, knowing the intimacy that there was betwixt his father and myself, and that, of all the people in or about the town, his father delighted in no one's company as in mine; and that he did not give me notice of his burial, that I might do my last office of love and service to him by accompanying his body to his burial-place; I took it very ill from him. So then Mr. Philip swore that he had sent two of his servants to invite me, but, if those damned rogues would not do it, what could he help it? and yet did declare, as is proved, and as himself since confessed before my Lord Advocate, that he would not invite me, assigning this as his reason, supposing that myself and James Marr had been instruments of setting his father against him, which was a false suggestion. All which particulars I have, before the Lords of his Majesty's honourable Privy Council, declared: so, by their command, I have in this sheet of paper written it over with my own hand, and do hereby subscribe my name, the 16th of December, 1687."

The portion of the evidence, however, that goes farthest to prove that a murder had been committed, and that is moreover of the deepest interest in every respect, is that which closed the case for the prosecution. The Lord Advocate now proposed that two children, James Thomson, the son of George Thomson, a boy of thirteen, and Anna Mark, the daughter of Janet Johnston, a girl of ten years old, should be examined; and, although their admission as witnesses was refused by the Court, on the representation of the prisoner's counsel, that from their tender age they were not by law capable of being sworn, yet, "in regard," says the report, "the persons on the inquest earnestly desired the said James

Thomson and Anna Mark might be examined anent their knowledge of the pannel's accession to the foresaid murder, they allowed the fore-named persons their declarations to be taken for clearing of the assize,"—in other words, for the more complete satisfaction of the jury. Few more striking passages are to be found in the records of proceedings in courts of justice than the evidence which the boy, Thomson's son, accordingly now gave. He declared that "Janet Johnston came to George Thomson's house between nine and ten at night, and Philip Stansfield, the pannel, came there shortly thereafter: and, the house being dark, the said Philip gave the declarant a turnor [a small copper coin] to buy a candle, which he did in the neighbouring house; and, after the declarant returned with the candle, his mother ordered him to go to his bed, which was in the same room, and beat him because he did not presently obey. Declares he heard one come to the door and inquire for Janet Johnston, and desired her to come home and give her child suck. Declares, he knew by the voice that the person who came was Agnes Mark, the said Janet's daughter, and that Janet ordered her to go away, and that she should follow her. Declares, she stayed a considerable time thereafter, and the said Thomson's wife was desired to go for a pint of ale, and Philip took out a handful of money to see if he had any small money, and, finding he had none, the ale was taken on upon trust. Further declares, that the said George Thomson and his wife, and Janet Johnston, did stay together and whisper softly a considerable time. Declares, he heard Philip Stansfield complain that his father would not give him money, and pray the devil to take his father, and he should make an end of his father, and then all would be his, and then he would be kind to them. Declares, Philip Stansfield and Janet Johnston went away about eleven, and shortly after his father and mother came to the bed where the declarant was lying across the bed-foot; and the de larant in the night-time perceiving his father and mother rising out of the bed, and going out of the house, and that they staid a considerable time away, about an hour and a half or two hours, and that the declarant was perfectly awake when they went and were away, and he wondered what they were going about. Declares, his mother came in first, and came softly to bed, and within some time after his father came in, and put a stool to the back of the door, without locking it, for the lock made always a great noise when they locked the door; and the declarant's father called to him whenever he came in, but the declarant made no answer, that it might be thought he was sleeping; and his mother asked what had staid his father; and thereupon his father and mother did fall discoursing of several things, and particularly his father said that the deed was done, and that Philip Stansfield guarded the chamber door, with a drawn sword and a bended pistol, and that he never thought a man would have died so soon, and that they carried him out towards the water-side, and they tied a stone about his neck, and, leaving him there, came back to the Little Kiln, and reckoned whether they should cast him in the water with the stone about his neck or not, and whether they should cast him in far in, or near the side, and at length they returned, and took away the stone from about his neck, and threw him in the water. Declares, his father said that yet he was afraid, for all that, that the murder would come out, and his mother answered 'Hoot, fool, there is no fear of that; it will be thought he has drowned himself, because he will be found in

the water.' Declares, when Sir James was missing in the morning, the declarant's mother said to his father, 'Rise quickly, for if ye be found in your bed they will say that ye have a hand in the murder.' Declares, the coat and waistcoat which were upon Sir James when he was found in the water were sent to Thomson's house, and Thomson's wife said to her husband and Janet Johnston, in presence of the declarant, that she was affrighted to see the same coat and waistcoat, for she thought that some evil spirit was in it, and desired her husband to send it away, which he would not: and further, that his mother said to her husband, in the declarant's hearing, that she was affrighted to be in the house alone after night fell; and, accordingly, whenever her husband went out, she went out with him, which was not her ordinary. Declares, the said George Thomson did go into Edinburgh several days before the declarant's mother was brought in, and she did immediately after he came into Edinburgh send away Sir James's coat and waistcoat, and that she was never in her own house after night since her husband came in, but did lie in Janet Johnston's house."

The declaration of the little girl, Anna Mark, Janet Johnston's daughter, was to the following purport:—"That on the said Saturday night Philip came up to her mother's house, and sent for George Thomson and his wife, and thereafter he sent her to see if Sir James was come home: declares, that she saw Philip with his hat off give a low salutation to George Thomson when he came up to him; and when she returned and told that Sir James was come, Philip did take a drink, and runs down to New Milns; that about eleven o'clock that night her good-father [step-father] sent her to seek her mother, and that she found her mother with Philip, in George Thomson's house, and that her mother bade her go home, and she would come after her; and that her good-father thereafter, finding her mother did not come, sent her for Margaret Isles to give suck to the child, and went home again; but that her mother did not come long after that, as she thinks about two in the morning, and that she heard her good-father say, Wretch, where have you been so long? and she answered, Wherever I have been, the deed is done; and then went to bed: and that after that she heard them speak together, but could not know what they said. She declares, also, that her mother said she was still feared, and would not abide alone, nor lie alone in the bed, but said she was afraid."

These remarkable declarations wound up the evidence for the prosecution, and indeed all the evidence that was produced in the case; for the prisoner's counsel called no witnesses.

The counsel for the prisoner being, moreover, silent, the jury was now addressed by the Crown counsel, Sir George Mackenzie. Mackenzie, whose name deserves an honourable place in the literary history of his country, both for various professional and other literary works, and more especially for the lasting debt the bar—and it may be said the public—of Scotland owe to him as the founder of the Advocates' Library, had himself held the office of Lord Advocate from 1674 till the accession of King James II., and was re-appointed to it very soon after the present trial, on the elevation of Sir John Dalrymple to a seat on the bench as Lord Justice Clerk. But the Revolution, which made Dalrymple Secretary of State, or Prime Minister for Scotland, drove Mackenzie from public life. He retired to Oxford, and entered himself

a student there at the age of fifty-four, but died within a year after. In politics, Sir George Mackenzie, as his writings as well as his life attest, was a devoted worshipper of the prerogative and the divine right; and in the arbitrary times in which he served, he has the credit of having gone as far as any one in carrying his doctrines into practice. The thorough-going style in which he exercised the powers of his high office made him be long popularly remembered as "The blood-thirsty Advocate."

He began his speech as follows:—"Gentlemen of the inquest, I am glad to see so strong and universal a propensity for justice in my native country, that every man, upon first hearing this death, concluded it a murder, and trembled lest it should not have been discovered. Every man became solicitor in it—wished to be of the inquest; and ardent prayers were generally put up to Almighty God for this end, with as much earnestness as uses to be for removing general plagues. And the Almighty, in return of those, did first make so clear impressions on all men's spirits of Philip's being the murderer, that he had fallen by these; but his Divine Majesty, who loves to see just things done in a legal way, furnished thereafter a full probation in an extraordinary manner, whereby we might not only convince ourselves, but all such as are not wicked enough to have been the authors. You will discern the finger of God in all the steps of this probation as evidently as Philip's guilt; and this extraordinary discovery has been made, as well to convince this wicked age that the world is governed by Divine Providence as that he is guilty of this murder."

The learned counsel then proceeded to observe on the evidence.

Upon the miracle of the bleeding of the corpse, Sir George was very great. Therein, he said,—“God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce; that Divine power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft-times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case; for after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down, and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal, upon Philip's touching it the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the surgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, O God! O God! and, cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial.” He next adverted to the evidence of the two children, sent, as he observed, by Divine Providence, which oft-times reveals itself by the mouths of babes and sucklings, in order that no shadow of difficulty might remain on the case. “How then,” he proceeded, in peroration, from which we gather several interesting circumstances of the case, and incidents that marked the progress of the trial of which there is no other notice in the report, “should the least scruple remain with you, before whom so full, so clear, and so legal a probation has been led, that, like a bend, every part of it supports another; and, like a chain, every link draws on another? I need not fortify so pregnant a probation by laying out before you how often he and his complices have contradicted one another, and even how often he has contradicted himself in the most obvious and material points, and how he denies everything with oaths and with equal confidence, though never so clearly proved; albeit such as these are the chief things that

make up the probation in other cases: nor how he suffered the greatest indignities imaginable from his complices in presence of the Privy Council, though this convinced many of their lordships that he was at the mercy of those complices, who were too far upon his secrets not to be slavishly submitted to. But I cannot omit how, that since he came into prison, he has lived so impiously and atheistically, as shews that he had no awe upon his spirit to restrain him from committing any crime from a love to God or a fear to hell; and that he constantly filled and kept himself drunk from morning till night, thereby to drown the voice of his conscience, and to make himself insensible of the terrors of the Almighty.

"The judges have declared what was necessary to be proved, and you are only to judge if we have proved what they have thought necessary; and therefore there is no place to doubt if a man's life may be taken upon mere presumptions, for the judges have eased you of that scruple by finding the grounds in this qualified libel relevant; and his own advocates have acknowledged this probation to be so strong and unanswerable, that before the half of it was led they went away and deserted a client whom they found they could not defend; nor should any man doubt of a probation which one's own advocates think invincible. If then such amongst you as are fathers would not wish to be murdered by your own children, or such of you as are sons would not wish the world to believe that you are weary of your fathers, you will all concur to find this miscreant guilty of a crime that God *has taken so much pains*" [an odd expression] "to detect, and all mankind had such reason to wish to be punished, May then the Almighty God, who formed your hearts, convince them; and may this poor nation cite you as the remarkable curbers of vice to all succeeding ages!"

When Sir George Mackenzie had concluded his address, His Majesty's Advocate protested for an assize of error against the inquest, in case they should assilzie [acquit] the pannel. That is to say, he protested that, in case the jury should pronounce the prisoner not guilty, he might be entitled to have them brought up to be tried themselves for giving a wrong verdict.

But the jury unanimously found the prisoner Guilty of all the facts laid in the indictment; viz. of treason, cursing his father, and being accessory to his murder.

The assize finding him guilty, the lords of justiciary ordered him to be hanged on the 15th of February, at the cross of Edinburgh, and his tongue to be cut out for cursing his father, and his right hand to be cut off for the parricide, and his head to be put upon the East Port of Haddington, as nearest to the place of murder, and his body to be hung up in chains betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and his lands and goods to be confiscated for the treason.

All this was rigorously put into execution. "Some thought," says Lord Fountainhall, a contemporary judge, "if not a miraculous, yet an extraordinary return of the imprecations was the accident of the slipping of the knots on the crosse, whereby his feet and knees were on the scaffold, which necessitated them to strangle him, bearing therein a nearer resemblance to his father's death; and a new application having been made that they might be allowed to bury him, Duke Hamilton was for it, but the Chancellor would not consent, because he had mocked his religion: so his body was hung up, and some days after being stolen down,

it was found lying in a ditch among some water, as his father's was ; and by order was hung up again, and then a second time was taken down."

The haze of popular superstition with which this horrible case is surrounded is no unfit atmosphere for one of the darkest and saddest of domestic tragedies to be found in judicial records ; a tragedy, as we may gather from many glimpses we have, through the scene chiefly presented to us by the trial, into the back-ground of the past, of long years of sin and sorrow before the horrors of that last midnight in which the old man's breath was crushed out of him by the son who had already broken his heart. Philip Stansfield is said to have been a reprobate from his youth upwards ; and a story is told by the Scottish church historian, Wodrow, which makes his doom to have been pronounced by the voice of prophetic sagacity, not uninspired, long before he heard the fatal words from the lips of the Dempster of the High Court of Justiciary. "This profligate youth," Wodrow writes, "being at the University of St. Andrew's a good many years before he committed this barbarous murder, came to a sermon in Kinkell Close, about a mile from St. Andrew's, where Mr. John Welch was preaching, and, in his spite and mocking, in time of sermon, threw somewhat or other at the minister, which hit him. The minister stopped, and said he did not know who had put that public affront on a servant of Christ ; but, be he who he would, he was persuaded there would be more present at his death than were hearing him preach that day, and the multitude was not small. This was accomplished, and Mr. Stansfield acknowledged this in prison after he was condemned, and that God was about to accomplish what he had been warned of." Wodrow says that he had the circumstance "from several hands, and one of them present when this passage fell out." The clergyman who made this severe repartee was a great grandson of John Knox, and one of a family eminent in the Scottish church for eloquence and courage during nearly the whole of the stormy period from the Reformation to the Revolution. The time of Mr. John Welch's preaching in Fife was from about 1670 to 1674.

HISTORIC RUINS.

Stranally Castle.

A FORTRESS OF THE DESMOND.

"Brown in the rust of time—it stands sublime,
 With overhanging battlements and towers,
 And works of old defence—a massy pile.
 And the broad river winds around its base
 In bright unruffled course."

ONE great object of this series of papers on "Historic Ruins" I consider to be the drawing public attention to these fading relics of other times, and by investing them with the associations of famous deeds to which they can lay just claim, insure them respect and protection from hands too ready to anticipate the spoiler, Time. In Ireland, particularly, this calls loudly for remark. There is melancholy neglect of our monumental remains in Ireland—and in this respect we present a sad contrast to every other country—and Heaven knows the past is the brightest era of our fame. Surely there ought to be spirit enough in the country to prevent the priceless and irrecoverable memorials of our country's greatness diminishing daily before our eyes—becoming small by degrees, and shamefully less. They order these things better in France: public Boards and government officers care for and protect the historical monuments in the land of the Gaul; but we have no fostering public departments or government Boards interested in preserving any national relics of the ancient kingdom of Erin. Does it not, then, behove the Irish to look to it, and take upon themselves the duties which other countries depute their minister to do. It is possible for every man to assist, and at least refrain from doing positive injury. The peasant need not make a gate-post of a pillar-stone, or turn the sculptured capital into a support for his cabin-door. The patriot, Davis, has denounced such conduct in his own forcible way:—"We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmonds, and corn thrashed on the floor of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Arleach." We, too, have similar testimony to add. We were lately in company with a friend, in the abbey ruins of Glenworth, co. Cork; sheep and horned cattle browsed amid the ruins. A portion of the chapel is in perfect preservation, save that the roof is gone; and wind and rain, the summer sun and winter blast, came and went, unchecked, through the space. The parish priest accompanied us, and informed us "that his parish was in great want of a commodious school-room—that the poor people could ill afford funds to build one; and deeming the walls of this abbey-chapel quite able to support a roof, he applied to the gentleman on whose

property the ruins exist for the requisite permission, but the gentleman, finding it was for the purpose of national education, positively refused," and the desecrated abbey is now occupied by the sheep and cows of the neighbourhood. But a beautiful river and a bold ruin are before us. The river is the Blackwater, which has now wandered far from its cradled home, near the mountains of Sliabh Legher, to Kerry. It has swept, in its majestic course, along battle plains, and scenes remarkable in the pages of the historian. Its dark waters have mirrored back the tottering walls of castles once firmly held by puissant chiefs, whose warrior races have long since been lost to earth. O Keefes, MacDonoughs, Condons, Desmonds, Raleighs, Boyles, Barrys, have left proud memories that can never be effaced along its course;—names connected with deeds of blood and strife that recall the horrors war inflicts on a country, and make us rejoice at their absence. What awful memories are linked with the blood-cemented walls before us; what fearful deeds have been perpetrated within these chambers, now bare and open to view! Let us recount a portion of its history.

HISTORIC LEGEND OF STRANCALLY.

"He rose by blood, he built by main distress,
And the inheritance of desolation left
To great expecting hopes."—DANIEL.

"You ask me to give you some particulars respecting the Castle," said my friend, "and I am happy to oblige you, for I think you will agree with me, that Edmund Spencer had this very castle in his mind when, in the book of the 'Fairie Queen,' he describes the cruelties of Pollenti, and his subjugation, by Sir Artigall. As the account is lengthened by a curious legend connected with the building," added my companion, seating himself on a huge fragment of wall, which seemed torn from the main building by some very sudden shock, as if an earthquake had heaved the mass asunder, "we may as well rest ourselves while I relate it."

I took my seat opposite the heap of dismantled ruins, and listened attentively while my friend went on.

"You can readily imagine, from the size and strength of the pile before you, what this castle must have been in the days of its glory, when the stout fortress of the puissant Earl of Desmond. Even now, its lofty walls, and wide spread towers, so many scattered emblems of strength, attest its fame; but the walls are long prostrate, and the towers tenantless, and the moralizers on the wrecks of human grandeur may now read humanity some useful lessons. The chieftain who dwelt here was descended from an illustrious race. He was of the Geraldines: and we find that Maurice Fitzgerald, the founder of the princely race, now represented by the ducal house of Leinster, the knightly races of Glin, Kerry, Muckridge, &c., came over to this country with Earl Strongbow, and traced a far back ancestry among the Italian and Norman nobles. The most virtuous race will occasionally have to shew a dark stain on their escutcheon; and the character of the chieftain of Desmond, who dwelt in Strancally Castle, may be gleaned from the following tale:—

"The bridal of Sir Herbert Fitzgerald, of Conna Castle, to the fair daughter of Condon, Lord of Ballyduff, had been the source of great gratification to the friends of both families. Sir Herbert was much beloved for his martial and chivalrous bearing, and by his junction with the Chief of Ballyduff, was supposed to have strengthened his position in the county, so as to defy any force which the grasping efforts of the Lord of Strancally might bring into the field against him. This latter noble had constantly at his command a band of daring desperate ruffians, who, ever needy, and leading the most dissolute lives, were ready to set lance in rest and unsheath their willing swords against any person to whom their lord directed them to ride, and on whose possessions he cast a longing look. I need hardly tell you, that in those times, when the humanizing efforts of good and wholesome laws had made no progress whatever in the country, such doings could be committed with perfect impunity, provided always, as you lawyers say, the acting party was sufficiently strong to resist the force of the Lord President of the province, in case that high official was not himself the offending party, as was unhappily very often the case. Well, the marriage gave content to all parties apparently; for one of the foremost to visit the Lord of Conna and his new-made bride, was Lord Desmond, of Strancally, and to assure the bridegroom of the fidelity of his friendship, he refused to leave Conna until a day was fixed for a great feast at Strancally, in honour of the nuptials.

"'I am sorry you promised that bold bad man, dear Herbert,' exclaimed the bride, as the fierce visitor, followed by his grim warriors' retinue, made his strong charger bound as he plunged the rowels into his side in exultation.

"'Hush, my timid dove,' replied her husband, 'bad he is—but there are others bold enough to defy him—time and place proper—but now there is no cause to fear. As his guest, you know I am safe.'

"The lady silently shook her head, and went on with the embroidery of a banner she intended to present to her lord.

"Meanwhile, the joy of Lord Desmond at the success of his visit, could not be controlled in silence. He summoned to his side the leader of his band—leader in wickedness, as first in command. 'I have him,' cried Desmond. 'I have him fast,—and despite their cunning, from the banks of Blackwater to the bride, all shall yet be mine. They thought to outwit me, and keep the town of Conna as a watch-house, to prevent my harrying Condon's country, but now they shall find out their mistake.'

"'I guessed there was work astir, my lord,' observed the retainer. 'Your *friendly* visits are seldom congratulatory. How mean you to deal with this youthful pair? My sword, my rope, or a draught of my potion are equally at your need.' And the ruffian's face glanced murder.

"'Thanks, trusty Everard, you never failed me,' returned the savage lord. 'But methinks your words have caused me much embarrassment. With respect to this gay gallant, I can easily manage him; if any difficulty of despatching him arises, there remains the secret chamber, the trap-bed never misses, and the dark waters of Avondhu roll so swiftly to the sea, that no corpse ever reached the shore to give rise to a suspicion. But I am loath to hurt the girl—she must be cared for.'

"With this touch of compassion, which caused a muttered curse of astonishment to rush to the lips of the attendant, the group entered the court-yard of Strancally.

"Pass we on to the day of the banquet. These walls, now so silent and desolate, rung again with the din and bustle of preparation ; cooks were busy dressing viands supplied by forests, and plain, and stream—fish, and flesh, and fowl, in exhaustless store and endless variety, tempted the appetites, while mead, and metheglin, cider, and spirituous liquors, and wines of price, added to the hilarity. Music burst its chorus, for minstrels, successors to the ancient bards, were admired and revived, and held an honoured place in the household of every noble in Ireland. All the persons of rank and station in the country round were assembled, but fairest of the fair, was the bride of the Chieftain of Conna—

"Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheek,
Her eyes were black as sloe,
The ripening cherry swelld her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe."

"Her husband was proud of her, as well he might, and rejoiced in the admiration her great beauty excited. Her arrival had caused a sensation among the assembled guests, as you have seen when the reigning belle appears at the entrance of the ball-room, and emerging from the throng of nobles with whom he had been conversing the Lord Desmond went to welcome his distinguished guests.

"'Thanks for thy presence, fair lady,' cried Desmond, pressing the white hands of the bride, 'and thine too, noble knight,' glancing to her husband. Thy coming announces the banquet, and as we hope to prolong the entertainment into the night, your chamber is prepared, so your return need not be looked for.'

"The lady would fain have declined, but ere she could express dissent, her husband said—'That is kind of you, my Lord of Desmond. I am sure Alice will accept your proffer.' There was no declining after this, and the progress of the feast prevented any recurrence to the subject.

"To the banquet a ball succeeded, and many sought the hand of the bride for the dance. As she was naturally fond of dancing, and the rooms, well suited to the scene, thronged with all that were young and fair and high-born in the country, she engaged herself much in her favourite dances, but was not wholly devoid of care. I own uneasy thoughts, vague, indefinite sensations of danger, occasionally crept over her spirits, causing a shudder in her frame, and a sadness in her sunny smile. Her husband appeared wholly unconcerned, and she resolved not to disturb his quiet, by disclosing her fears to him.

"Once, while crossing from the dancing room to partake of refreshment in the chamber of dais, where the banquet had been held, Alice was struck by the troubled looks with which the host observed her approach the place where he was giving some very emphatic order to a domestic, and the latter seemed listening very intently—all that she heard was a perfect enigma then—afterwards, capable of a sad solution—"We must rely on the cup and the couch." Contrary to his habits of temperance, the young chieftain of Conna was this night a victim to inebriety. He seemed conscious of it himself, for addressing his wife, who was mortified at his condition, he contrived to say, 'That last cup was a cup too much, my Alice ; I'll to bed.'

"'Come then, Herbert,' she said, withdrawing her arm from a guest who had just engaged her for the next dance, 'I am tired, and will go with you.'

“‘Surely you do not mean to quit the ball room so early, fair lady,’ said her partner.

“‘Oh, I cannot hear of such a proceeding,’ added Lord Desmond, who was aware of what was intended. ‘Your Ladyship must remain here; I myself will escort Sir Herbert to his chamber. Ho! there, lights!’ he cried, and the attendants appeared. Sleep seemed stealing over the countenance of Sir Herbert, and he clutched at the nearest attendant for support. ‘Join the dancers, lady,’ said Desmond, ‘and depend on it I will watch over your husband till he is asleep.’

“‘Nay, my Lord, who so fitting as his wife for that duty,’ resolutely replied the lady. ‘I must accompany my husband, with your leave,’ she added, as the host seemed disposed to place himself before her, to prevent her. She took the arm of her intoxicated husband and, sustaining him on her shoulder, bade the attendants ‘lead on.’ The men looked at their lord, he nodded affirmatively—‘it must be so,’ he ejaculated, and Sir Herbert and his bride were soon alone in their chamber.

“Suspicion, I have already hinted, darkened the mind of Alice Fitzgerald; the sudden stupor, the inebriety of her husband, struck her as very singular; she thought the anxiety of Desmond to part them, was evinced more earnestly than was consistent with good breeding, and rejoiced she was present with the object of her fond affections, in case danger threatened. Within their apartment, however, all was orderly, and suitable to their high rank. The chamber was in a high tower, built on a lofty ledge of rock, and precipitarily placed over the river, which seemed to have worn fissures in the foot of the cliff, as she could hear the heave and dash of the current, at the base. The night was fair and tranquil, and, commending herself to God, she speedily joined her husband, who lay in a profound lethargic slumber.

* * * * *

“Towards noon, next day, the body of a young female, attired in night-gear, was observed by some peasants, lying near the rocks about a mile from Strancally Cliff, on the opposite side. On examination, they found that life was not wholly extinct; blood flowed from a bruise near the arm, and the limb was considerably discoloured, as if much crushed by weight, but no bone was broken. They bore the insensible form to the hut in which one of the party lived, and his wife had some knowledge of curing hurts. The care of the good woman restored animation by warmth and gentle rubbing; life once more quickened the pulse of the sufferer, but her reason seemed to have fled; she cried, and wrung her hands in despair at seeing the strange uncouth faces around her, and finding relief in tears, at last ventured to ask in the Irish tongue, which she spoke fluently, ‘what brought her there.’ She was informed how the men went out to draw their night-lines, and found her, bruised and bleeding, among the rocks. After remaining some weeks concealed in the hut, the fair Alice—for I presume you have guessed it was she—procured clothes, and a guide to conduct her to the castle of her father, at Ballyduff. She found her family full of sorrowing for her supposed death, and preparing to revenge the untimely fate of herself and her husband upon the ruthless Lord of Strancally, who had taken possession of Conna, being, he said, elected by the clansmen of Fitzgerald. When questioned respecting the events of that fearful night, she could give no distinct answer. ‘She had fallen asleep,’ she said, ‘soon after retiring to rest, and dreamed she was sink-

ing, and something fell, and hit her arm, then she grew cold, and knew no more until she awoke in the peasant's hut.'

"A representation of the case having been made to the Earl of Ormond, that nobleman found what he wanted, a good pretext to make war on the Fitzgeralds, and, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, proceeded, A.D. 1579, to lay siege to Strancally Castle. His forces were augmented by those of Condon, and such of the retainers of Conna as wished to avenge the death of their lord. The walls were defended to the last, but Desmond having discovered that his ruffian follower, Everard, meant to betray the postern gate, ordered him to be hung, whereupon, the band proved more true to their captain than their chief, and having put Desmond to death, loaded themselves with booty, and descending through the murdering hole, communicating with the secret chamber, manned a skiff lying at the foot of the cliffs, and silently dropped down with the current towards Youghal, and got clear off. The castle thus abandoned by the best of the garrison, was soon taken by assault; and as it was hateful to the kingdom for the crimes connected with it, was next day blown up by gunpowder placed in the secret passages to the room now shewn as the murdering hole."

"Now," said my friend, "bearing this history in your memory, do you not perceive a close resemblance between it and Spencer's description of the cruel Pollenti?"

"His name is hight Pollenti; rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his power he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
And by some sleight he eke doth underfong;
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-falls hight,
Through which the rider down doth fall, through oversight.

"And underneath the same a river flows,
This is both swift and dangerous, deepe, withal,
Into the which whomso he overthrowes
All destitute of help, doth headlong fall.

* * * * *

Then doth he take the spoils of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked treasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchast all the country lying ny,
With the revenue of her plentuous meedes:
Her name is Numerous, agreeing with her deedes.'

The destruction of the castle is thus told, as it happened at Strancally.

"And, lastly, all that castle quite he razed,
Even from the sole of its foundation.
And all the hewn stones thereof defaced,
That there might be no hope of reparation.'

"I think you have said enough my friend," I replied, "to prove your case, and you need not labour further, because you will find in the Fourth

Stanza of the Book to which you have referred, the Poet himself calls it 'The castle of the Strond' and Lodge, in his 'Peerage,' refers to it as Stron Castle, so this makes a chain of evidence to fortify your view.' "

We rose, and scrambled over the ruins, gazing on the scene of desolation they presented, and allowing the mind to conjure up the forms and fashions of their times. Though in heaps, the fragments of Desmond's castle bid defiance to decay, and are likely to stand for many years, a memorial of man's wickedness, and a retributive vengeance if the tradition told me be true.

I find the powerful family of Fitzgerald of Desmond had several castles in this locality—Youghal, Imokilly, Decies, Moguly, in addition to the subject of our present sketch. How well their various seats are mentioned in a Poem entitled "The Geraldines," written by Thomas Daves, may be judged from the verse with which I close my paper.

"The Geraldines, the Geraldines, how royally they reigned,
O'er Desmond wide and rich Kildare, and foreign arts disdained,
Their swords made Knights, their banners waved, free was their bugle call,
O'er Glynn's green slopes, by Dingle's tide, at Decies and Youghal,
What joyous feasts, what Brehan lore, what minstrel feats there were,
In and around Maynooth's tall keep, and palace-filled Adare.
But not for harp or feast they stayed, when friend or kin was pressed,
And foeman fled, when *Crom aboo*,* bespoke their lance in rest."

* The war cry of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond.

THE LORD'S ISLE.

A Recollection of Keswick.

DEDICATED TO MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

INTRODUCTION.

OH ! had I, what, alas ! I've not—
 The pen, the muse of Walter Scott;
 I then might hope to give
 An ode about the lord's sweet Isle,
 Which should not merely raise a smile,
 But in remembrance live

I.

Thou lovely, lonely isle ! the lord
 Who did to the thy name afford,
 Lives but in annals past !
 And like his sad and fatal tale,
 Moans mournfully o'er thee—the gale,
 Or shrieks the mountain blast.

II.

(Ah me ! though sweet, the pure white rose—
 Full many a ruin'd house now knows—
 Death in its leaves did hide.
 But who severely shall condemn
 The loyal memory of them
 Who in its honour died ?)

III.

Of thee, *one of that kindred took*
 A sad, yet not displeasing look—
 I joy with her to roam !
 Press'd pensively her foot the stone,
 Where erst full many a happy one
 Had reach'd the Island home.

IV.

Perchance, till then, none of that blood
 On that remember'd spot had stood,
 Since fled poor Ratcliff's wife ;
 And tried what ruth the mountain hath,
 Rather than Hanover's fell wrath,
 To spare a woman's life.

V.

Another owns that fair domain—
 Another race ! They cannot gain
 The *prestige* of the last ;
 Nor can base lucre ever make
 Sweet Derwentwater's depths forsake
 The mem'ry of the past.*

IV.

Nor will old Keswick's simple race
 Point out with pride rich Marshall's place—
 Their tale is of the dead ;
 They'll guide you to the Lord's lone Isle—
 They'll paint the lady's sweet sad smile,
 The last before she fled.†

VII.

They'll bid you reverently search
 The relics of their ancient church,
 And point to Ratcliff's tomb ;
 Where, though the pray'r now useless be,
 You're bid to pray in piety,
 For mercy in his doom.‡

VIII.

With artless inbred taste they turn
 From trim canal to rocky burn,
 Or cat'ract in the fell ;
 So in their thoughts they'll ne'er resign
 To *parvenu* wealth the ancient line—
 'Tis on the past they dwell.

IX.

Great Skiddaw still smiles o'er the scene,
 But with a sadder shade I ween,
 From bygone memory ;
 Whilst stern Scaw-fell frowns down the vale,
 And sighs the breeze through Borrowdale,
 On that which now must be.

* The property of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, when he was beheaded, was settled on Greenwich Hospital. It has recently been sold, and purchased by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds.

† The wife of Lord Derwentwater is supposed to have effected her escape through a tremendous pass in the mountains, which is now known by the appellation of the "Lady's Leap."

‡ In the church is a fine monument of the Ratcliff family, with figures of brass inlaid, and inscribed as follows:—"Of your charity pray for the soul of Sir John Ratcliff, and for the soul of Dame Alice, his wife; which Sir John died the 2d day of January, A.D. 1527, on whose soul Jesus have mercy." A copy of this inscription and the brass figure was taken off by the Clerk, and presented with much courtesy and interest to her to whom this little poem is addressed—having learned that she belonged to the same family.

X.

I do not quarrel with the taste
Which leaves that lonely island waste,
Nor will the motive scan ;
'Twere better thus than see it neat,
Trim, stiff, adapted for the seat
Of rich Leeds merchant man.

XI.

'Twas well, when there, we met no sound,
Save caw of faithful rook around,
Or splash of distant oar ;
Or gentle voice of guide,* who shews
Where once the lordly castle rose,
And fell—to rise no more ;—

XII.

Unless that title forfeited,
When ruthless power claimed the head
Of Derwentwater's Earl,
His kindred blood may yet attain,
And *the Lord's Island* once again
His Banner shall unfurl.†

XIII.

Now seldom bounds along the stag,
The eagle now has fled the crag ;
Where echo heard her scream,
The *engine* shrieks through mountain pass,
And nature's charms must yield, alas !
To all-subduing steam.‡

XIV.

But till great Skiddaw age has felt—
Till everlasting rock shall melt—
No change can e'er defile
The native beauty of the lake ;
Or from that lonely spot can take
The name of "*The Lord's Isle*."

S. M.

* The guide who conducted the writer to the top of Skiddaw, and rowed us to the Lord's Isle, was a remarkably intelligent one, of the name of Graves. His father and grandfather had been guides before him. His voice was peculiarly sweet.

† All the forfeited titles have been restored, excepting that of the Earldom of Derwentwater. The crest of the Rateliff family is a black bull's head.

‡ No eagles have been seen in these mountainous districts, so well adapted for their habitation, for some years. Steam has already invaded Windermere. It is to be hoped, with regard to Derwentwater, the idea here expressed may long be but a poetical license.

ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

II.—DUGUESCLIN.

THOSE who admire and those who object to military glory may alike be humiliated or appeased, according to their respective sentiments, by the reflection that, if dazzling, it is often evanescent. Here is a man not less celebrated than Turenne, or Wellington, or Marlborough, in his days, and yet to the greater number of our readers, and nine men out of ten at present in existence, his name may even be a stranger. Still he was one of the most noted captains of France, and the liberator, to a great extent, of that country from the English, as well as of Spain from the sway of the Saracens.

This celebrated hero was born in the chateau of his ancestors, near Rennes, towards the close of the year 1314, but the exact date of his birth is unknown. His family was one of the first houses in Bretagne, and claimed descent even from an African king; yet, though his fiery temperament well supported the pretension, this circumstance, too, is doubtful, if not wholly fabulous. Of his own early history little is known, saving that he was the eldest of ten children, and exhibited no precocity. His teacher indeed, it is said, never even succeeded in imparting to him the simplest rudiments of education, and at last quitted in despair of ever being able to teach him the now very common-place art of reading. But this was then a rare acquisition. War and contention formed his only pleasure. By day he talked, by night he dreamed but of battle. Hard and stubborn as he was by nature, the menaces and punishment resorted to for the purpose of breaking him in seemed only to render him the more intractable; and it was not till an opposite course was adopted, and gentleness exhibited for coercion, that he shewed he was capable of being subdued by kindness, though utterly unsusceptible to fear. Though deformed, of short stature, high shoulders, and heavy head, he was constantly engaged in military exercises; and his eyes full of fire, though small, evinced that strife was the natural sphere of his heart. At the age of sixteen, an early annalist records, he made his escape from home to participate in a combat at Rennes; and at seventeen it is undoubted he took part in a very celebrated tournament which the noted Count of Blois there gave to the *elite* of the knights of England and France. Duguesclin's father, a chevalier of no mean renown, though now thrown into the shade by his son, took part in this combat; but, previously to setting out, had adopted the precaution of locking up his first-born at home. The youth, however, had managed to borrow arms and a steed from some friendly neighbour, and the charge was scarcely sounded when, unknown, he dashed into the lists. One stalwart knight was overturned by his violence; a second yielded to the strength of his arm: his unconscious father couched fence against the daring intruder, and it was not until

Duguesclin then raised his visor, and declined the encounter, that the others discovered they had been overthrown by a youth of seventeen. In several subsequent actions of the day he was equally distinguished, and his father consequently made no farther objection to his enrolling himself in arms, which he ever afterwards bore. It was, however, no longer now in mimic strife, but in stern war. Embracing the cause of the Count Charles of Blois, who then laid claim to the Duchy of Bretagne, he made his first essay at the siege of Vannes, and with only twenty lances, he is said, by his countrymen, to have maintained a position against fully two thousand Englishmen. The nature of the ground possibly assisted, for, strong as was his own arm, and impuissant as were the foot-soldiers of his day against horse, it seems incredible that he could have maintained such a pass unless it had been a new Thermopylæ. Notwithstanding all his valour, however, the Count was at last overcome; and on Duguesclin devolved the duty of conducting his two sons to England, as hostages, when Charles was obliged to succumb to the peace of the English Edward.

England was, at this period, the seat of one of the noblest knights who ever bestrode a steed—the illustrious Black Prince, Edward's immortal son. Duguesclin took part in many of the chivalrous encounters that then ensued, but no record of them now remains; nor indeed is this of moment, as those tournaments, if often marked by slaughter, seem invariably to have been distinguished by *sameness*. A species of coarseness, too, pervaded them; or rather the knights, when not engaged in them, never hesitated to resort to what we should now consider very un-knightly practices. Thus we find Duguesclin, on returning to France, adopting the rude stratagems which in an earlier age had distinguished the Scottish hero Wallace, and making his way into the chateau of Fongrai in the disguise of a waggoner. Securing the bridge by this means, he opened the route for his followers; and after thus taking the castle, made a bold attempt, with a hundred lances, upon the Duke of Lancaster at Rennes. This celebrated prince was then besieging that town, and for reasons now unknown, Duguesclin, by invitation, repaired to his head-quarters before engaging in strife. He is supposed to have received an overture to join the English; and certain it is that he had to fight a duel with Sir John Bamborough, a noted knight of that day, who insulted him on refusing. Duguesclin prevailed, and immediately afterwards he made such a violent attack by fire upon a huge wooden tower which Lancaster had erected for assailing the city, that the English retired in dismay. Rennes was consequently restored to Charles, who rewarded Duguesclin with the territory of Roche-de-Rien in requital for his services.

The siege of Dinan, in 1359, is the next operation in which we find Duguesclin engaged, and another duel, as before, was the preliminary to the strife. Duguesclin was entrusted with the city's defence, and a noted knight, Sir Thomas of Canterbury, having succeeded in carrying off a younger brother of Duguesclin, boldly alleged that it was the hero himself. With less prudence than we should now consider justifiable, Duguesclin resented the insult by a challenge, and again he was successful, not only in defeating his adversary but in raising the siege. At this time, indeed, he was the only one who supported the honour of the arms of France. Almost all the rest of the country—its fairest provinces and finest towns—were in the hands of the English. The heroic Edward,

and his still more heroic son, had struck down all opposition ; and, unable even to raise the ransom they had imposed upon him, John—the unhappy King—had, like another Regulus, returned to England to pay in person that penalty which the disinclination or poverty of his kingdom prevented him from paying in the more agreeable form of current coin of the realm.

This was the era when Duguesclin may properly be said to have entered the service of France. Hitherto he had been only in that of one of its most powerful nobles ; but a proposition having been made to him, and the government of Pontorson conferred by the representatives of the exiled prince, he raised a company of a hundred lances, and being joined by others, quickly expelled the English from Normandy. A marriage with a rich heiress, Thiephaine de Ragueneil, enabled him shortly afterwards to make progress still more considerable ; money being then, as now, one of the chief elements of war. The English were beat by him in several successive encounters ; but a sort of private warfare seems to have been mixed up with his public service, as shortly afterwards we find him delivered as a hostage to the Count de Montfort, who then contested with De Blois for the Duchy of Bretagne. A change, however, soon succeeded. John died a prisoner in England, and his successor, Charles V., having appointed Duguesclin Governor of Normandy, the latter made his escape from a condition of captivity, and quickly defeated Charles, then named the Bad, King of Navarre. This victory had the effect of fixing the crown on the new French sovereign's head, and Duguesclin was created Marshal of Normandy in consequence. He was now coming in contact with more important foes, or at least foes more interesting to English ears. At the battle of Anrai, fought on the 29th of September, 1364, he encountered Clisson, Sir John Chandos, and the leading chivalry of England. Clisson furiously commenced the conflict by a formidable two-handed sword attack on Duguesclin, but the latter repelled and threw his forces into confusion. Chandos, however, had in the interval completely overthrown the body which the Count of Blois commanded, killed their leader, and put his followers to flight. All the efforts of Duguesclin, therefore, returning from the pursuit of Clisson, to restore the combat, were vain ; and, surrounded by overwhelming odds, he was under the necessity of surrendering to the English commander. Sir John treated him with the distinction due to his own and the captor's courage, but his ransom was fixed at the high sum of a hundred thousand francs. How Duguesclin recovered his liberty is not exactly known. He was possibly assisted by the peace shortly afterwards established between France and England. But if this peace were of utility to him, it was of none to his free companions in arms. Thirty thousand of them were thrown on their own resources by its conclusion : and, finding no field for the exercise of their arms, they turned them on their own country, ravaged the provinces, and under the name of Grand Companies, committed devastations such as the enemy formerly had scarcely surpassed. Duguesclin, on his return, was entrusted by Charles V. with the task of putting them down ; and now, for the first time, he exhibited the policy of the statesman, or great commander, instead of the mere brute-soldier force, which hitherto had been his chief characteristic, in common with all the troopers of that period. Instead of menacing or assailing them, as was confidently anticipated, he prepared at once to enlist them in a great political design, for the purpose of over-

throwing the remaining power of the Saracens in Spain. Two candidates then contended for the throne of that country ;—Henry, surnamed Transtamare, and Don Pedro, or Peter the Cruel. The French King, agreeably to Duguesclin's proposition, adopted the side of the former ; but the Black Prince of England and his martial father at first ranged themselves on that of the latter. With foes thus redoubted to meet, the Grand Companies commenced their march to Avignon : but they immediately got embroiled with the Pope, of whom, as representative of the Roman Empire, it was then the seat. With more consistency to their former predatory character than respect for his Holiness, they demanded to be relieved from the ban of excommunication, under which they laboured, and to be favoured with two hundred thousand francs, for the purpose of assisting them on their journey. The Holy Father offered to concede the one, but he evinced not the expected disposition to comply with the other. Yet the money, still more than the benediction, was an object of necessity to the soldiers. Rejecting the offer of being received into communion, therefore, they furiously assailed the city, and committed such excesses that the anathema of excommunication, which had been in the first instance withdrawn, was speedily reimposed. The church, however, found it vain to contend with such unruly warriors ; and the pontiff having, by way of compromise, consented to give absolution and a hundred thousand francs, they proceeded on their march to the south. Entering Arragon, they continued their progress to Castile ; and after a short but decisive encounter with Peter, they invested Henry with the thrones of Castile, Leon, and Seville, driving his rival to seek refuge in Portugal, and finally crowning the other at Burgos.

Duguesclin, on the termination of this short but decisive campaign, returned to France with the title of Duke of Molines, bestowed on him by the new Spanish sovereign ; but he had not long reposed on his laurels, when the Black Prince, with the scarcely less redoubtable Chandos, penetrated into the Peninsula and overturned all. In less time than Duguesclin had raised him, Henry was precipitated from his throne, and Peter elevated in his stead. Duguesclin no sooner learned the intelligence, than with ten thousand men he burst the passes of the Pyrenees, and came up with Henry just as he was upon the point of engaging the enemy at Navarette. Both armies were about equal in number, and are said to have amounted to two hundred thousand in all ; but the French were exhausted by their march, and their Spanish allies not equipped like their opposers. Above all, the dreaded leaders of England were present ; and Duguesclin consequently attempted to dissuade the Spanish sovereign from an encounter. Henry, however, persisted ; and that decisive action was fought. Duguesclin's anticipations were realized. The new sovereign was defeated ; and Duguesclin with difficulty escaped being cut down in the sanguinary cry which arose from his opponent :—"No quarter to Duguesclin." The Black Prince, riding up at this moment, saved him from slaughter, and Duguesclin found himself a prisoner in the hands of the English. Yet he had not escaped from danger. The savage Peter made an attempt to assassinate him on entering the victor's tent ; and, foiled in this, he made a still more atrocious offer for his head, which Edward magnanimously spurned. But the English king had not the generosity to treat his prisoner with clemency : Duguesclin being conducted to a prison in Bordeaux, while Henry was constrained to seek refuge in France.

As a matter of course, all the recent acquisitions fell to the share of the victor. Peter was immediately installed in the government of Seville, Cordova, and Toledo, but he soon disgusted the Black Prince by his perfidy. This had the effect of facilitating Duguesclin's restoration to liberty, independently of the high impression which his lofty character had made on the chivalrous Prince. We accordingly find Edward, after a short parley, consenting to his liberation on payment of a hundred francs; but some disparaging words added on the smallness of the ransom, caused Duguesclin himself to insist that it should be raised to seventy thousand golden florins; the Princess of Wales, however, contributed thirty thousand of the amount, with a view of expressing her honourable estimation of the prisoner; and a chronicler of the period adds, that, had the French nobles permitted it, the whole ransom would readily have been paid by members of the English court; but Duguesclin's friends interposed, and enabled him quickly to return to Paris, and thence to the seat of hostilities in Spain, where he arrived at the critical moment of an impending action between Henry and Peter, the former of whom had been enabled by the French king's aid to renew the combat, while the other had called in the assistance of the Saracens from the southern shores of the country. The belligerents had previously been equal in resources and success, but the balance was thus turned on Henry's side. Duguesclin defeated first the Moorish sovereigns, or chiefs, who had arrived to Peter's aid, and, afterwards, the usurper himself, whom he took prisoner in the action. The fury of Peter on his capture transcended all bounds. Previously remarkable for his virulence to Duguesclin, his ferocity burst forth on meeting him in Henry's tent; and having attempted treacherously to stab him, he was struck down, mortally wounded, by his indignant captor. With his death terminated the war in Spain, and Duguesclin returned to France, where his presence was again required by the never-ceasing hostilities between that country and England. Charles V. had summoned Edward, as a vassal, to yield allegiance for the lands he held, and the province of Guienne, on his refusal, was immediately stirred to revolt against his lofty son. Duguesclin, who had been appointed Constable in his absence, "as the greatest warrior of his time," accordingly, no sooner arrived, than he found himself in collision with his former foes, and on the present occasion, he fought with more than his former success. The English were quickly expelled from their hereditary province of Normandy; and Duguesclin, thence returning to Paris to stand godfather to one of the Princes (a high honour for a subject in those days,) passed on to Guienne, which, along with Poitou, the Limousin, and adjoining province, he speedily reduced as well as repressed the civil war in Bretagne, where the Duke of Montfort, in conjunction with the English, had raised the standard of revolt. It was after the repression of this struggle that the terrible retreat of the English and their ally, so memorable in history, took place. Of its horrors it would be beyond our province to furnish even an outline. Suffice it to say, that out of an army sixty thousand strong, scarcely a tenth reached Bordeaux; the others having fallen by the way victims to hunger, despair, and the sword of the pursuer, who eventually constrained Montfort to sue for peace, and consent to the annexation of Bretagne to France.

The annexed province, however, soon revolted, excited by attachment to its former lord, and also, it was surmised, by the arts of the English:—and now the gloomy era of Duguesclin's career begins. Having been

sent to repress the disturbances, his natural clemency induced him to deal lightly with the vanquished ; and this compassion gave rise to calumny and suspicion at the head-quarters of the French court. His traducers represented him as in league with the former duke ; and Duguesclin, now old and wearied, was so humiliated on learning that Charles, who owed him so much, had leant ear to these aspersions, that he threw up his command and the Constable's sword in disgust, and made a vow of retiring to Spain, swearing never to resume them. Before quitting, he wrote a letter, equally tender and magnanimous to Charles, asseverating, upon the sword lately relinquished, that he had never swerved from duty ; and Charles seems to have relented, or become conscious of his innocence, as emissaries of the highest rank were dispatched to him, entreating that he would resume the distinction and command. With the former request he appears to have complied, but no solicitations could induce him to yield the other. He persisted in his resolutions to join the standard of Henry, his old companion in Spain, and journeyed southwards by gentle stages, with the design of meeting him. Age and fatigue, however, had now debilitated his frame ; and finding his end drew nigh he halted at Randam, in order that he might once more breathe the air of war, and assist the Marquis of Sancerre in conducting its siege.

The operations proceeded, inspired by his presence. But camps and courts with him were now alike at an end. Each day increased his debility, and on the 12th of July, 1380, a tender parting with his old sword and comrades took place. The enemy agreed to capitulate next day ; but this day witnessed the conclusion of Duguesclin's career ; and a scene equally impressive and unprecedented followed. The governor and garrison refused to surrender, on the plea that they had yielded only to Duguesclin, and that he was no longer living. It soon transpired, however, that this arose from no breach of faith or latent perfidy ; for the following morn beheld the commander and the whole of his troops sally out in solemn array, to surrender the keys of the city on Duguesclin's tomb, "in order," as they said, "that he might triumph even when dead." His remains were reconducted to the metropolis, and the provinces through which they passed, received them with equal honour ; the King finally, as was supposed, paying them the last compliment of all, by ordering their interment in the royal vault of St. Denis, adjoining a tomb designed for himself, amid the sovereigns of France.

The great captains of France testified their sense of his merits, by long refusing the constable's sword, vacant on his demise,—which Clisson, at last, was induced to accept ; and posterity has confirmed their judgment. Of the warriors of those ages, indeed, few seem to have equalled, and none surpassed him. Humane, generous, and modest, he recalls to recollection Desaix in later times. He was not merely a soldier, but, like Turenne, a great captain : and if inferior to this celebrated leader in strategy, it was merely because he lived in an earlier era, when the art of war was in its infancy. Beloved by his troops, like those two great generals, he possessed qualities which rendered him an object of respect to contemporaneous foes, and are yet a subject for eulogy. He is one of the few heroes of the period who are now remembered ; and that less on account of being one of the first to introduce science into war, substitute able marches, methodic positions, and regular manœuvres, for the previously predominating brute violence, than for the lofty, chivalrous and equitable bearing which marked his conduct.

III.—SPINOLA.

“THERE were but three intuitive conquerors,” said Napoleon—“Alexander, Spinola, and Condé.” All the others on record had either progressively developed their capacity, or been trained to the art of war. But those at once started into the rank of great commanders, and seemed to have been designed by nature for the distinction.

AMBROISE SPINOLA, the second of this trio, descended from an ancient Italian family which had long been identified with a small town or hamlet of the name on the confines of Montferrat and the Milanese territories; but the branch of it from which he sprang had been established in Genoa since the twelfth or thirteenth century, when Obert de Spinola received the name of Captain or Preserver of Genoese Liberty, in consequence of having quelled a formidable insurrection against it in the year 1270. After that period, however, until the sixteenth century, when, in 1571, Ambroise was born, it was chiefly engaged in commercial pursuits, and one of the most distinguished of those princely mercantile houses which then maintained the rank and opulence of Italy, and carried its fame, in the persons of such families as the Medicis, to a point which no succeeding age perhaps has equalled, and assuredly not surpassed.

The house of Spinola was one of the most considerable of these for wealth, and Ambroise was destined to maintain its consequence, when his elder brother, Frederick, led away by a thirst for glory, suddenly exchanged the pursuit of wealth for war. In the midst of these pacific avocations, indeed, the family of Spinola appear always to have retained their old, or martial, predilections. The grandame of our hero had been noted for a romantic attachment to Louis the Twelfth of France, for whose cause she sacrificed fortune, and ultimately life; and by a like impulse his elder brother was now led to embark the riches of the house in equipping six galleys for the service of Philip the Third of Spain. His success was so great, that he speedily communicated his ardour to Ambroise, although the latter had now passed his thirtieth year, and been remarkable for no characteristic beyond devotion to the study of a few ancient classics. The art of war, however, had engaged his attention so far as it can be inculcated by theories; and hence, when he joined, he was not ignorant of its principles, though utterly unacquainted with its practice. Between them, the brothers raised and equipped a force of nine thousand men—a circumstance which may impress us with an idea of their wealth, as it must have cost them at least £80,000 of our present money, equal to at least thrice the amount in that day—and with the command of it, in two divisions, Ambroise, in May 1602, set out from Milan to support the cause of Philip in the Netherlands. The Spanish king's affairs were then all but desperate. The States of Holland, long in revolt, had reduced his arms to extremity, and his troops were on the point of disbanding, or joining the enemy, when Spinola (as we shall henceforth name Ambroise) arrived, by a rapid and able march through Italy, Switzerland, and Franche-Compté, at the head-quarters of the Archduke Albert. He immediately engaged to pay the troops for three years—a debt apparently never repaid—and thus at once became the master of a considerable Spanish army, opposed to Prince Maurice of Nassau, who, in behalf of the States, had arrived with the force of

twenty-four thousand men to raise the siege of Ostend, which, for more than a year, had been invested by the troops of Spain. Spinola, by the ability of his arrangements, prevented the accomplishment of this object; but he could not interrupt him from assailing and taking Gavre, in Brabant, though, by the rapidity of his movements and the variety of his manœuvres, he precluded him, with forces far superior, from reaping any other decisive advantage.

Yet defeat, or at least a check, on the whole, characterised the first action of Spinola, and affairs looked still more inauspicious when he took up his position around Ostend. All the troops of the Spanish king, except Spinola's, were there openly in mutiny, and intelligence about the same time arrived that his brother Frederick had been slain in a naval engagement. Philip, on learning the catastrophe, offered the post of Grand Admiral to Spinola; but, though great commands by sea and land were then held in common, Spinola seems to have discerned their incompatibility, and he accordingly refused it. He received instead the appointment of General-in-Chief of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands, with special instructions to complete the siege of Ostend, which had now been protracted to such a period as to compromise the reputation of Spain, and excite the astonishment of Europe. The task, however, was not easy. The city, strong by position, was rendered almost impregnable by art, and one of the most courageous garrisons on record defended the walls. Murmurs, too, broke out amongst the Spaniards at Spinola's elevation, and it was only by the summary process of breaking at once two hundred officers, that he quelled a mutiny which might have been fatal to his power. He at the same time, from his own resources, discharged the arrears of the soldiers; and having thus, by his firmness and liberality, quelled the revolt, he led the troops to the beleaguered city; and they ever afterwards followed him with the same devotion as his own adherents. With vehemence unprecedented the operations were renewed, and, in spite of strenuous efforts by the Prince of Nassau, who arrived with a large force to interrupt him, the city at last was taken on the 14th of September, 1604, after having stood for three years a siege which had proved fatal to a hundred and thirty thousand men, and given rise to an expenditure of eight hundred thousand shots, many of them so large and unintermittent that their discharge is said to have been heard in London.

During the course of this siege, or immediately after it Spinola fought no less than fifteen actions with the enemy, in all of which he was victorious; but into the details of these it would be vain now to follow him. On their conclusion he was summoned by Philip to the Court of Madrid; and, proceeding by Paris, obtained a distinguished reception from a congenial hero, Henry the Fourth, who then sat on the throne of France. Henry, however, was not negligent of either his own or his country's interest amidst all his romance. He was already secretly dallying with the Dutch, and the next year he surmised might see him arrayed in their alliance against Spain. With much shrewdness, therefore, he now endeavoured to ascertain Spinola's designs; inferring—but as it proved, erroneously—that the great leader would disclose the very opposite of what he intended to practice. Spinola, with penetration deeper still, detected and baffled the manœuvre. With apparent simplicity, but calculation profound, he luminously developed the great features of his next

campaign; and Henry, when in conjunction with the Dutch, was afterwards defeated by supposing the Spanish leader would pursue a course diametrically opposed, had the magnanimity to declare that "Other generals deceived by falsehood, but Spinola, by adhering to truth." On his arrival at Madrid, Spinola was received with caresses, but the condition of affairs was too critical for him to be long allowed inactive. Early in 1605, accordingly, having again been appointed Generalissimo in the Netherlands, he started for Brussels, and, with forty thousand men, took the field against Maurice of Nassau, who had made several conquests, and laid siege to Ghent in his absence. The Dutch prince was compelled to relinquish the town, and Spinola thence making his way into the Low Countries, by the ability of his manœuvres and rapidity of his marches, in a few weeks overturned all the arrangements resulting from the victories of his opponent. Over-Yasel was over-run, Linghen taken, and Rhinberg reduced, before Maurice, celebrated also for the promptitude of his operations, could come up; and at last, when he did arrive in presence of his redoubtable foe, a series of brilliant, but now unimportant, actions occurred, which, at the present day, it were idle to trace. Three years were spent in this species of strife, momentous to contemporaries, but by posterity forgotten. The Dutchman on the whole prevailed, yet not by the success of his arms; for Spinola, though deserted by his court, from whom, during greater part of the period, he had received neither supplies nor reinforcements, was in a position more formidable than ever, when the Spanish government, after twenty years of struggle, at last terminated the conflict with its rebellious provinces at the moment when it seemed on the eve of crushing them. Spinola was appointed principal negotiator, and now, for the first time, came into pacific contact with his redoubted opponent. The prince received him, with great distinction, half-a-league from the Hague, and conducted him to head quarters amid the acclamations of the people; although, it may be remarked, the taciturn Dutchman could not be induced to acknowledge either inferiority or equality, his complacent answer to an inquiry, "Who is the first general in Europe?" being, "Spinola is the *second*." After a protracted negotiation, the treaty acknowledging the independence of Holland was finally signed on the 9th of April, 1609; and Spinola, on its completion, set out for Madrid, where he was received with apparent cordiality by the king, but almost open murmurs by the court, though he had spent two-thirds of his fortune, and incurred debt to the amount of two million of crowns in their service.

A long interval of inaction succeeded. The pride of the old Castilian court, though she had concluded a connection with her republican insurgents, could not stoop to acknowledge it as *peace*: it was by the term "twelve years' *truce*," that the agreement was known; and both parties, it was understood, were to resume hostilities on its expiring. This, by many, was considered but a salvo for mortified Spanish haughtiness; and Spinola supposing that the struggle was over, sought another field in Europe, for the exercise of his arms. But it there presented no opportunity for display. The struggles of Henry the Fourth were over, and those of Gustavus, of Sweden, had not yet begun. England was ruled by the cowardly James, and the dissensions in Germany, though impending, had not yet been produced by the inordinate ambition of his

son-in-law, the Prince Palatine. The republic of Genoa was the only power that offered Spinola employment; but he declined it,—aware not only of the ingratitude generally experienced by greatness in the place of its nativity, but also again panting for distinction in arms, and confident that the ambition of the house of Austria would at no distant day again demand his services.

His anticipations were confirmed. Immediately on the expiring of the twelve years' truce in 1621, (April 10,) Isabella, the widow of Philip the Third, summoned him to her aid, and despatched a body of troops under his command, to annoy her late subjects in the Netherlands. The states, it must be owned, had afforded cause for hostility; having, in the interval, formed relations with France and England, with all the craft and promptitude which characterised the republican vigour. But their arrangements had not been completed, when Spinola burst in. Reide accordingly surrendered to his summons: St. Julier's was taken after a brief assault; and his lieutenant Velasco despatched to invest Berg-op-Zoom. The Prince of Nassau, however, approaching with superior forces, prevented the latter operation from being carried into effect, and the future movements of Spinola were nullified or impeded by orders from Madrid, where the court, adopting that policy which, if it has sometimes restrained the ambition, has more frequently marred the success of its generals, had come to the resolution of directing manœuvres from head-quarters. Spinola's movements, therefore, were henceforth as interrupted as those of modern arch-dukes, by the Aulic council of Vienna. A march, before he could venture to make it, was late; an operation was frequently ordered when premature. The minister Olivarez, for instance, now ordered him to lay siege to Breda; and when Spinola represented that the command was impolitic, a despatch from Philip the Fourth, the new sovereign, brought him the peremptory instructions: "Marquis, take Breda. I, the King." The order was obeyed: and its execution added fresh lustre to his reputation; but a long time elapsed before he could subdue the obstinate courage of the Dutch, and though he, in the interval, defeated the Prince of Nassau, with the loss of ten thousand men, and by baffling his design upon Antwerp, caused him to die of chagrin, he himself was recalled by a court intrigue, and in 1627 removed from his command.

In his return to Madrid, Spinola again passed through the headquarters of the French court, and witnessed the siege of Rochelle, then exciting the attention of Europe. Louis the Thirteenth and Richelieu, in person, had arrived to subvert this famed seat of Protestantism, and its overthrow was in no slight degree owing to the advice which Spinola gave the ambitious Cardinal. "Shut the port and open the hand," was his reply, when asked for an opinion by the martial priest; and Richelieu, rightly interpreting it, constructed that celebrated sea-wall, and displayed that liberality to his troops, which enabled him, at last, to bring the memorable siege to a close. But Spinola had, in the interval, arrived at Madrid, and given umbrage to its court by refusing to undertake the city's relief. "I have seen the enemy's plans," he said; "their preparations were imparted to me in confidence;" and the honour of a soldier, he considered, precluded him from taking part in the design, which the Spanish government had formed for the annoyance of the French.

It did not, however, prevent him from acting against them in Italy,

where Louis and his domineering minister almost immediately precipitated hostilities with Spain, by supporting the Duke of Nevers in his claim to the Duchy of Mantua. The Spanish Cabinet espoused the cause of the Duke of Savoy, his opponent; and Spinola was dispatched to maintain it. He laid siege to Casal; but Louis arrived with such overpowering odds, that the Spaniards were constrained to abandon it. Yet their leader obtained almost equal honour by the ability with which he defended himself, against the vastly superior forces of the French, on the confines of Montferrat. On the retirement of Louis, who, with an army of forty thousand, accomplished no further result, Spinola again invested the town, and took it. All his efforts, however, failed to subdue the troops in the citadel; and he ultimately allowed them to march out with the honours of war, declaring that "with fifty thousand such men he could conquer Europe."

Spinola, at this period, possibly longed for a new career. He was now experiencing the proverbial ingratitude of courts, and with resources diminished, left to oppose the formidable army which the French government was again pouring into the Valteline. "They have robbed me of my honour," he exclaimed, on finding himself abandoned, and constrained to sign a truce with his old opponent, the Marshal de Thoiras; and repairing to Castle Nuovo, he shortly afterwards expired, a victim of disappointment, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Such was the sudden dissolution of Spinola, on the 30th of September, 1630, after a career, which, for upwards of a quarter of a century, had filled Europe with the blaze of his name. The Spanish government regretted his death, when regret was unavailing; and assuredly he was the only man then in existence capable of averting its declining fortunes. It were futile to speculate on what might have been the result, had he not been untimely neglected, and hurried to the grave before Gustavus of Sweden, "the Lion of the North," commenced his extraordinary conquests. Protestantism might not have prevailed in Germany, but the country might have escaped from the desolation of the thirty years' war, which it has scarcely yet survived. All such surmises are closed by his death; and he lives now in posterity's recollection only, as a man eulogized by Strada, Grotius, and De Thou, for his virtues, and as a general inferior to none, in an age more productive of great captains than any, till the revolutionary era of recent times.

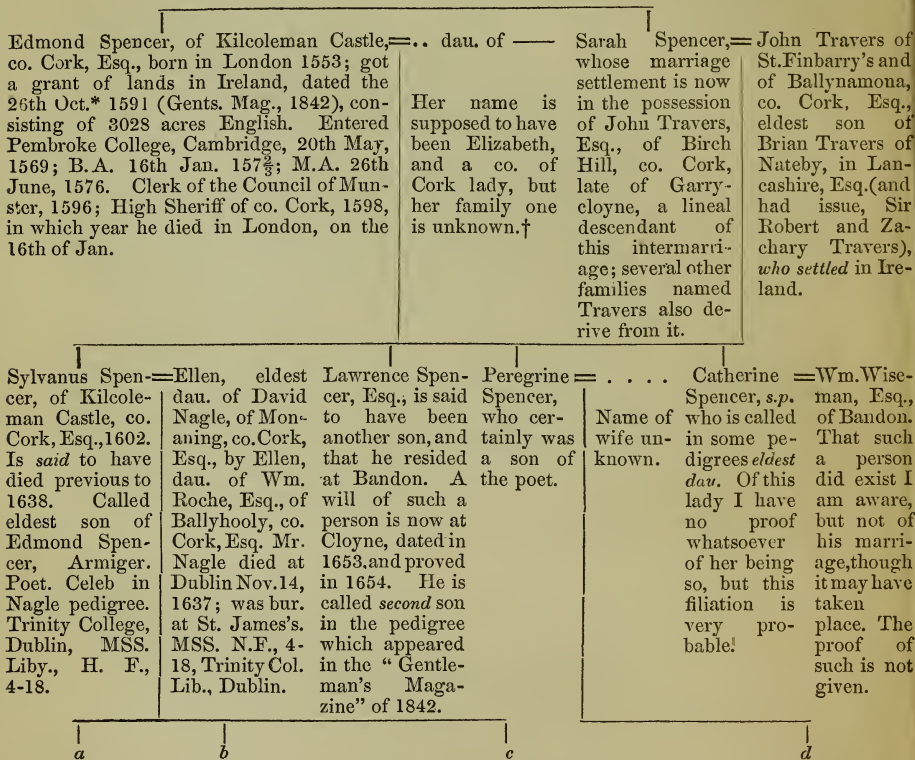
PEDIGREE OF SPENCER'S FAMILY.

To the Editor of the Patrician.

SIR,—I am sure you will deem the following authentic pedigree of the poet Spencer's family a valuable contribution to genealogical literature. It is the result of minute investigation and considerable labour, and may be confidently relied on.

Your constant reader,

D.A.C.N.I.



* 27th June, 1586, in the "Life of Spencer," prefixed to his poems, published in 1807—"British Poets."

† How is it possible that any person could say, as is stated in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1842, that she was a peasant; and if so, why say of an obscure family? of what other sort or description are peasant families composed of in general? In all Spencer's poems she was celebrated by him for every advantage any person could have of the highest rank; and his calling her a shepherdess was only figuratively speaking.

a	b	c	d
Edmond Spencer, of Kilcoleman Castle, co. Cork, Esq., which was erected into a manor 18th Feb., 1638. Called eldest son in Nagle pedigree, Trinity Col., Dublin. Most probably died <i>s.p.</i> , certainly without male issue, as his nephew, Nathaniel Spencer, succeeded to Kilcoleman.	William Spencer, of Rinny, co. Cork, Esq., named as second son in the Nagle pedigree, and styled as of Rinny in the deed of sale by his grandson, Edmond Spencer, in 1748.	Nathaniel Spencer, in holy orders, of Ballycannon, co. Waterford, <i>ob.</i> intestate (so says the pedigree, Gents. Mag.) Sept. 24, 1669. Is not named in the MSS. Trin. Col. Dublin.†	Margaret, dau. of — Deane. (See pedigree in the Gentleman's Mag., 1842). <i>Ob.</i> intestate. Admissions granted to Eleanor Reeves, next of kin, 27th September, 1667.
	.. dau. of —		Hugoline Spencer, § restore to 429 acres of land, co. Cork, by the Act of Settlement, 1663-4. He had a mortgage of £500 upon Rinny (see deed of sale, 1748). He was eventually outlawed, for adherence to Jas. II.

Nathaniel Spencer, of Kilcoleman Castle, and Rinny, co. Cork, Esq., in 1715. He sold the *former* by a mortgage of the 9th and 10th of May, 1715. Will dated 14th of August, 1718; proved at Dublin, 18th July, 1734—Arthur Hyde and Jephson Busteel, executors.

Rosamond, dau. of —. Her name is thus given in pedigrees, without stating the authority for such.

Susannah Spencer, named as a sister in the will of her brother, Nathaniel Spencer, in 1718, but of whom nothing further is known.

Edmond Spencer, of Rinny, co. Cork, Esq. Sold Rinny 6th Dec. 1748; deed of sale registered at Dublin, 7th Dec. He also disposed of Ballynasloe, co. Galway. The mortgage of Rinny must have been redeemed, or he could not have possessed it.	Anne, eldest dau. of John Freeman, of Ballinguile, co. Cork, Esq., second brother of William Freeman of Castle Cor, co. Cork, Esq., and son of Richard Freeman of Killvarie, co. Cork, and Judith, his wife, dau. of Geo. Crofts, Esq. (See Crofts, of Velvetstown and Churchtown, in "The Landed Gentry.")	Nathaniel Spencer, of Strabane, co. Tyrone, gent., named in his father's will of 1718, and as of Strabane in the deeds of sale of Kilcoleman and Rinny in 1748.	John Spencer, named in his father's will of 1718; but, as he is not named in the deeds of sale aforesaid, he must have died previous to 1748, and <i>s.p.</i> , as otherwise his child or children must have been made mention of in the deeds of sale.	Barbara Spencer, named in her father's will and also in the deed of sale aforesaid.	Edmond Connelly, of Shane's Castle, co. Antrim, gent., named in the deeds of sale in 1748.
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Rosamond Spencer, only child, living at Mallow, co. Cork, 1805.

— Burne, Esq., who had a situation under Government, by some said in the Customs, London.

Christopher Speneer Burne, Esq., a Captain in the army, died *s.p.*

Alicia Burne, sole heiress of her brother, ran off with her husband, and was never forgiven by her relatives.

— Sherlock, of near Ballyhowra, co. Cork, an inferior person.

Mrs. Sherlock had issue, and her descendants still exist in the city of Cork, now 1848.

† How could his wife have made a will, as a widow, if the dates given in the pedigree of the "Gentleman's Magazine" be correct? Query—was he a son of Sylvanus? I think it is more probable he was a son of Peregrine.

¶ Query, dau. of Richard Deans, B.D., afterwards Prebendary of Mora, co. Moretown. S.T.B. Collated 10th Nov., 1662, and on the 8th of January, 1663, Archdeacon of Waterford. Thomas Deane, M.A., 1588. 20th January, Treasurer of Waterford.

§ Query, Dorothy Spencer, a dau. of Angeline's. As she undoubtedly was of this family, and married about 150 years ago into the Power family, I think she was most probably a dau. of his, and not of any of the Kilcoleman family, after the intermarriage with Nagle.

GENEALOGICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.]

To the Editor of the Patrician.

SIR,—Having long had it in contemplation to attempt the formation of a Society on the plan of the Camden, Parker, and Shakespeare publishing societies, for the purpose of collecting and reprinting works on genealogy, family history, &c., I have seen with great pleasure the letter from your correspondent, “Generosus,” and should be most happy to communicate with him, or other gentlemen having similar tastes, for the purpose of arranging the necessary preliminaries for forming a committee to carry out the object in view.

E. CHURTON, Publisher,
26, Holles Street.

TURNER OF KIRKLEATHAM.

A correspondent from Beaumaris writes for information regarding “Nicholas Turner, of Kirkleatham, in Yorkshire,” and hopes some learned reader of the *Patrician* may be able to afford it.

In a carefully drawn up pedigree of the Turners, in the Editor’s possession, no “Nicholas Turner” occurs; but the sister of John Turner, of Kirkleatham, the Sergeant-at-Law, married *Nicholas* Johnson of London; and thus that Christian name becomes, in that one instance, associated with the family.

A copy of this pedigree is much at the service of our correspondent.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

"FIGHTING" FITZGERALD.

AT a time when duelling may be considered almost out of date, some account of this extraordinary duellist may not be uninteresting. He is indeed in no degree to be classed amongst honourable men, who have thus stood arrayed against each other in the field, and who, if the practice were often reprehensible, and the cause of quarrel more frequently trivial, are entitled, at least, to the merit of having exposed their own lives in return for the life they took. Fitzgerald, on the contrary, fought under the protection of a cuirass, and was consequently a coward of the basest order; and this, although it may account for his unprecedented success, was not discovered, until at least twenty men had fallen by his hand, and only a short time before he, himself, was to expiate a long career of crime, by falling by those of the hangman.

Yet his story, in many respects, is a romantic one—though romance of a sanguinary nature. The son of a respectable Irish gentleman, Fitzgerald, of Rockfield, Castlebar, he was connected with some of the best families in England by birth, his mother, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, being a sister of the Earl of Bristol; and associated with the highest in Ireland, by marriage, having formed an alliance with a cousin of the Duke of Leicester, with whom he received a fortune of ten thousand pounds. He had previously been educated at Eton, and completed his studies at Trinity College, Dublin; and he enjoyed at the time of his marriage, an annuity of £1,000 a-year from his father, as well as held a captain's commission in a crack regiment of horse; but all these advantages were lost by his headstrong passions and ungovernable temper.

Yet, originally, it is said, this man was neither ungenerous nor depraved, but first received his ferocious and sanguinary bias, from a wound in one of those encounters in which he afterwards earned a notoriety so infamous. Duelling, during the middle of last century, was common as daily lectures at Trinity College, Dublin; scarcely a day passing without some encounter, generally fought at mid-day, and often in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. It was in one of these encounters that Fitzgerald, having been constrained by the customs of the period, to challenge an Irish gentleman for some trivial offence in a ball-room, was wounded in the head by his adversary's shot, which carried off part of the upper portion of his skull and hair, and immediately, it is said, changed the whole disposition of the man, from the generous, open, fearless temperament, common to many of his countrymen, to that of the cunning, ferocious, cowardice of the Indian savage.

Fitzgerald had scarcely recovered from the effects of this meeting, when he narrowly escaped in a collision with a Dublin tradesman. He had offered some insult in the streets to a young woman, to whom this

person had been paying his addresses, and the man insisted on satisfaction on the spot. In a room to which they retired for the purpose of adjusting the quarrel, there chanced to be only one pistol, and this having fallen to the lot of his adversary, Fitzgerald's fate appeared decided. He evaded it, however, by startling his opponent with an exclamation, when on the point of firing, and forbore discharging his shot in return, on account of the obloquy in which the recontre would involve him.

His next encounter was with an Irish gentleman, whom he shot dead, after having deliberately insulted him at a country assembly: but it would be idle to trace his history throughout the eighteen or twenty meetings that followed—in each of which he killed his opponent, without receiving any material injury himself. The secret of this extraordinary success did not transpire till afterwards, in an encounter with the small sword, which one of his adversaries insisted on using, when challenged by Fitzgerald, for resenting one of the insults, which he was daily in the habit of offering, and often—such was the terror inspired by his name—with perfect impunity. His opponent on this occasion, a Major Cunningham, having broken his weapon in a well-aimed thrust at Fitzgerald's heart, was induced to suspect the existence of a corslet within; and charging him with it, as well as ringing the handle of his sword on it, and afterwards dashing it in the miscreant's face, kicked him from the field. It was then remembered, so soon as this atrocious conduct of Fitzgerald was disclosed, that even in the outset of his career, an almost similar circumstance had occurred in Dublin, with the celebrated Buck English, who indignantly chased him from the ground, and was with difficulty prevented from plunging his sword into Fitzgerald's back, though the full extent of his cowardice was not then surmised.

In the interval, however, he had destroyed many a gallant man, and, with the exception of one or two inconsiderable wounds in the limbs, had himself invariably escaped uninjured. Even this trifling risk he had ultimately took precautions for avoiding, by wearing padding over iron plates, or chain armour in his sleeves or other garments; so that an opponent possessed no chance unless by striking him on the head with an aim steady and unerring as his own.

England as well as the continent was the scene of his homicides. Before the discovery of his infamy he had attempted to force his way into Brookes's club-house, and such was the terror of his name that he the first night succeeded. Admiral Keith Stuart was the member he solicited to propose him, and this officer, though brave as most men, knew that as Fitzgerald still moved in good society, he had no alternative but to comply with the demand or go out with him. He proceeded to the club and stated his embarrassment, but black-balled Fitzgerald himself by way of an example to the others. Each followed it, and the admiral was now in a dilemma; for Fitzgerald, who was waiting in a room below, if informed that he had been unanimously black-balled, must know that his proposer must have been amongst the excluding number, and the admiral's danger would consequently be greater than ever. The Duke of Devonshire of the day, a man of wit, pointed out the agreeable inference to the admiral, and slyly proposed that he should communicate the result of the ballot to the interesting gentleman below. But the gallant admiral refused. "No, gentlemen," he replied, "I proposed the fellow because I knew you would exclude him; but, by heaven, I will not risk my life against a madman."

"But, Admiral," persevered the Duke, "you had better inform him of the event; for, as there was no *white* ball in the box, he must know that you black-balled him too, so he is sure to call *you* out in any event."

To escape the difficulty, it was suggested that the waiter should enter the room where Fitzgerald stood chafing below, and inform him that there had been *one* black-ball, and that his name must be put up again if he wished it.

"Wish it?" exclaimed Fitzgerald, on hearing this, "aye, and that immediately. Proceed up-stairs, and inform the gentlemen that I desire them to begin forthwith."

The members considered it a joke; but the matter soon began to be serious. In a quarter of an hour Fitzgerald violently rang the bell, and sent the trembling waiter with his compliments to inquire whether he had yet been elected.

"D—n the fellow's impudence!" said the Admiral; "go down stairs, and tell him there have been *two* black-balls this time."

Fitzgerald now became furious, and the gentlemen of the club, summoning the manager, desired him to proceed down-stairs, and inform Fitzgerald that he had been *unanimously* black-balled; with an expression of their hope that he would not persist in thrusting himself upon a company where his presence would be so apparently disagreeable.

This, however, failed to satisfy Fitzgerald. Throwing the terror-struck manager aside, he violently rushed up-stairs, threatening to throw the interposing waiters over the banister, and, entering the club-room, deliberately took his seat.

The members stood aghast. His proposer, Keith Stuart, instantly quitted the room; and no one liked to volunteer an objection, when to interpose might lead to certain death. Fitzgerald consequently retained his seat during the remainder of the evening; but no member condescended to join him in the libations which he ordered, or to notice the toasts which he proposed; and, after drinking three bottles of champagne, he withdrew, intimating his intention of renewing his visit next night. A few constables, however, were provided in the interval to be prepared for his next reception; and Fitzgerald, obtaining some intimation of this, deemed it imprudent to repeat the attempt.

It was shortly after this that he visited Paris, and the English ambassador, from motives similar to Keith Stuart's, was induced to present him at the Court of the Tuilleries. "He had the honour," he said to the existing king, "to introduce to his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald, an Irish gentleman of high descent, who had fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his men." But poor Louis XVI., though destitute of decision on most occasions, was not without it on this. "I have heard," said he, in reply, "Mr. Ambassador, of your English history of Jack the Giant Killer, and I think this Irishman's life may be added as an appendix to the work;—let him retire;" and Fitzgerald had the additional mortification of hearing, as he withdrew, the sovereign announce his intention of ordering him from France in twenty-four hours, if he attempted to engage in quarrel with any of its subjects.

Thus received in France, Fitzgerald speedily returned to London; and an adventure in which he was here engaged, shortly after his arrival, deprived him of the little honourable reputation he yet possessed. Entering

Vauxhall Gardens one night, in company with Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, a Captain Croftes, of the Guards, and several others, he grossly insulted some ladies attended by the Rev. Henry Bate, (afterwards Sir H. B. Dudley) the proprietor and editor of the Morning Post. Mr. Bate, though a clergyman, was a boxer of the first order, and, in resentment of some insult—to the ladies, knocked Croftes and Fitzgerald down in succession. The former, also a master of the art of pugilism, quickly returned to the encounter, and received a severe mawling at the hands of the parson. The other, however, interrupted them, and proposed that they should settle their differences next day in private. To this Bate agreed; and Croftes, aware how grossly he had committed himself, then made the reverend gentleman an ample apology; but Fitzgerald, instead of demanding satisfaction himself, produced a person whom he termed Captain Miles, and represented as having also been struck by the clergyman. Mr. Bate, though he had no recollection of the individual, offered the satisfaction of a gentleman; but Fitzgerald, in the coarsest terms, replied, that his friend would only have that of a blackguard; and the latter upon this, aiming a blow at the reverend gentleman, another pugilistic encounter ensued, in which the parson again came off triumphant. His opponent, to escape the severity of Bate's punishment, then confessed that he was only the servant of Fitzgerald; and the outraged editor deservedly held up Fitzgerald to opprobrium in his journal—a course in which the public so sympathized, that Fitzgerald shortly afterwards deemed it prudent to quit the metropolis.

Before quitting, however, he had become involved in some quarrel with the Jockey Club, and actually had the audacity to address to the members a letter, in which—amongst other arguments—he described himself as one “never known to miss his mark.” In the concoction of this address, he was assisted by one Timothy, or Tim. Brecknock, a disreputable member of the metropolitan press, a ruffian almost as audacious as Fitzgerald himself. This was the celebrated worthy who, in 1762, lodged information against the judges for wearing *cambric*, in contravention of some obsolete act of Parliament; and who shortly afterwards had the hardihood to tell Lord Shelburne, secretary of state, in his own office, that “he never would leave or lose sight of him till he brought his head to the block.” And, extraordinary as it may seem, he obtained employment in consequence; his lordship, though he ordered him to the door at the moment, surmising that the man who had the audacity to make such a speech, possessed boldness for any hazardous work with which he might be entrusted. But Brecknock had now grown old and unemployed, and he consequently accepted with alacrity a proposition by Fitzgerald to accompany him to Dublin for the purpose of instituting an action against Fitzgerald's father. The settlement made upon Fitzgerald on his marriage formed the subject of this dispute; and the old gentleman was not only maltreated, but incarcerated by his son. The gentlemen of the County of Dublin, in consequence, avoided Fitzgerald's society, and this gave rise to one of the extraordinary outrages for which he afterwards forfeited his life. A retired officer named Boulton, having resisted all Fitzgerald's advances, as well as interdicted him from shooting on his grounds, Fitzgerald at mid-day proceeded to his residence with a band of ruffians, and fired into every window in the house. For this outrage, strange to say, he escaped with impunity; but the acquittal only incited

to another still greater, which cost him his life. A legal gentleman, named Macdonald, having, with some others, assisted Fitzgerald's father in opposing the son's importunities, Fitzgerald, with Brecknock and a number of associates equally desperate, waylaid, assailed, and openly murdered them on the highway. Macdonald himself and another were shot under circumstances of revolting cruelty; several others were wounded; and Fitzgerald was not arrested until a company of horse and several pieces of artillery surrounded the house in which he and his gang took shelter. So odious had he become to some of the common people, that these, having rescued, or seized him for a moment, when in custody of the officer, inflicted a punishment which was supposed to be fatal; and for this they were brought to trial the day before Fitzgerald himself. They were acquitted by the grand jury, although the evidence was conclusive; so determined were the gentlemen of the county to, at all hazards, get rid of Fitzgerald.

His own trial proceeded next, and, notwithstanding that he was still suffering severely from the effects of the popular resentment, he spoke for three hours with extraordinary ingenuity and brilliancy in his defence. But spite of all his efforts, he was convicted and ordered for execution in an hour. He in vain supplicated delay, and made a pathetic speech to the bench in arrest of judgment. The judge informed him that the execution of the sentence depended on the sheriffs; and no gentleman in the county considering himself in safety while Fitzgerald lived, these conducted him to the gibbet immediately on the adjournment of the court. The circumstances of his death were exceedingly revolting. No time was taken to erect a scaffold, and he was at once thrown off a ladder, beneath a temporary wooden erection, employed in building or repairing the gaol of Castlebar. The dreadful affair was so mismanaged, that the rope broke; and Fitzgerald rising, with his shoulder dislocated in consequence of falling on it from the height of the drop, exclaimed: "By G—d, Mr. Sheriff, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; this rope is not strong enough to hang a dog, still less a Christian." It is but charitable to believe that the poor wretch was then beyond reason's sway, for he next cursed the officials for their bungling, and ordered another rope to be procured without delay. But the second attempt was almost equally unfortunate; the cord being in this instance so long that his feet reached the ground, and it was not without the interposition of the horrid myrmidon of the law, who strangled him by leaping on his shoulders, that his career at last was terminated.

Such was the fate of "Fighting Fitzgerald." It has been customary to compare him to Lord Camelford, another noted duellist; but there is, in reality, no resemblance. The peer, in every sense of the word, was a gentleman; and if it frequently were his lot to destroy his opponents, it was solely in consequence of his unerring precision and imperturbable coolness. Though of an irritable temper, too, his lordship more frequently received than offered an insult, and he resorted to no unworthy means for his own protection. On the contrary, it is well known he exposed his life as freely, as for many years he contributed to alleviate that of others by his singular habit of arraying himself in an old coat, and dispensing at their humble residences, his munificence to numbers of indigent persons, on whom he annually bestowed thousands, without allowing it to be known who was the donor. It was only on his death

when the supply ceased, that it transpired the money came from a peer of the realm, and that it was his custom to leave a fashionable evening party, to visit and relieve, in this disguise, some poor family in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane or the Strand. With the exception of the solitary feeling of fraternal affection, for which, to the last, he was remarkable—and, strange to say, it was reciprocal on the part of a surviving brother of exemplary character. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, possessed not one redeeming virtue, save, perhaps, the questionable one of profusion, formerly attributed to many of his countrymen. In every other respect, and to every other person, including his wife who outlived him, he seems to have been a miscreant of the blackest dye, whose ferocious temper and unmitigated crimes, form such an exception to the ordinary rule, as to be inexplicable on any other supposition than that the shot which, in the outset of his career, carried away a portion of his brain, also vitiated or deprived him of the due control of his intellect.

Brecknock, it may be added, was executed next day. He was seventy years of age, and there seemed also to have been some singularity about him, as he requested to be hanged in an old brown wig; on receiving which, he dispensed with the services of four clergymen, who were anxious to convert him, and went to the gallows apparently quite contented.

THE CLANS OF SCOTLAND, WITH THEIR BADGES OF DISTINCTIONS.

NAMES.	BADGES.	NAMES.	BADGES.
Buchanans . .	Birch	Macintosh . .	Boxwood
Camerons . .	Oak	Mackay . . .	Bullrush
Campbells . .	Myrtle	Mackenzie . .	Deer Grass
Chesholm . .	Alder	Mackinnon . .	St. John's Wart
Colquhoun . .	Hazel	Macclachlan .	Mountain Ash
Cumming . .	Common Shallow	Maclean . . .	Blackberry Heath
Drummond . .	Holly	Macleod . . .	Red Wortle Berry
Farquharson .	Purple Foxglove	Macnab . . .	Rose Buckberries
Ferguson . .	Poplar	Macneil . . .	Seaware
Forbes . . .	Broom	Macpherson .	Variegated Boxwood
Fraser . . .	Yew	Macquarrie .	Black Thorn
Gordon . . .	Ivy	Macrae . . .	Fir Club Moss
Graham . . .	Laurel	Munro . . .	Ash
Grant . . .	Cranberry Heath	Murray . . .	Juniper
Gunn . . .	Rosewort	Ogilvie . . .	Hawthorn
Lamont . . .	Crab Apple-Tree	Oliphant . .	The Great Maple
Macallester .	Five-Leaved Heath	Robertson . .	Fern, or Brochins
Macdonald . .	Bell Heath	Rose . . .	Briar Rose
Macdonnell . .	Mountain Heath	Ross . . .	Bear Berry
Macdougall .	Cypress	Sinclair . . .	Clover
Macfarlane . .	Cloud Berry Back	Stewart . . .	Thistle
Macgregor . .	Pine	Sutherland . .	Cat's-tail Grass

The Chiefs of Clans to have two Eagle's Feathers, with the Badge of their Clan in their Bonnets.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF PRINCE CHARLES'S OFFICERS AND MEN
IN NOVEMBER, 1745.

REGIMENTS.	COLONELS.	MEN.
Lochiel, .	Cameron of Lochiel,	740
Appin, .	Stewart of Ardshiel,	360
Atholl, .	Lord George Murray,	1000
Clanronald,	Macdonald of Clanronald, <i>junior</i> ,	200
Keppoch, .	Macdonald of Keppoch,	400
Glenco, .	Macdonald of Glenco,	200
Ogilvie, .	Lord Ogilvie,	500
Glenbucket,	Gordon of Glenbucket,	427
Perth. .	Duke of Perth (and Pitsligo's foot,)	750
Robertson,	Robertson of Strowan,	200
Maclachlan,	Maclachlan of Maclachlan,	260
Glencarnick,	Macgregor,	300
Glengary, .	Macdonald of Glengary, <i>junior</i> ,	300
Nairn, . .	Lorn Nairn,	200
Edinburgh,	John Roy Stewart, (and Lord Kelly's)	450
	In several small corps,	1000
	Horse, { Lord Elcho, { Lord Kilmarnock. }	160
	Lord Pitsligo's horse,	140
	Total,	7587

To the Editor of the "Patrician."

SIR—I am a subscriber to your interesting journal, the "*Patrician*," and from your known research in matters of Antiquity, Genealogy, &c., I feel I am applying to the most likely quarter for a satisfactory answer to a question lately several times mooted before me, and one which I have taken much trouble to reply to

What was THE AGE of Cromwell's mother when she died, or the date of HER BIRTH?

She died, as you know, during the Protectorate, and was buried with pomp in Westminster Abbey. Was she disinterred at the restoration? if so, is there any record of the inscription on her tomb? for, if disinterred, I presume the tomb may have been destroyed.

I shall look with interest to your two or three next numbers for some notice of my request, and in the mean time, am, Sir, yours obediently,

CROMWELLIAN.

Kew Park, Nov. 29th, 1847.

[We publish this letter in the hope that some of our readers may kindly favour us with the particulars "*Cromwellian*" seeks.]

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND.

Sodbury, co. Gloucester.

To the antiquary, the Christian, and the lover of the picturesque, Sodbury presents objects of peculiar interest.

A Roman camp of great magnitude—the Manor House where Tyndale translated the New Testament—the church in which he constantly preached—and scenery unrivalled in beauty, extent of prospect, and agricultural richness ; produce associations, elsewhere rarely to be found.

There are three places contiguous bearing this name: Old Sodbury, Chipping Sodbury, the market town, and Little Sodbury, in which stands the old Manor House. Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, Esq., is the present Lord of the Manor, and possesses about four thousand acres in the three parishes.

Sodbury derives its name from the camp on the summit of the hill, meaning literally, the South camp, in distinction to the camp called the Castles, at Horton, a mile northward, Bury being the Saxon for camp, and Sod generally used for south. This seems to be one of the encampments that Tacitus mentions,* formed by the Proprætor, P. Ostorius, to protect this side of the Severn from the incursions of the Silures, or Welsh, and the camp occupies a most commanding position. The only entrance to it is on the east, between two ditches, and two aggera, or mounds, that surround it on three sides, but on the west it has but one ditch, and one agger, the ground there being so steep as to have been deemed inaccessible. The length from north to south is about nine hundred feet, its breadth three hundred. The view is most extensive ; the course of the Severn is perceived for many miles, and at certain seasons, the sea itself is discovered glittering beneath the rays of the golden sun, whilst the long line of coast, on the Welsh side, melts away in the haze of the distant horizon ; so comprehensive is the prospect over the vale of Gloucester, that no large body of men could advance from Wales unperceived by the camp of the Legions. This position was occupied by Queen Margaret, and afterwards by Edward the Fourth, previous to the fatal battle of Tewksbury : indeed, some fighting took place in the vicinity, and several of Edward's army were taken prisoners. A few Roman coins have been found near. Descending the hill, a quarter of a mile distant, we find

LITTLE SODBURY MANOR HOUSE,

one of the oldest private residences in England. Built at different periods (a great part as far back as the fourteenth century), its antique

* Tacitus, Lib. 12, Sect. 31 and 32.

gable, fine old porch, festooned with luxuriant creepers, and its elegantly carved oriel window, make it an object of peculiar interest. Sir John and Lady Walsh* resided here at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and engaged the learned William Tyndale as tutor to their children. Tyndale had just finished his University education, and his mind seems before this period to have been deeply impressed with the solemn truths contained in this sacred volume. Now, Sir John having been Henry the Eighth's champion and especial favorite (indeed the Manor was given him by that monarch), his society was much courted by the abbots and dignified ecclesiastics of the county, who frequently partook of the worthy knight's hospitality. The vaulted roof of the fine old dining-hall still remains as in the days of yore, when lordly bishops, belted knights, and beauteous ladies, with their dependants and retainers, feasted here, and the walls rung with mirth and merriment. The conversation at these entertainments frequently turning on religious subjects, Tyndale was often drawn into discussions with the clergy, who, in general, opposed and resisted his eloquence and piety.

Still, though persecuted, opposed, and calumniated by a powerful hierarchy, and a despotic monarch thirsting for his life, did this undaunted man persevere, till having triumphed over every obstacle, the plan formed within the walls of Sodbury, was completed; and the resolution, uttered in this old Hall, was fulfilled! A distant age still regards with astonishment the stupendous changes that have taken place in the framework of society, by giving to Englishmen the Bible in the vernacular tongue.

In the year 1556, a tremendous storm visited this place, and while Maurice Walsh (Sir John's eldest son, and the pupil of Tyndale) with his seven children were at dinner, the lightning entered the room at the door, and passing through to the opposite window killed one child on the spot, whilst the other six, with their unhappy father, were so dreadfully injured, that they all died within two months.

In the reign of James the First, Thomas Stephens, Esq., an eminent lawyer, and Attorney-General to the King's sons, the Princes Henry and Charles, purchased the Manor and estates of the Walshes. Thomas was the third son of Edward Stephens, Esq., of Eastington. The family of Stephens is of ancient standing in Gloucestershire, having been settled there more than 700 years. Ralph and William, two brothers, were jointly High-Sheriffs in the reign of Henry the Second; and William was High-Sheriff alone from the twenty-second year of that monarch's reign to the first year of Richard Cœur de Lion—having thus filled the office for thirteen successive years. This Thomas Stephens must have been extremely wealthy, probably, through his marriage with a rich London heiress, who was the mother of his three sons, Edward, John, and Na-

* Lady Walsh was the daughter of Sir Robert Poyntz, of Iron Acton, a neighbouring village. The family of Poyntz is very ancient; they are descended from Drago de Ponz, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and for nearly 600 years were settled at Iron Acton. By the death of William Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Cowdray Park, and Midgham, the family is now become extinct in the male line, Mr. Poyntz's two sons having been unfortunately drowned; his daughters are married into the noble families of Clinton, Spencer, and Exeter; and his sisters were married to brothers, the present Earl of Cork, and the late Admiral Sir Courtney Boyle. It seems highly probable that the Poyntz, who so long protected Tyndale, and whose disinterested attachment to the martyr had very nearly involved him also in death and ruin, was of the same family.

thaniel. To Edward he left the Manor and estates of Sodbury ; for John, he purchased a large estate at Lypiat ; and to Nathaniel he gave Cherington. Thus his sons became ancestors to three distinct branches of the family of Stephens. There is at Lye Grove House, the residence of his descendant, Mr. Hartley, an uncommonly fine portrait, by Vansomer, of this eminent man ; he is represented in his robes of sable, holding in the right hand a roll of parchment. For splendour of colouring, and masterly execution, this painting is equal to the portraits of Rubens—indeed, it has often been mistaken for that master.

Sir Thomas Stephens, Kt., grandson of the above, was High-Sheriff 1644 and 1671. He obtained a grant from Charles the Second, empowering him to make a park at Lye Grove, a part of this domain. Of the park, enclosed and planted by Stephens, nothing now remains but the wall, a copse of enormous beech trees, and an avenue leading to the House, of perhaps the largest ash trees in the kingdom. Mr. Hartley possesses the draft of the original grant, and it is not a little strange, that the frail paper, which empowered the enclosure, should have survived the noble park it called into existence.

Edward Stephens, Esq., was the last of the name who resided here, dying in 1728 ; the domain passed by heirship to the Packers,* an ancient Berkshire family.

Now, courteous reader, do not think me too prolix if I relate an anecdote of this last Stephens. Pehaps, when gliding along in some luxurious railway carriage, at the rate of forty miles an hour, thou mayst smile at the snail-like pace of our forefathers only a century ago. Mr. Stephens and his lady, (who, by the way, was a great heiress) having been on a visit at Bristol, which is about fourteen miles distant, left that place one morning early to return to their country seat. The lady, rustling in all the majesty of hoop and satins, sat magnificently ensconced in the lumbering vehicle drawn by six horses. Stephens, whose patience had doubtless been tried on former occasions, preferred a walk home across the fields, to the stately trot of such a semi-triumphal procession. On reaching the manor-house he is somewhat surprised to find that the lady had not yet arrived ; he returns towards Bristol in quest of the cavalcade, but gains no tidings thereof until he arrived at Pucklechurch, about half way. There, to his great joy and astonishment, he finds “ Madam in the booby-hutch,” (as he called the coach) sitting indeed like “ Patience on a monument.” They had been stopped by sundry break-ages, and the state of the roads, almost impassable in those days, but had happily got thus far when the vehicle unfortunately foundered in an unlucky mud-bank, from whence it was obliged to be literally dug out before they could proceed on their journey !

The manor-house had not been inhabited (excepting the part used as a farm) for forty years. The present Mr. Hartley was anxious to reside here, and had it surveyed, wishing, if possible, to restore it ; but it was

* The celebrated Dr. Hartley, author of the admirable “ Essay on Man,” by his marriage with the only surviving child of R. Packer, Esq., of Donnington Castle, became possessed of Sodbury, as well as of the large property at Bucklebury, in Berkshire, originally Sir H. Wynchcombe’s and the Viscountess Bolingbroke’s, Sir Henry’s daughter. Thus, for 120 years, these three fine estates have been united ; they comprise together about 12,000 acres, and are, in point of picturesque beauty, inferior to none in the kingdom.

found on examination, that neglect and damp had so accelerated the work of decay, that the intention of restoring it was necessarily abandoned. Picturesque as is undoubtedly the situation as a dwelling-house, it is, however, singularly inconvenient; for, being built—nestled as it were—against the side of a precipitous hill, most of the basement-floor rooms had one side under ground; the kitchen is actually on the floor above the parlours,—and what modern cook would endure the idea of serving dinner *down* in an apartment below stairs? The great dining-hall is on one side fifteen feet below the ground, consequently, damp as a cellar. The old library had the same objection, whilst several of the bedrooms were on the same level as the field. Some of the oldest buildings were necessarily obliged to be removed, the walls being so much out of the perpendicular that they must have fallen. Tyndale's chamber was in this part—it was adorned with curious carvings in the Tudor style. Mr. Hartley has caused every fragment, every vestige of the illustrious man to be preserved, and intends placing them in a noble room now being erected at Lye Grove, which is to bear the martyr's name. There, in a ceiling blazoned with purple and scarlet, and glittering with gold, amongst the effigies of the great and the wealthy, appear conspicuous the name and armorial bearings of the persecuted exile—the martyred Tyndale!

But the lengthening shadows admonish us to leave these venerable remains, and again ascend the hill, if we would visit, before nightfall, an object whose associations are even more hallowed—the little

Church of St. Adeline.

Two enormous yew trees protect the entrance, behind whose dark-green foliage the setting sun, now almost touching the horizon, is darting his last rays in one expansive flood of golden light. Apart from all higher considerations, the little church seen from the hill above—its tiny tower and whitened walls relieved by an extensive and most beautiful distance of softened blue—presents an epitome of rural beauty seen no where else but in verdant, in luxuriant England; but the associations connected with the spot kindle emotions of a deeper, a more sublime kind. These yew trees shading the hallowed portal are the largest I ever saw, and tradition (generally correct) assigns to them a duration of eight hundred years. Those luxuriant and far-spreading boughs shaded the illustrious Tyndale, when he entered this humble edifice to pour forth that heavenly eloquence Foxe speaks of, “which was a comfort to the audience who heard him.” Were those noble old trees endowed with memory and speech, what tales could they unfold of the families that sought this rural shrine, whom the flood of time has long since swept away! Where are the Despencers—the Walshes—the Stephens's? Where the learned Hartley, and Mary his accomplished daughter? How important the moral that these melancholy boughs unfold—a child could have crushed them in their infancy, but they have survived the wreck of generations of the noble, the rich, and the poor, all

“Creatures of clay, vain dwellers in the dust,
A moth survives you.”

What recollections are here excited of the feudal, the Catholic, and the

Protestant times. Beneath this aged portal have passed the lordly baron and the crouching serf, the pampered priest and self-denying reformer, the gay and voluptuous cavalier, and the stern and uncompromising Roundhead.

It has been the writer's good fortune to visit this lovely spot at different seasons, and under various appearances of the atmosphere; how charming to witness the diorama-like effect of light and shade on such an expansive prospect;—one moment some hillock, or grove, or meadow, gleaming in sunshine, and the next the same objects lost in obscurity. The last time I visited this scene of enchantment, the day had been overcast and the atmosphere was lowering; the sun had sunk beneath a canopy of heavy clouds, and a distance that ordinarily appears of the softest grey, now seemed to reflect only the heavy and lurid colour of the heavens;—but there was a single streak of yellow light in the horizon, which served to discover and distinctly relieve three mountains at a great distance; they are contiguous, and I suppose in Brecon, but never had I seen those hills before;—the first rises with gentle undulation, the last is bold and precipitous,

“ And from out the plain
Heaves like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing.”

They only who have spent their happiest days amongst mountains and Alpine scenery, can understand the impressions of delight experienced by suddenly beholding these elevated objects, from spots where least expected.

Now, reader, contrast the church of Little Sodbury with many a stately cathedral, whose enamelled walls and gorgeous altars never heard such streams of heavenly eloquence as were poured out in this lowly shrine, from the fervid lips of the earliest and most high-minded of our reformers; and in the scale of truth and reason how insignificant do they appear; how inferior to the associations of intense interest that hover over the white walls of the most diminutive of parochial churches—St. Adeline of Little Sodbury.

Whitby Abbey, co. York.

“ High Whitby's cloister'd pile.”—MARMION.

Towards the close of the eleventh century, three poor monks set out from Evesham Abbey for the north, with the pious intention of restoring monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot, with a little mule to carry their books and priestly garments, and they wended their way onward, slowly, but cheerfully. Inadequate, indeed, must have appeared, in human estimation, the means possessed by these lowly brethren for the mighty task they had undertaken, but a Divine guidance directed their steps, and prospered their endeavours. Having sojourned for a brief period at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, they journeyed on to Jarrow, where they built themselves huts among ruins of the ancient Abbey of Whitby, and erected a temporary place of worship. Here they gathered together a goodly number of followers, and became the

founders of that holy community, which, subsequently, held such puissant sway in

“Whitby’s broad domains.”

Before, however, proceeding with the history of the lands of Whitby from the revival of the abbey to the present time, we must not omit a description, brief though it be, of the earlier foundation, which thus owed its revival to the piety of the Eversham monks:

This original monastery was founded under the patronage of king Oswy, whose daughter, *Ælfleda*, was the second abbess. Before the great battle of Winwidfield (or Leeds), in which Penda, king of Mercia, was overthrown by Oswy, the latter vowed, that if he should prove victorious, he would devote his infant daughter to the Lord, and, at the same time, give twelve manors, or possessions of land, for founding monasteries. In fulfilment of this vow, Oswy committed the child *Ælfleda*, who was scarcely a year old, to the care of Hilda, abbess of Hartlepool; and set apart, for the support of monastic institutions, twelve possessions of land, six in Deiro, and six in Bernicia, each consisting of ten families.” As the battle was gained in the end of 655, the infant *Ælfleda* might be sent to Hartlepool in the spring of 656, and, two years after, that is, in the beginning of 658, Lady Hilda, “having purchased a possession of ten families in a place called Streoneshalh, (now Whitby) there built a monastery;” where she and the young princess, with many, if not all of the sisterhood who were at Hartlepool, took up their abode. This possession, though stated to be purchased by Lady Hilda, may be supposed to have been purchased at Oswy’s expense, and to have been one of the twelve possessions above mentioned, as each of them consisted of “ten families.”

Hilda, the foundress and first abbess of the monastery at Whitby, was a lady of high rank. She was grand-niece to the renowned King Edwin, being the daughter of Prince Hereric, his nephew. Her birth occurred in the year 614. The place is unknown, as is also her birth-day; though tradition states the latter to be the 25th day of August, which has been kept at Whitby, in honour of Lady Hilda, from time immemorial.

About the year 647, when she was thirty-three years of age, Hilda resolved to assume the veil; a step which she might be induced to take, not only from the influence of her pious instructors, but from what she had seen of the instability of earthly greatness, in the disasters that befel the royal families of Northumbria and East-Anglia, to both of which she was nearly related; and, especially, from the example of her sister Herewith, who, having become a widow, had retired into the monastery of Cale (or Chelles), in France. It was her first design, on taking the religious habit to spend her days in the same monastery with her widowed sister; and, with this view she went to the court of East-Anglia hoping that the king, to whom she was so nearly related, would forward her to France. But when she had remained there a year, without finding any opportunity of going over to the continent, Bishop Aidan, hearing of her detention, invited her to settle in her own country, and, having obtained “a place of one family” on the north bank of the river Wear, she there pursued the monastic life with a few female associates.

At the expiration of a year, she was made abbess of Hartlepool; Heiu or Hegu, the foundress, the first abbess of that monastery, and the first

nun in Northumbria, having removed to Tadcaster, where she commenced another nunnery. In her new situation at Hartlepool, Hilda acquitted herself in such a manner as added lustre to her character, and gave the highest satisfaction to Bishop Aidan, and other pious friends, who often visited her monastery. Here she had presided some years, maintaining a high character for piety and wisdom, when she removed on the occasion above mentioned, to the banks of the Esk, taking with her the young Princess Ælfleda, and a large company of pious females.

Being, no doubt, constructed of wood, covered with reeds or thatch, and furnished in the most simple style, like all the other religious buildings of the Scottish missionaries and their disciples, the monastery of Streoneshalh would require but a few weeks to complete it; so that Hilda and her associates would enter on their new habitation, in the same season in which the undertaking was begun. The institution probably commenced on a small scale; but it soon rose to the first rank among the monasteries of Northumbria. The fame of Hilda's piety, intelligence, and prudence, attracted numbers to her community. Those of the higher classes who embraced a religious life, would feel a pleasure in becoming inmates of an abbey, where a lady so respectable presided, and where a young princess was educated. Yet the new monastery was conducted in the spirit of primitive simplicity. Charity and peace were peculiarly cultivated: none were rich, and none poor; but they had all things in common, nothing being deemed the property of any one individual.

Though we have no account of any new grants of land made to Lady Hilda's monastery, in addition to the first endowment, there can be no doubt that it increased in wealth as well as in numbers. Enjoying, as it did in a high degree, the patronage of the royal family of Northumbria, its possessions must have grown rapidly; Oswy and his nobles vieing with one another in advancing its interests. Some of the incidents recorded by Bede, as having occurred in the days of Ælfleda, imply that the territories of the monastery were then of great extent; which is also obvious, from the erection of so many new monasteries, subordinate to the parent institution.

The death of the good Lady Hilda happened at the close of the year 680. Her piety, prudence, and learning, caused her to be dignified with the title of Saint, and her claims to the honour seemed to have been well founded. Bede has given us no account of any miracles which she wrought; but his lack of service has been amply made up by later writers, who have emblazoned her memory with splendid fictions. According to these fabulists, the spiral shells called *ammonites*, which abound in our alum rock, in a petrified state, are the remains of serpents, which once infested the neighbourhood of Streoneshalh, but were beheaded and turned into stone by Lady Hilda's prayers; and her territory was so sacred, that when the sea-fowls attempted to fly over it, they were constrained to do her homage, by lowering their pinions and dropping to the ground.

Scott alludes to the tradition:

“ They told, how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how of thousand snakes, each one

Was changed into a coil of stone,
 When holy Hilda prayed ;
 Themselves, within their holy bound,
 Their stony folds had often found.
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,
 And, sinking down with flutterings faint,
 They do their homage to the saint."

MARMION, Canto II.

Hilda was succeeded in the government of Streoneshalh Abbey, by her royal pupil Ælfleda, then 26 years of age. Whatever might be wanting to this young abbess, in years and experience, was amply compensated by the assistance of her mother, the Queen Eanflæda ; who, after the death of her husband, King Owsy, retired to this monastery, to spend the remainder of her days with her favourite child, in the practice of piety and virtue.

The death of Ælfleda took place in 713, when she was 59 years of age. We have no account of the close of her life, but are informed that she was interred in St. Peter's Church, beside the remains of her royal parents and her venerable predecessor.

The records of the Abbey, from the death of Ælfleda to the irruption of the Danes, are irrecoverably lost. It is, however, a mournful fact of history, that in the year 867 the holy edifice was completely destroyed by those northern invaders, and that it lay desolate to the time to which we have referred, when its revival was accomplished by the monks from Eversham. Of those pious Christians, one, named Reinfrid, had been formerly a soldier of the Conquest, and, as such, had been known to William de Percy, Lord of Whitby, who granted to him and his fraternity the site of the ancient Abbey, with two carucates of land in Prestebý for their support.

The ruins of the abbey still bore the marks of its former greatness ; for, according to an ancient record, "there were then in that town, as some old inhabitants have told us, about forty cells, or oratories, of which nothing was left but bare walls and empty altars." Among these ruins, Reinfrid and his associates took up their abode ; and, while they formed habitations for themselves, they probably, as at Jarrow, repaired some part of the church, or some one of the numerous oratories or porches that surrounded it, to serve as a place of worship. The piety of Reinfrid and his brethren, soon attracted several respectable persons to their society, and the new convent began to prosper.

Not long after, the humble Reinfrid, perceiving the superior abilities and learning of one of the community, Stephen of Whitby, yielded place to that famous churchman, who, not content with the title of Prior, borne by his predecessor, assumed the higher designation of Abbot, and, aspiring at greater things, aimed at nothing less than the restoration of the Abbey to its pristine glory. These ambitious efforts roused the jealousy of the lord paramount, William de Percy, and the quarrels which ensued, as well as the attacks of pirates from the sea, forced the community to retire for a time to Lcstingham. At length, all disputes adjusted, the community were again collected at Whitby, in increased power and splendour, and thenceforward they enjoyed their ample possessions undisturbed and respected, until the dissolution of the monas-

teries, *temp.* Henry VIII., when Whitby Abbey was surrendered to the Crown, and the site and manor leased for 21 years to Sir Richard Cholmley.

Thus ended the religious tenancy of these ancient lands; but, before entering on the history of the lay proprietors, we must give some account of one of the peculiar feudal services which the monks required of their homagers, called "the making up of the *horngarth*." This curious custom derived its name, in all probability, from the assembling of the tenants at a specified time each year in some garth, or inclosure fenced with wood, and from the circumstance of their being called together by the blowing of a horn. Its origin is involved in obscurity, if we discard as fabulous the following romantic legend, invented by some imaginative monk:—

"In the fifth year of the reign of King Henry the Second, after the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Uggelbarnby, then called William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Piercie, with a gentleman and freeholder of Fylingdales, called Allatson, did, in the month of October, the 16th day of the same month, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert, called Eskdale-Side. The wood, or place, did belong to the abbot of the monastery of Whitby, who was called Sedman. Then the foresaid gentlemen did meet, with their boar-staves and hounds, in the place aforementioned, and there found a great wild boar, and the hounds did run him very well, near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-Side, where there was a monk of Whitby, who was an Hermit. The boar being sore wounded, and hotly pursued, and dead run, took in at the chapel door, and there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds forth of the chapel, and kept himself within, at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay, without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, put behind their game, following the cry of their hounds, came to the hermitage, and found the hounds round about the chapel. Then came the gentlemen to the door of the chapel, and called the hermit, who did open the door, and come forth, and, within, lay the boar, dead; for the which, the gentlemen, in a fury, because their hounds were put from their game, did, most violently and cruelly, run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereof he died. Then the gentlemen, knowing and perceiving he was in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough; but, at that time, the abbot, in great favour with the king, did remove them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and could not be privileged, but like to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy man, and being very sick, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him to death. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came, and the hermit being sore sick, said, I am sure to die of these wounds. The abbot answered, they shall die for thee. But the hermit said, not so, for I freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined to this penance, for the safeguard of their souls. The gentlemen being there present, and terrified with the fear of death, bid him enjoyn what he would, so he saved their lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: that, upon Ascension-eve, you, or some for you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-head, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day, at sun-rising, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him, and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, ten stout stowers, and ten yedders, to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a knife of a penny price; and you, Ralph de Piercie, shall take one and twenty of such sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and so to be there before nine of the clock of the same day aforementioned. And at the hour of nine of the clock (if it be full sea, to cause that service), as long as it is

low water, at nine of the clock, the same hour each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yedder them, as with your yedders, and so stake on each side with your stout-stowers, that they stand three tides without removing by the force of the water. Each of you shall make them in several places at the hour aforesaid (except it be full sea at that hour, which, when it shall happen to pass, that service shall cease), and you shall do this service in remembrance that you did [most cruelly] slay me. And that you may the better call to God for repentance, and find mercy, and do good works, the officer of Eskdale-side shall blow his horn, *Out on you, out on you, out on you*, for the heinous crime of you. And if you and your successors do refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea, at that hour aforesaid, you, and yours, shall forfeit all your lands to the abbot [of Whitby], or his successors. Thus I do entreat the abbot, that you may have your lives and goods for this service, and you to promise by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as it is aforesaid.' And the abbot said, I grant all that you have said, and will confirm it by the faith of an honest man. Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these gentlemen my death, as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross : ' and in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum : [a vinculis enim mortis] redemisti me, Domine veritatis.—Amen.' "

And so he yielded up the ghost, the 18th day of December, upon whose soul God have mercy.—Amen. Anno Domini 1160. [1159.]

This grotesque story is so amusing, that we would be tempted to side with Grose, and assert its authenticity, but unluckily the proofs of its truth are so feeble, that we are forced to discard it as a fiction. Its romance caught the fancy of Scott, and he has thus versified it in *Marmion* :—

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do ;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Fie upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'
This on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."

Sir Richard Cholmley, who obtained the 21 years' lease of the dissolved monastery's lands became subsequently possessed in fee of the estate, by purchasing the grant from Sir Edward Yorke, who had bought it of John Earl of Warwick, the grantee from the Crown. Sir Richard was a distinguished soldier, and fought with great gallantry in Scotland. He loved pomp, and generally had fifty or sixty servants about his house ; nor would he ever go up to London without a retinue of thirty or forty men. His hair and eyes were black, and his complexion so swarthy, that he was usually styled "The Black Knight of the North." To his son and successor, Sir Francis Cholmley, the mansion of Whitby Hall owes its erection.

It bears the marks of having been partly built out of the ruins of the monastery ; and probably stands on or near the site of the abbot's hall. The celebrated Sir Hugh Cholmley greatly enlarged and improved the structure, about the year 1635 ; and the eastern part of it was probably added by him. During the civil wars, Sir Hugh fortified the house, and had a

garrison to defend it, as appears by the following passage in Vicers' Parliamentary Chronicle for February, 1643-4, p. 160: "The most noble and ever-to-be-honoured and renowned Lord Fairfax—about this time enlarged his quarters from Hull 20 miles towards Durham, and by a party of horse, commanded by that valiant, victorious, and religious commander, Sir William Constable, drave that rotten apostate, Sir Hugh Chomley, out of Scarborough towne into the castle, which caused such an operation in the hearts of the inhabitants of Whitby, as that they were soone and surely reduced and settled (as you already heard in part they were) to the Parliament's side, and, presently after, seized on Sir Hugh's great house and fort on the High-Clift, disarmed his garrison, and so kept it for Lord Fairfax, who, afterwards, sent 200 horse, the better to secure it."

The last Sir Hugh Cholmley, about the year 1672, built the north side of the hall, forming a handsome and extensive front; the whole structure now assuming the form of a square, with an open area within. The Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, the Earls of Athol and Kinghorn, and others of the nobility, were entertained by Sir Hugh, in his improved mansion. When the Wentworth estates fell to the Cholmley family, in 1743, Howsham became the chief residence of the family, and Whitby Hall began to be deserted. About fifty years ago, the wind having injured the roof of the north front, the whole of that side, which was the principal part of the house, was dismantled, only the walls being left standing.

The present representative of the family, and the Lord of Whitby, is George Cholmley, Esq.

NOTES RESPECTING THE LIFE AND FAMILY OF JOHN DYER, THE POET.

By W. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE.

No. IV. 1740—1750.

THE "Ruins of Rome," a poem possessing fine passages, and language the most exalted, appeared in 1740. The poet's hatred of Popery here also appears. Speaking of the old Roman gods, he calls them

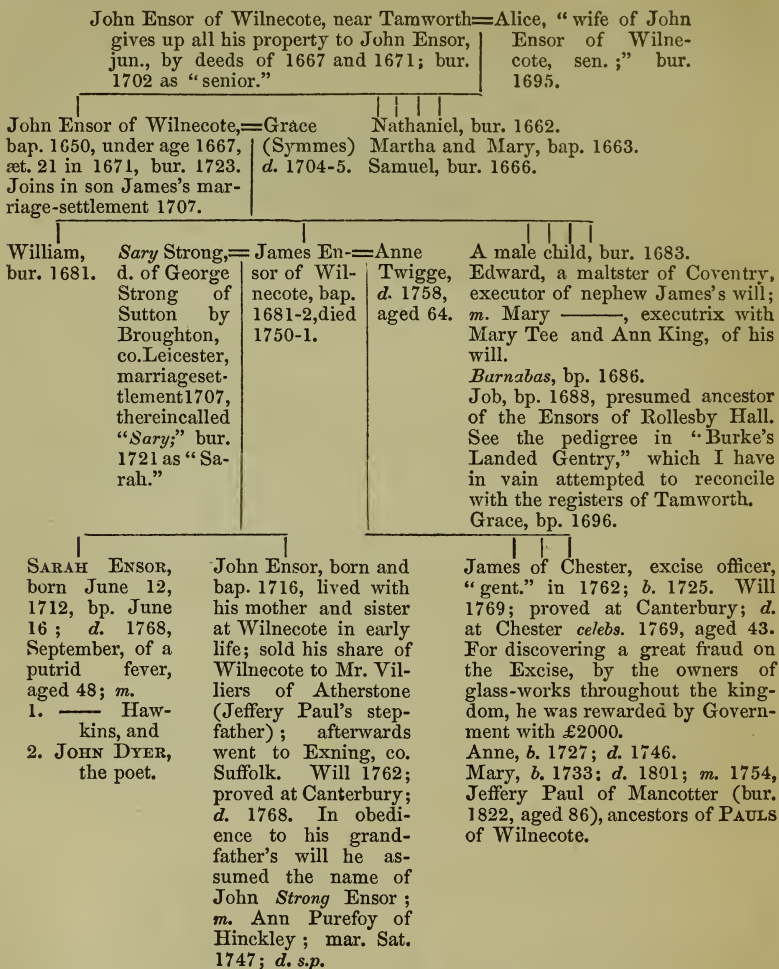
Terrifick, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worship'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth, in dark'ning error fall'n),
At length ascribed th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

And adds in a note, "Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints," which is likely enough. Dyer saw these things with his own eyes. The MS. of this poem is a small octavo, very fairly written, containing many and various readings, but none are of any peculiar interest. Part of the above passage at first read—

Blindly they worship under varied names,
And prostrate at their breathless mouths implore
Strange mediation.

And the alterations have the words, "Vile mediation," "bestial types," showing how warm he was on this subject. And now his declining health, and his natural love of privacy and quiet study, determined him to enter the church; so he took orders, and was in 1741 presented by Mr. Harper to Calthorp or Catthorp, in Leicestershire. He had by this time also married. His wife's maiden name was, as before mentioned, Sarah Ensor, married first to a Mr. Hawkins. Dyer was residing at Nuneaton, near Coventry, according to a MS. pedigree of the Pauls of Wilnecote, when this event took place. "My wife's name," says he in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, "was Ensor, whose *grandmother was a Shakespear, descended from a brother of everybody's Shakespear.*" Of this Shakespear descent I am sorry I know nothing, nor have I seen any remarks on it. The following table will shew Mrs. Dyer's immediate

relatives, as far as I can trace them with accuracy, from the Tamworth registers and family prayer-book:—



Grace, the grandmother of the poet's wife, is believed, from an impaled escutcheon remaining at Wilnecote, to have been a Miss Symes (the arms being similar to those of the family of that name at Daventry). Miss Shakespear seems, therefore, to have been Mrs. Dyer's ancestrix on the mother's side. The Ensors have been settled in the parish of Tamworth for many centuries, springing from the marriage of Thomas Edensor and Anne Hopwas, an heiress, of a junior branch of the very honourable family of Comberford of that ilk, and originally coming from Edensor in Staffordshire. In 13 Edw. I., Thomas de Ednesover, by his inq. p. m., held lands in Tameworth Baddesley (now Baddesley Ensor), &c.

The Ensor arms, as given by Shaw in his "Staffordshire," from Visitations, are—Quarterly, 1 and 4 EDENSOR, ar. a fess gu. between three horse-shoes sa. 2. HOPWAS. (On a seal of 39 Edw. III. the arms are ermine, on a bend three plates). 3. COMBERFORD. Gu. a talbot passant ar. Crest, on a wreath a dexter arm erect holding a sword ar., hilted, &c., or. It is odd that this crest never seems to have been since used, the ordinary one being a unicorn's head arg. crined and armed or. The arms in Mrs. Dyer's time had a chevron substituted for the fesse, but from the old seals of the family at Wilnecote, they appear to have been used indifferently.

I am in great uncertainty as to the exact junction of our Ensors with the Comberford ones, and until I am able to spend a little time in Warwickshire, and search the family wills, &c., I am afraid I shall have to remain so. From the title-deeds of property at Wilnecote, the first possessors stand thus:—

Thomas Ensor, mentioned in the settlement of 1579 as father of John=

John Ensor of Wilnecote buys Echylls, in Doothill = Ann, mentioned 1579. "Mrs. estate, par. Kingsbury, 1563; joins in son Barnaby's settlement. "Mr. John Ensor of Wilnecote," bur. 1594. (Tamworth.) Anne Ensor of Wilnecote," bur. 1598. (Tamworth.)

Thomas, eldest son and heir-apparent, 1579.		Barnaby Ensor; mar. = Alice, dau. of — Alcock, Esq., of Hatherton, co. Stafford (who was dead at the time of settlement.
settlement 1579; bur. 1598. (Tamworth.)		
Anna, bap. 1580. Christian, bap. 1584. Dorothy, bap. 1587.	Edward, bap. 1590.	Elizabeth, bap. 1593-4. Elizabeth, bap. 1595.

There is a final agreement about Echylls in 1593; the next document is in 1614, in which, and all subsequent documents, the head of the family is John Ensor. The pedigree, given in the "Landed Gentry," is also in "Shaw's Staffordshire," down to George, who mar. Jane Sanders; the Edward, who follows, is fictitious, as the father of James, yet the line, as regards another branch, may, possibly, be correct. The John, of 1614, who succeeded Barnabas, as I understand, I am in doubt about as to the parentage of. One, the son of Gregory Ensor, of Wilnecote, born in 1586-7, is the most likely man, but, whoever he was, he was, doubtless, the same as had a son John, bap. 1612, and another *Barnaby*, bap. 1613-4. Barnabas continued a family name till 1686. The names in the above sketch shew there evidently was a very near connection with the main stock, but if Gregory or Barnabas really was our ancestor, the junction (if the visitations are correct) would be before the marriage of Thomas Ensor with Dorothy Comberford (who was of the main line of that ancient house). Yet, Dorothy was a favourite family name—the family traditions point to that match as our origin, and I have a very singular relic of the Comberfords, which, really, would seem to have come through this lady. It is a large sheet of linen-work, composed of a 100 squares, each having a distinct design. Half of these devices are of open work, by which, I mean, that a groundwork of linen

threads crossing each other, like very open canvass is made, which is partially worked up with linen into patterns; the other half are plain linen, the figures being cut out on it. These two kinds alternate, and the general effect is admirable. Of course when I say it is evident, from the head-dresses, that it belongs to Tudor times, it will be supposed that the shapes of the animals are rude and droll enough; in fact, they are wilder than ever herald dreamt of, but the subjects are very curious. Monkeys in various attitudes (e. g. smoking*), ladies hawking, spinning, playing the guitar and organ; with fans, flowers, and huge keys, shepherds piping, milkmaids, all sorts of animals, incomprehensible birds, the fox-chase, &c., &c., are all portrayed: and the whole gives the notion of a tessellated pavement. One shield only occurs, the talbot passant of Comberfords, it occurs on others without the shield. Two female heads, in a sort of frame, also are seen, with the respective initials of M. and E. I know nothing of the history of this relict which has been termed by the family a counterpane; it has come down generation after generation without a single marvellous tale connected with it. The peacock occurs on it three times—it may be an allusion to the crest, which was a peacock's head, mantled gules, doubled or powdered with red roses, and issuing from a ducal coronet. After all, perhaps, there is nothing very much against the notion that the John Ensor of 1614, is the same as the son of George, mentioned in "Shaw's Pedigree," as 5th son of Thomas Ensor and Dorothy Comberford, but I am sorely perplexed with the innumerable Johns and Ensors together, filling the Tamworth Registers.†

The old Ensor mansion, at Wilnecote, is a comfortable stone building, of the last century. A marble tablet has I. E. G., 1702, for John and Grace Ensor, and on a stone is rudely scratched J. E. 1736, said to have been a juvenile attempt at sculpture, by James the exciseman. There is an ancient barn nearly half composed of "post and pan-work." The old moat house, Tamworth, which had ceilings adorned with many Comberford quarterings, is, I fear, departed hence.

To return from this digression to my subject matter. Dyer, in 1741, was presented by Mr. Harper to the living of Catthorpe, in Leicestershire, worth £80. a year. Here he remained about ten years, and his residence is thus described by Mr. Thorne, in his "Rambles by Rivers." "His rectory house is on a hill-side, looking over the vale of Avon, which is here very beautiful; and, all about, is just the placid scenery that such a poet might delight to wander among. * * * And we can very well imagine how, amid such walks, he would love to stroll, and, like another clerical poet, 'holy Mr. Herbert,' *'relish versing.'* Here, away from the world, he employed his leisure in the preparation of his longest poem, 'The Fleece.' The subject was, no doubt, suggested by the opportunities his residence here afforded him of becoming acquainted with the various stages of the manufacture of wool, from its being shorn from the sheep's back, to its conversion into different articles of clothing. Accordingly, he has drawn largely on the scenery of these parts, and many

* Query, what weed was generally used in early times. We have Roman pipes, and they are abundant in the old ruins of some abbeys.

† For minutes of these registers, and for much friendly information and assistance, *in re* Ensor, I am indebted to the Rev. R. W. Lloyd, of Wilnecote, to whom I return my warmest thanks.

portions of the poem are pleasing, though, as a whole, dull enough. The whir of the stocking loom is still to be heard at many of the villages,—it is the only sound, indeed, that disturbs the silence of the streets.”

In this year, 1741, he had some serious illness at his friend Dr. Mackenzie's, at Worcester. Indeed, for the rest of his life he was a weak, poorly subject, perhaps, having injured himself by too intense study in his youth. The following, occasioned by his illness, has, to my knowledge, never been printed.

“Wrote on recovery from a dangerous illness, at Dr. Mackenzie's, in Worcester, 1741.

“Mackenzie's happy skill and pious care,
Fill all my waking nerves with glowing life,
And chase away the shadows of the grave :
Wonderful artist !
Again, bright images of day appear,
Again, familiar objects please the eye,
And heav'nly faces of my greeting friends :
Highest of pleasures !
But who was she with soft melodious voice,
Whose wishes of benevolence were heard ;
Whose kind enquiries soothed my drooping soul ?
Sweetest of medicines !
Who oft explored the feebly uttered want ;
Who oft administered the cup of health ;
Was she the dear companion of his hours ?
Happy Mackenzie !
To pour around my bed the golden day,
Was noble art : 'twas nobler yet to light
Th' internal lamp, and renovate the Muse !
How shall I thank him ?
Shall grateful Poetry, with mellow note
And tuneful period, entertain his ear ?
Shall Painting meet his eye, in Nature's guise,
Sweetly delusive ?
Or, spreading on the poor my wide regard,
Shall I attune the old Arcadian reed,
And sing the Fleece and Loom ? That, that's the lay
Pleases Mackenzie !”

“Worc., May 25, 1743. Dear Sir,—After you left us, I sent your note to Mr. Wheeler, upon which I had a long letter. He hoped that I was a just man, and loved peace, and that I would determine matters in dispute in a righteous way, and such stuff. I answered that I did not pretend to be an arbitrator between you two, but only as Mr. Dyer's friend ; if he made any reasonable offer, I would accept of it ; but I gave him to know that I had too much business of my own to enter into long altercations with him ; that I would, once for all, make him my proposal, which, if he did not agree to, he should never hear again from me upon the same subject, but would have Mr. Hand to settle affairs with him, in the best manner he could. In short, by the air and stiffness of my letter, he found I was in earnest ; accordingly, he sent me a categorical compliance with every article of my demands, which you have enclosed, and to which I refer you. I would have you to be very complaisant to his son's curate, and assist him all you can. You will shew Mr. Wheeler's letter and note, and receive your money. I asked Hand what he expected for his trouble, he said he was twice at Droitwich, and spent five shillings of his own money on this business ; he therefore insisted on having a guinea, which I paid him. I shall be glad to hear from you, and, I am, D. S., Yours in affection and service,

“JAMES MACKENZIE.

“To the Revd. Mr. Dyer, at Calthrop, near Rugby, in Warwickshire.”

Sometime before 1743, (the year of Savage's death,) a Poem addressed to him beginning, "Sink not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight," which may be found in the "British Poets," was written, as also the following beautiful little Poem also to Savage:

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

Have my friends in the town, in the gay busy town
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented?—why everything charms me!)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me;

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth—shaded, and quiet, and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to Heaven.

Savage responded in "An Epistle to Mr. John Dyer, Author of 'Grongar Hill', in answer to his from the country," beginning,

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
 And hail the beauty of the opening spring,
 Now to the dreams the nightingale complains,
 Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains,
 Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind
 Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

Oh, could my soul through depths of knowledge see
 Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
 I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
 And e'en draw envy to the humblest state.
 Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
 From shocks gain vigour and from want content.

Dyer's mind was now more concentrated than ever it had been before; his Clios and Celias had ceased to inflame his brain; he had become a quiet married man, in a pleasant country, and we may readily believe that the days he spent at Coningsby were the most placid and happy of his life. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, would be born (being aged 75 in 1819, when she died) about 1744. Sarah and Catherine followed, and John, his only son, was his youngest child.

The map which Dyer had begun some years before, was called forth from its rest in 1749. The commencement of the pamphlet he now

intended to publish will best set forth his then intentions. I am not aware whether it was actually ever printed or not.

"A plan of a commercial map of England, and a discourse on the uses of it.—1749. It is above twelve years since I drew up the scheme and wrote a discourse on the uses of a commercial map of England, and made some progress in the map itself, but finding it to be a work of much expense as well as labour, and meeting with no proper encouragement, I was obliged to fling it aside. The scheme, with the discourse, now appears to the public, at the desire of a person for whose understanding and virtue I have the highest regard, and who has inclined me to think that, even unattended with the work, it may be of use. J. D.

"A map of England, which will describe the general courses of its hills and vales; of its coal, iron, lead, copper, and tin mines; beds of fuller's earth, potter's clay, and salt springs; of its rivers and their navigations, natural, improved, and improvable. Which will also express at all considerable manufacturing towns, their cheapest manufactures, and where communications should be made, from river to river, or from one port or town to another, by good roads or canals, for the better circulation of our trade. Around the margent will be plans (in the largest scale) of some ports, rivers, roads, &c., in supposed improvements. This map, in some measure, will be drawn scenographical; marking with small shadowings the most uneven surfaces of the island, &c., &c."

The description with remarks on improvements and products extends to some length, and is a very beautiful MS. written on one side only. In one of his earlier MS. books is the original dedication:—"To the truly noble; and to the promoters of most great works, the merchants of England; and to all manufacturers, traders, and men of honest industry; this map is dedicated &c."

Part of a sermon of 1748 is written on two draft letters as follows:—

"Dear B.—You have enclosed a second parcel of the Poem. I hope you are very well. I am very much recovered, and begin to fancy myself and those mistaken who thought my lungs were ulcerated, for I cough but very little, and now and then drink a glass of wine, which agrees with me. I am, Dr. Bro. &c.

"Madam—Upon enquiry, I liked the character of the servant I mentioned, and having sent for him was surprised that his mother with whom he now lives will not let him go away now to service. It seems that the reaping of potatoes and onions is so profitable to the people here, that even boys set up and thrive on the business."

The period we have been reviewing, is not eventful, the next will be full of literary and personal interest.

Darlington, December, 1847.

FINE ARTS.

THE effort now making in England to popularize the Fine Arts has proved very successful in its application to the beautiful materials for which Mr. Copeland's Potteries have been so long distinguished. Among the more striking and elegant specimens we have seen produced in Staffordshire porcelain, we may instance a series of groups, statuettes, &c., after Gibson, Foley, Wyatt, and other artists; Psyche, Undine, Paul and Virginia, &c., and an interesting collection of busts, including those of Shakespeare, Byron, Dryden, Wellington, and Nelson. These exquisite productions may be seen at Mr. Eldred's Repository of Arts, 168, New Bond Street, and are well worthy a minute examination.

 THE BALIOLS.

To the Editor of The Patrician.

SIR,—In your February number, appears a letter from Mr. Boys, of Margate, whom I have the pleasure of knowing to be a most distinguished professional gentleman, upon a subject which cannot but be interesting; namely, the Genealogy of the Baliols, competitors for the Crown of Scotland. I have, therefore, endeavoured, in the course of my Genealogical and Historical occupation to obtain some irrefragable evidence on the subject. For the present I will quote the Parliamentary Rolls of those who sat in Parliament, and in my next researches, bring out the records, which evidence is indisputable.

Guy de Baliol was a Baron of William the Conqueror, he was succeeded *temp.* King Stephen, by (2) Barnard Baliol, his son and heir, who was succeeded by (3) his son Eustace, *reg.* King John; who was succeeded by (4) his son Hugh, *temp.* Henry the III.; who was succeeded by (5) his son and heir John Baliol, *temp.* Henry III. He died in 1268, and was succeeded by (6) his son and heir Hugh, who died in 1271, without issue; and was succeeded by (7) his brother and heir, Alexander Baliol, *temp.* Edward I., who died 1278; and was succeeded by (8) John, his son, the competitor for the Crown of Scotland, and King of Scotland, the last "Baron" de Baliol. Alexander, his brother, was summoned to Parliament in 1300.

In the reign of Henry III., there were three other Barons by tenure of "Baliol:" one Henry Baliol, supposed to have been brother of Hugh, the 4th Baron above, and died in 1245. Another, Eustace Baliol, who was living in 1269. Another, Bernard de Baliol, living in 1243. So says Sir H. Nicolas. I must reserve for a future number, particulars of these warriors, if you should think this worthy of record.

I am, yours, faithfully,

CHARLES DELACY NASH,

Parliamentary Agent.

*Montague Street, Portman Square,
Christmas Eve.*

CHANGE OF NAMES IN 1847.

January 2.—William Richard Baker Smith, of Partysal, co. Monmouth, Comm. R. N. in respect to his maternal aunt Sophia Sellon, sister of the late Rev. W. Sellon, Rector of St. James's, Clerkenwell, to take the name of Sellon in lieu of Smith, and bear the arms of Sellon in the first quarter.

January 12.—Samuel Potter of Broadstairs, Surgeon, and Mary Ann his wife, daughter of Henry Lodge, of Stoke Newington, gentleman, in compliance with the will of Mary Ann, widow of Paulin Huggett, of Stone-farm, St. Peter's, Thanet, gentleman, to take the name and arms of Huggett only.

February 3.—John Desborough Walford, of Bentley Hall, Suffolk, gentleman, only child of Desborough Walford, of Ipswich, by Harriett, only child of John Gosnall, of Bentley Hall, Esq., to take the name of Gosnall, after Walford,

February 4.—Patteson Holgate, of Brigg, co. Lincoln, gentleman, in compliance with the will of Philip Gedney, of Withycombe, Rawleigh, co. Devon, Esq., as well as the will of Jane Eliza, widow of the said Philip Gedney, and sister to the said Patteson Holgate, to take the name of Gedney, after that of Holdgate.

February 4.—Algernon Charles Percy, of Hodnet, Esq. to take the name of Heber, after Percy, and bear the arms of Heber, in the second quarter.

February 10.—Rev. E. Wateley, M. A. of Badgworth, Gloucester, grandson of John Wateley, by Mary, only child of Joseph Pyddoke,

in compliance with the will of his aunt, Elizabeth Wateley, of Handsworth, to take the name of Pyddoke only, and bear the arms of Pyddoke quarterly, with his own arms.

February 26.—William Leaming, of Wray, co. Lancaster, gentleman, in compliance with the will of John Marshall, of Wray, Esq., to take the name of Marshall only.

March 4.—John Aston, of Seisdon, in the parish of Trysull, co. Stafford, in compliance with the will of his brother, Thomas Peach Pudsey, of Seisdon, Esq., to bear the name and arms of Pudsey only.

March 22.—Catherine Dealtry, of Thorp-upon-the-hill, in the parish of Rothwell, and of Springfield House, in the parish of Wakefield, co. York, widow of Benjamin Dealtry, of Great Grandsden, co. Cambridge, Esq., she being sole heiress of her grandfather, Metcalf Proctor, of Thorp-upon-the-hill, Esq., to take the name and arms of Proctor, instead of Dealtry.

April 13.—Augustus Saltern Willett, of Tapley, in Westleigh, Devon, Esq., grandson of the W. S. Willett, Captain R. N. by Hesther, sister of John Cleveland of Tapley, Esq., to take the name and arms of Cleveland only.

April 13.—Henry George Windsor Aubrey, of Exeter College Oxford, gentleman, eldest son of H. G. Windsor, of Barbados, merchant, in compliance with the will of Elizabeth Anne, wife of G. W. Aubrey, of Montreal, Esq., to continue to use the name of Aubrey, after Windsor.

April 20.—Cecil Mina Bolivar

Townshend, of Magdalen College, Oxford, Esq., Cornet 13th Light Dragoons, to discontinue the name of Townshend, and take the surnames of Dunn Gardner, and use the arms of Dunn and Gardner, with such distinctions as may by the laws of arms be required.

May 17.—Sir Culling Eardley Smith, of Bedwell Park, co. Hertford, Bart., to take the surname of Eardley only, and quarter the arms of that family.

May 20.—Andrew Clarke, Esq., of Comrie Castle, co. Perth, eldest son and heir of Robert Clarke, Esq., of Comrie Castle, by Isabella, elder daughter and co-heir of Robert Wellwood of Garvock, co. Fife, Esq., to take the name of Wellwood, after Clarke.

May 31.—John William Birch, Esq., of Henley Park, co. Oxford, Clerk Assistant of the Parliaments, fourth but now second surviving son of the late George Birch, of St. Leonard's Hill, co. Berks, by Mary, daughter of Thomas Newell, of Henley-on-Thames, Esq., and niece of William Newell, of Adwell, co. Oxford, Clerk, to take the name of Newell before Birch, and bear the arms of Newell in the second quarter.

June 22.—Ralph Hutchinson, of Maston, co. York, gentleman, youngest son of the William Hutchinson, of Hunmanby, by Anne, sister of the late Christopher Russell, of Maston, gentleman, to take the name of Russell after his present name.

August 10.—Edward Lombe,

Esq., (formerly Beevor,) of Great Melton, Norfolk, now residing in the kingdom of Tuscany, son and heir of Edward Lombe, Esq., (formerly Beevor,) Barrister-at-law, in compliance with the will of Sir John Lombe, Bart., to continue to use the name of Lombe only.

August 9.—Robert Blake, of Swafeld, Esq., in compliance with the will of John Humfrey, of Wroxham, Clerk, to take the surname of Humfrey after Blake, and quarter the arms of Humfrey.

September 24.—Rear-Admiral, E. H. A'Court, of Amington Hall, Warwick, in compliance with the will of C. E. Repington, Esq., of the same place, to take the name of Repington after A'Court, and bear the arms of Repington in the first quarter.

September 3.—Lieutenant Walter Scott Lockhart, of the 16th Light Dragoons, has been permitted to assume the name of Scott, in addition to and after that of Lockhart.

September 30.—Harriet Elizabeth Lady Wetherell, widow of Sir Charles Wetherell, Knight, to adopt the surname of Warneford after Wetherell, in accordance with the directions of the will of her father, Colonel F. Warneford, deceased.

October 27.—Charles Robert Scott Murray, of Danesfield, Bucks, Esq., in memory of his great uncle, Robert Scott, Esq., of Danesfield, whose property he inherits, to take the surname of Scott before Murray.

THEATRES.

THE GRAND OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

M. Jullien is conducting this new and bold speculation with amazing ardour and energy; his wonted success attends him. The "Bride of Lammermoor," of the opening-night, created a sensation, since it shewed, for the first time, now-a-days, how an English Opera could be effectively performed—how, by congregating together really good music and singing, a fair and honourable rivalry might be attempted with the great Italian Theatres. Marked, even among the decided triumph of all the vocal performers at Drury Lane, was the impression made by Mr. Sims Reeves, who, at once, shewed his rank to be among the first tenors of Europe. But this prosperity is not enough for M. Jullien, he is determined to aggrandize his glories. Having called in the aid of Mr. Balfe, he has just produced a new opera, the work of that famed composer. The success of this beautiful lyric drama is of such importance to English music, that it fully claims a detailed account of its merits.

The opera is entitled "The Maid of Honour;" the music, as we have said, is by Mr. Balfe; the libretto is by Mr. Fitzball. The cast of the characters is as follows:—

The Lady Henriette	Miss Birch.
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Weiss.
The Lady Alison	Miss Miran.
Lyonnel	Sims Reeves.
Walter	Whitworth.
Sir Tristram	Weiss.

Characters in the Masque:

Orpheus	Miss Miran.
Eurydice	Miss Birch.
Pluto	Weiss.

The plot of the "Maid of Honour" is taken from the ballet of *Lady Henrietta*, brought out at Drury Lane, and also given with great success at the Académie de Musique, at Paris. The only change that has been made is transferring the epoch from the time of Queen Anne to that of Queen Elizabeth.

The scene is laid at Greenwich, where Elizabeth used to hold her Court and partake in many popular pastimes. Lady Henrietta and Lady Alison are Maids of Honour. Wearying greatly of courtly etiquette, they determine upon a frolic, into which they enlist an enamoured knight, Sir Tristram, of the Euphuist school, who, though he dare not displease Henriette, the lady of his devotions, is yet greatly scandalized when he hears that the court damsels purpose repairing disguised to the "Statute fair," where, according to the old-fashioned custom, servants present themselves to be hired. At this fair, two young farmers, Lyonnel

and Walter, repair, for the purpose of finding two maid-servants for the house-work at home. They glance over the eager crowd of girls without seeing a face to their liking, until Lyonnell's eyes are arrested by Lady Henrietta, who, attired in peasant's array, waits with her companion to be chosen. The two young farmers, attracted more by the pretty faces than the domestic qualifications of the two damsels, who own they can neither "bake nor churn, nor light a fire," engage them immediately, dance with them, and, as evening approaches, insist on their fulfilling their bargain, and going home with them. There arrived, they find that the pretended maids can perform none of the duties assigned to them. At length, they retire to rest, but not before Lyonnell, who has been deeply smitten by the graces of the high-born Henrietta, has found means to acquaint her with his passion, to which, though pride rebels, her heart in secret responds. When all is hushed in slumber, however, the two maids, exhorted by Sir Tristram, take their flight. Lyonnell and Walter, when discovering their loss, enlist, the former in despair, the latter to bear his friend company. The scene changes to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who sallies forth with a goodly company of squires and dames, amongst whom are her maids of honour, to hunt in her royal park of Greenwich. After a brief interview between Lyonnell and Henrietta, in which she treats her humble lover with feigned scorn, the latter is instrumental in saving the Queen's life, menaced by the fiery spirit of her steed. The Queen, in reward for his royal gallantry, makes him her squire for the day, and thus he becomes spectator of a performance given to the Court of Orpheus and Eurydice, in which Henrietta takes the latter part. Lyonnell recognises his scornful mistress, cannot contain himself, rushes forward and throws himself at her feet: general confusion ensues, in the midst of which, Henrietta, finding an opportunity to speak to him apart, confesses her heart is touched by the honest yeoman's love, but begs him to spare her pride before the courtly throng assembled there. He is at length led off, and Elizabeth gains from her young *protégée* the avowal of her secret. After chiding her imprudent adventure, the Queen is, nevertheless, determined to assure the happiness of the man, whose good looks and gallantry had interested her before. She gives orders to the reluctant Sir Tristram that all should be arranged in Lyonnell's homestead, as on the day when the pretended servant girls had entered it, and arranges so, that when the young farmer mechanically rings the bell, obedient to his call, Henrietta and Alison appear. The sequel may be guessed. Lyonnell and Walter are made happy, and the curtain drops.

The plot of this opera is favourable to dramatic effect, and Mr. Balfe has employed the resources furnished with his wonted genius. It is impossible to be more spirited and effective than are the numerous comic portions of the opera. In the management of the choruses, Balfe has displayed the hands of a master. We may instance, especially, the scene of the statute fair, one of animation, liveliness, and real English mirth. In fact, there is a hearty, genuine humour and feeling about the whole composition which is peculiarly English. The chorus of soldiers and huntsmen, in the second act, wins vehement applause. The opening madrigal, sung by a chorus of female voices, is very much in the style of the old English compositions of this nature, and deserves popularity,

The ballad, "The Red Cross Knight," sung by Miss Birch, has a

peculiar and quaint sweetness about it that gains on the ear, repeated, as it is often, throughout the opera. The duet between Lyonnell and Henrietta in the farmhouse—"I know not by what spell"—follows. In this, the voices blended together produce a delightful effect.

The third act commences with an excellent comic solo of "Sir Tristram," sung by Mr. Weiss, with an amusing chorus. Then follows the mimic performance of Orpheus and Eurydice, with the demon's chorus, and the invocation of Orpheus, sung by Miss Miran.

The duet between Orpheus and Eurydice, executed by Miss Birch and Miss Miran, is a pleasing composition; the two voices combine at its conclusion with that agreeable effect of the union of soprano and contralto. The ballad, "In that old chair," is the next piece of importance, and the opera concludes with a brilliant rondo, sung by Miss Birch.

Miss Birch made a triumphant *debut*, and will, we trust, have no occasion to regret having given up the Parisian stage for this. She is far more impassioned as a dramatic singer than ever she appeared in the concert-room. Her voice and execution are perfect. Miss Miran possesses a fine, powerful, pure-toned, though not as yet very extensive contralto voice, a good style, a pretty face, and a considerable portion of comic talent. Madame Weiss, who has been well known in concerts as Miss Barrett, has considerable strength of intonation. Throughout this opera, Reeves more than sustained the great reputation he so speedily made in the *Lucia*, and has proved that the simple ballad style of music is not less suited to him than the more ambitious but not more difficult Italian singing. His full, clear, manly, and expressive voice produces a sensation of pleasure, which his excellent taste, his perfect control, serve to maintain; while his feeling and impassioned acting perfectly preserves the illusion of his part.

The libretto in some parts of this opera is pleasingly written; for instance, the following words of the song so exquisitely sung by Reeves:—

In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love,
Joy, joy too bright to last;
Oh! why will cruel time remove,
Or memory paint the past?

And here, alas! when they were gone,
In Beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To cheer each grief away;
But oh! it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last.
Oh! if such dream time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past?

Those who are advocates for the employment of native performers will perceive that every singer in this opera is English. To us, however, it seems that success does not nor ought to belong to any particular country, but to real ability. M. Jullien has adopted the only proper means of making English singing prosperous—viz., the production of such talent as may vie with the beautiful voices of Italy.

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

The St. James's French Theatre has opened with its usual brilliancy and its usual fashionable success. This place, indeed, presents a perfect model of dramatic art. Acting, decoration, dresses, all is admirable. Some new performers of Parisian reputation have recently appeared. M. Montaland, Mdlle. Baptiste, and Mdlle. Ligier are great acquisitions. Chatelain plays the lovers extremely well; and, be it remembered, the lover—a being generally so little regarded, and so badly acted on the English stage—takes an important station in the French drama. The performances as yet have been pleasing short comedies and vaudevilles. One farcical production, "*Une Fille Terrible*," was most amusing. It excited the broadest and loudest laughter, and yet throughout the ridiculous trifle there was nothing of coarseness or vulgarity. Mdlle. Ligier played the hoyden charmingly, and M. Tourillon, as her antique suitor, was surpassingly droll. This theatre is indeed one of great attraction, for it has a combination of the histrionic excellence of France, a country far away beyond all others in the number, the industry, and the perfection of its actors. The study of French performing must be infinitely useful to English players. Mr. Webster has lately proved this at the Haymarket Theatre, where his acting in a translation by himself, of "*Le Reveil du Lion*," made one really believe oneself present at a performance in Paris.

A tragic sketch, a species of drama unknown to the English stage, has been represented with great pathos and effect at the St. James's Theatre; The title of it was, "*Le chef d'œuvre Inconnu*;" and the acting of M. Fechter and Mdlle. Baptiste, was replete with the finest feeling.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the music of Mendelssohn, is announced at the French Theatre, and will doubtless prove a rich classic and musical treat: it promises to unite the very essence of dramatic perfection with the costly seasoning of most exquisite harmony.

LITERATURE.

PIUS THE NINTH; OR, THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS PONTIFICATE. By COUNT C. A. DE GODDES DE LIANCOURT, of the Pontifical Academy of the Lincei, at Rome, and JAMES A. MANNING, Esq., of the Inner Temple. T. C. Newby, 72, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

THIS book is a very agreeable and interesting account of the life and opening Pontificate of the great and good man who now occupies the chair of St. Peter. In style, the work is elegantly and clearly written, and in matter it is so attractive, that it is almost impossible to take it up without proceeding through the whole of it. The information it affords as to the funeral, and especially as to the election of a Pope, considerably enhances the value of the production. The sitting of the Conclave, and its mode of choosing the new sovereign, is carefully detailed and explained. One singular portion of the ceremony is thus described:—

“One of the most curious scenes which occurs during the sitting of the Conclave, is the arrival of the Cardinal’s dinners at the Palace of the Quirinal. Each dinner is brought in procession through the streets of Rome. The state carriage of the Cardinal takes the lead, followed by the officers of his palace, in their state liveries, more or less numerous according to the rank and fortune of his Eminence. These persons are followed by a gilt litter carried by two servants, which is magnificently ornamented, and bears a basket decorated with the arms of the Cardinal to whom it belongs, containing the dishes destined for his repast. The private carriages follow in this procession, which starts every day in the same manner, from the palace of each Cardinal Elector, to the great court of the Palace of Monte Cavallo. On its arrival in the court, where a temporary hall is erected with planks, covered with tapestry, a Bishop, especially appointed for the service, proceeds to the inspection of the viands, carrying his investigation so far as to examine into the bodies of the fowls, the insides of the fish, and the bottoms of the vegetable dishes. This search, as that to which strangers are subjected from the Custom-house officers on the French frontiers, is instituted with the view of preventing any correspondence, or external influence in the deliberations of the Conclave. The object, however, is not always attained, for diplomacy slides into every hole and corner. When this visit is finished, the Bishop delivers the dishes to the subaltern officer, who places them in one of the towers of the Conclave, whence they are drawn up by a machine, and received by the conclavists, who carry them to the different cells of their Cardinal masters.”

The enthusiasm that reigned throughout Rome on the election of Pius IX., is related with graphic effect:—

“The people of the Eternal City were, nevertheless, agitated by a thousand unpleasant conjectures and forebodings, for all these alarms, augmented by fear, could have no other result than to plunge the city in stupor, when suddenly loud cries were heard from the Quirinal, re-echoed from the Vatican to the capitol. The Pope was elected! a few hours had sufficed to harmonize all opposing elements; the Sacred College, previously so divided, soon brought their deliberations to a close, all contention, opposing interests, and party and political sentiments, blending, as it were, by a sort of miracle, into a rapid and unforeseen unanimity.

"The whole city now burst forth as on a day of festival and rejoicing, and rushed towards the square of Monte Cavallo; this immense place was covered in an instant by an enthusiastic population, who made the air ring again with loud and joyous acclamations, with which they saluted the Aurora of a new reign.

"To behold this living mass of beings, black and variegated, and agitated like the waves of the sea in the hour of tempest, the flux and reflux of men of every age, of every condition,—the indiscriminate mixture of princes, and porters, beggars and bankers, youth and age; we might say, in the language of poetry, more than history, 'this human equality quitting the tomb in order to pass under the eye of God in the Valley of Jehosaphat,' was a truly marvellous sight. The excitement of the Romans was extreme, when a small stone detached itself from the walled-up window of the Conclave, and fell upon the balcony—the opening increased rapidly, and in a few minutes it was sufficiently large to permit the passage of the Cardinal Camerlengo, who appeared with a countenance beaming with joy. At this solemn moment, the breathless anxiety of the people was converted into thunders of applause, suppressed again immediately, as by enchantment, and the silence of the grave reigned around, while Camerlengo thus addressed the people:

"'Romans, I announce to you great joy. We have a Pope—the most Eminent and most Reverend Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, Bishop of Imola, of the Holy Church of Rome, who has assumed the name of Pius IX.'

"Before he retired, the Cardinal Camerlengo threw a paper to the people containing, in Italian, the words he had pronounced in the language of Cicero.

"The enthusiasm spread like fire from one end of the city to the other, and *vivas* and acclamations rent the air from the Piazza del Popolo to the Quirinal and the Consulta. The name of Pius IX., pronounced by a hundred thousand voices, mingling with the sounds of the cannon, which roared from the Castle of St. Angelo, was a benediction worthy the great solemnity.

"Soon after, the whole of the Sacred College appeared at the balcony and the windows of the Quirinal, and were visibly affected by the enthusiasm of the people, whose manifestations of joy was a noble testimony to the unanimity which presided at the choice of the Conclave."

The birth, origin, armorial ensigns, and amiable disposition of the new Pope are gracefully put forth:

"Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti was born at Sinigaglia, a small city in the marshes of Ancona, in the Papal dominions, on the 3rd of May, 1792, and is consequently now in his 56th year.

"He was the younger son of the Count Mastai Ferretti of Sinigaglia. The only reference we shall now make to the genealogical, or rather the heraldic distinctions of the Mastai Ferretti Family, is as to the singularity of its armorial bearings, as connected with the supreme power to which Pius IX. has been raised in the Papal dominions, as Sovereign Pontiff, and the pretensions of the Holy See, of which he has become the head, with universal spiritual dominion. Here we may observe that the Roman Pontiffs bear their own family arms, the arms of Rome, the cross keys upon the banner or Gonfalon of the Holy See, being but accessories, which are generally placed behind the tiara or trinal Crown of Rome.

"The arms of Mastai Ferretti are quarterly, 1st and 4th, azure a lion saliant crowned, or, his left paw resting on the globe, 2nd and 3rd, argent two fesses, or, according to English heraldry, two bars gules.

"It is not a little singular that the above quarterings, so indicative of dominion, should not have already struck those who seek to enhance the greatness of their hero, by auguries drawn from the most trivial incidents, for it cannot be denied that the coincidence is curious.

"The sweetness of Giovanni Mastai Ferretti's disposition as a child, and the

gentleness of his manners are recorded by those who had the charge of his infancy, and it is said of him that there was a seriousness about him even in childhood, which betokened an early disposition to reflection, often the forerunner of that precocity which engenders in the anxious minds of parents the apprehensions of an early grave.

"It is said, that, when only a few years old, the life of Giovanni was endangered, and, but for the prompt assistance of a shepherd boy named Guidi, his name would only have been preserved in the records of family affliction. At the period in question, the family of the Count Mastai Feretti was residing for the summer at a country house about six miles from Rome. Giovanni had been in the habit of walking into the woods with the son of one of the agriculturists, who was employed in the care of stock. As he was passing by a pond one day, accompanied by the boy Guidi, he was struck with childish delight at seeing a shoal of little fishes sporting about near the surface of the water, and, in endeavouring to catch some with his hand, he lost his balance and fell in. Guidi could swim, and at once plunged in and saved the young child's life. Giovanni became Pope—Guidi continued a peasant.

"A short time ago a countryman arrived in Rome to seek the charity of a great man, to whom he had rendered a service in his childhood. His appearance, and the supposed improbability of his story obtained him but a sorry reception from the police, into whose hands he was consigned. Nothing daunted by the stone he had received instead of the bread he solicited, Guidi, for it was he, found means to make the object of his visit known to his early acquaintance, His Holiness Pius IX., and had no cause to repent his temerity. He is now comfortable in his little farm, and his daughter is placed in a situation until she shall think fit to marry, when a portion will be given to her."

Many more pleasing anecdotes are given of his Holiness, which render this a beautiful record of the first chapter of his fame. Our fervent wish is, that the rule of Pius IX. may continue in the same course of goodness and glory, and that he may again have as apt and able historians to tell to the world the wisdom of his life and the wonders of his story.

THE MILITARY LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S., Author of "The History of Europe." W. Blackwood and Sons. 1848.

To praise this book is superfluous. Suffice it to say that it is written by Alison, and that its narrative is one of the most brilliant epochs in the glory of England. How spirit-stirring, how all-absorbing is the perusal of these warlike pages! The events pass before us in a panorama—clearly, concisely, correctly. We go through the whole course of Marlborough's greatness, till we at last arrive at the termination of his earthly career, which is thus related:—

"But the period had now arrived when the usual fate of mortality awaited this illustrious man. Severe domestic bereavements preceded his dissolution, and in a manner weaned him from a world which he had passed through with so much glory. His daughter, Lady Bridgewater, died in March 1714; and this was soon followed by the death of his favourite daughter, Anne, Countess of Sunderland who united uncommon elegance and beauty to unaffected piety and exemplary virtue. Marlborough himself was not long in following his beloved relatives to the grave. On the 28th May, 1716, he was seized with a fit of palsy, so severe, that it deprived him, for a time, alike of speech and resolution. He recovered, however, in a certain degree, and went to Bath for the benefit of the waters; and a gleam of returning light shone upon his mind when he visited Blenheim on the 18th October. He expressed great satisfaction at the survey

of the plan, which reminded him of his great achievements, and in which he had always felt so deep an interest; but when he saw, in one of the few rooms which were finished, a picture of himself at the battle of Blenheim, he turned away with a mournful air, with the words—‘Something then, but now ——.’

“On November 18th, he was attacked by another stroke, more severe than the former, and his family hastened to pay the last duties, as they conceived, to their departing parent. The strength of his constitution, however, triumphed for a time even over this violent attack; but though he continued, contrary to his own wishes, in conformity with those of his friends, who needed the support of his great reputation, to hold office, and occasionally appeared in parliament, yet his public career was at an end. A considerable addition was made to his fortune by the sagacity of the Duchess, who persuaded him to embark part of his funds in the South Sea scheme; but foreseeing the crash which was approaching, they sold out so opportunely, that instead of losing, she gained £100,000 by the transaction. On the 27th November, 1721, he made his last appearance in the House of Lords; but in June, 1722, he was again attacked with paralysis so violently, that he lay for some days nearly motionless, though in perfect possession of his faculties. To a question from the Duchess whether he heard the prayers read as usual at night, on the 15th June, in his apartment, he replied, ‘Yes; and I joined in them.’ These were his last words. On the morning of the 16th he sank rapidly, and calmly breathed his last at four o’clock, in the 72nd year of his age.

“Envy is generally extinguished by death, because the object of it has ceased to stand in the way of those who feel it. Marlborough’s funeral obsequies were celebrated with uncommon magnificence, and all ranks and parties joined in doing him honour. His body lay in state for several days at Marlborough House, and crowds flocked together from all the three kingdoms to witness the imposing ceremony of his funeral, which was performed with the utmost magnificence, on the 28th June. The procession was opened by a long array of military, among whom were General, now Lord Cadogan, and many other officers who had suffered and bled in his cause. Long files of heralds, officers-at-arms, and pursuivants followed, bearing banners emblazoned with his armorial achievements, among which appeared, in uncommon lustre, the standard of Woodstock, exhibiting the arms of France on the cross of St George. In the centre of the cavalcade was a lofty car, drawn by eight horses, which bore the mortal remains of the hero, under a splendid canopy adorned by plumes, military trophies, and heraldic devices of conquest. Shields were affixed to the sides, bearing the names of the towns he had taken, and the fields he had won. Blenheim was there, and Oudenarde, Ramilies, and Malplaquet, Lille and Tournay, Bethune, Douay, and Ruremonde, Bouchain and Mon, Aire, St. Venant and Liege, Maestricht and Ghent. The number made the English blush for the manner in which they had treated their hero. On either side were five generals in military mourning, bearing aloft banderoles, on which were emblazoned the arms of the family. Eight dukes supported the pall; besides the relatives of the deceased, the noblest and proudest of England’s nobility joined in the procession. Yet the most moving part of the ceremony was the number of old soldiers who had combated with the hero on his fields of fame, and who might now be known, in the dense crowds which thronged the streets, by their uncovered heads, grey hairs, and the tears which trickled down their cheeks. The body was deposited, with great solemnity, in Westminster Abbey, at the east end of the tomb of Henry VII.; but this was not its final resting-place in this world. It was soon after removed to the chapel at Blenheim, where it was deposited in a magnificent mausoleum, and there it still remains, surmounted by the noble pile which the genius of a Vanbrugh had conceived to express a nation’s gratitude.”

This life of Marlborough is a valuable addition to Mr. Alison’s other historical treasures.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Aldred, Richard, Esq., of Kennington, 7th December, aged 88.
- Allsop, J. Esq., of Allsop-terrace, Regent's Park, and of Boreham Wood, Herts, aged 78.
- Anderson, Ellen, wife of the Rev. D. Anderson, M.A., at St. John's Wood, 30th November.
- Anhalt Koethen, the Duke of. Henry Duke of Anhalt Koethen, and representative of the house of Anhalt, was son of Prince Frederick Erdmann, of Anhalt Pless, and was born the 30th July, 1778; he succeeded, on the abdication of his brother, Duke Ferdinand, to the Principedom of Pless, in Upper Silesia, in 1818, and to the Duchy of Koethen, in 1830. He married, the 18th of May, 1819, Augusta, daughter of Henry XLIV., Prince of Reuss-Schleiz-Koestritz, but had no issue. The Duke died on the 23rd ultimo, aged 66. By his demise, the branch of Anhalt Koethen becomes extinct. Duke Leopold Frederick, Chief of the house of Anhalt Dessau, has caused letters patent to be published, for taking possession of the Duchy of Anhalt Koethen, subject to an arrangement to be entered into with Duke Charles of Anhalt Bernburg. Anhalt Koethen forms part of the principality of Anhalt, in Upper Saxony, which up to the recent death of the Duke Henry, formed three Duchies—Dessau, Bernburg, and Koethen.
- Armitage, Emma, wife of the Rev. E. H. Armitage, 7th December.
- Arthur, Charles Virey, Esq., Lt. Bombay Cavalry, second son of Sir George Arthur, Bart.
- Atherly, Arthur Pelham, Esq., Vicar of Heavytree, Devon, 20th Nov.
- Atkinson, Mary, wife of Matthew Atkinson, Esq., formerly of Temple Sowerby, co. Westmoreland.
- Baker, Sophia, relict of William Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, Herts, 6th December, aged 89.
- Baldrey, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Christopher Jeaffreson Baldrey, of Longborough, co. Gloucester, 10th December, aged 78.
- Baraes, John Samuel, Esq., of Keynsham bank, Cheltenham, late of St. Petersburgh, 15th December, aged 72.
- Barrett, Sarah, relict of John Barrett, Esq., of Park-place, Westminster, 11th December.
- Basset, Mrs., relict of the Rev. John Basset, 13th December.
- Beard, Thomas Fuller, Esq., of Kensington, 26th Nov., aged 75.
- Bell, Jessie Temple, wife of John Bell, Esq., of Chertsey, 13th Dec.
- Birkley, John, Esq., at Homerton, 3rd Dec.
- Blackburn, Captain Isaac, late of the 41st Regiment, 17th Dec.
- Blackmore, Mrs., of Eton-square, 8th Dec.
- Blackwood, Charles, son of Capt. Charles Blackwood, 19th Nov., aged 10.
- Bland, Harriet Faucit, wife of Humphrey Bland, Esq., and sister of Miss Helen Faucit, 5th Nov., at Boston, U. S.
- Bolton, James Richard, Esq., 14th Dec., at Devonport-street, Hyde Park, aged 84.
- Bonnycastle, Sir Richard Henry. Recent accounts from Canada announce the death of this distinguished officer. He was born in 1791, the eldest son of the late Professor Bonnycastle, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and early obtained a commission in the Engineers, with which gallant corps he served at Flushing, in 1808; in the American War, from 1812 to 1815; at the taking of Castine, and with the army of occupation in France. He received the honour of knighthood for his services at the defence of Kingston, in Canada, whilst in command of the militia and volunteers, who defeated the insurgents at Nepanee and Hickory Island, in 1838. At the period of his decease, Sir Richard was Commanding Engineer in Canada West. He recently published valuable works on the Canadas and Newfoundland.
- Boydell, Charles, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, 30th Nov.
- Brackenbury, Sir John M., Knight, of Raithby Hall, co. Lincoln, 30th Nov. Sir John Macpherson Brackenbury, Knt., was eldest son of the late Richard Brackenbury, Esq., of Aswardby, co.

- Lincoln, by his marriage with Miss Janetta Gunn, of Edinburgh, and descended immediately from Sir Robert Brackenbury, the famous Lieutenant of the Tower, *temp.* Richard the Third. The De Brackenburys were founded in England by Sir Perse de Brackenbury, one of the companions in arms of William the Conqueror. Sir John, who served in early life in the Light Dragoons, filled the office of English Consul at Cadiz for many years, and received the honour of Knighthood from her Majesty on his retirement in 1845. He had previously, in 1830, been invested with the insignia of the Guelphic Order, and for a short period, was Consul for the King of Hanover, for the province of Andalusia. The deceased Knight, married, in 1801, Miss Nichelson, daughter of William Nichelson, Esq. He was elder brother of Lieut. Col. Sir Edward Brackenbury, Knt., of Skendleby House, co. Lincoln.
- Branscomb, Sarah, relict of Sir James Branscomb, Knt., 11th Dec., aged 70.
- Brydges, Mrs., of Catherine-place, Bath. The remains of the late Mrs. Brydges, of Catherine-place, were, on the 4th ultimo, very privately removed thence, for interment in the vault belonging to her great uncle, the Rev. Dr. Parker, founded during his incumbency for forty years of the living of St. James's, Westminster, and which terminated with his life, in 1802. The first occupant was his wife, Mrs. Griffin Parker, (sister and heir of Griffin, Lord Howard de Walden, and Baron Braybrook,) who died at Bath, Nov. 1799. (Vide obit. Gent's Mag.) Mrs. Brydges was the only surviving issue of Captain William Parker, and ward of her uncle, who, with her aunt, adopted and brought her up "with the tenderest care and affection;" and she was extensively known, esteemed and regretted. Her father and husband's mother were buried there. A marble monument and tablet are erected in the Chapel, to the memories of Dr. Parker and his wife, and their brother-in-law, le Comte de Walderen, Knight of the Teutonic Order, ambassador for twenty years from Holland to this country, &c.
- Brocket, William B., son of Stanes B. Brocket, Esq., of Spains Hall, Essex, 10th Dec., aged 21.
- Brown, Andrew, Esq., son of the late Major Andrew Brown, of Philadelphia, aged 75.
- Browne, William Ruddle, Esq., of Chisleton, Wilts, 13th Dec., aged 59.
- Bullen, Anne, only surviving dau. of the late Joseph Bullen, Esq., of the Bank of England, 5th Dec.
- Burrows, Mrs. Charles, eldest dau. of James Simpson, Esq., Advocate of Edinburgh, 7th Dec.
- Burton, Judge, 10th Dec. Charles Burton, the senior Puisne Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, was born 14th of Oct., 1760, the second son of Francis Burton, Esq., of London, by Anne, his wife, youngest daughter of James Singer, Esq., of Barnes Elms, and great-great-grandson of George Burton, Esq., of Bedworth, co. Leicesters, younger brother of the famous Robert Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Early in life Mr. Burton was sent over to Ireland, in charge of the business of an eminent London law firm, and became, in consequence, known to Mr. Curran, through whose advice he was induced to reside in Ireland, and to adopt the bar of that country—to which he was called in 1792. His career was one of signal success, at a period too when such surpassing excellence prevailed in the Irish legal courts. In 1806 he obtained a silk gown; in 1818 was raised to the rank of first sergeant, and in two years afterwards, succeeded, on the resignation of Judge Mayne, to a seat in the Court of Queen's Bench, which he continued to occupy till his decease, with the highest honour to himself, and benefit to the country. As a Judge, he fully sustained the high character he acquired at the bar. At times, when the country was convulsed by party, and an oblique spirit found its way even to the administration of justice, none ever accused Judge Burton with tampering with his high trust. No man's reason was less swayed by party feeling; and in the many political questions which came before him, none could truly say that he contemplated any in the light of a partisan. Mr. O'Connell always regarded him as the most constitutional Judge on the Bench. Mr. Justice Burton married, in 1787, Miss Anna Andrews, and by her, who died 10th March, 1822, he had an only dau., Eliza Felicia, who married, in 1819, John Betty West, Esq., Q.C., and M.P. for the city of Dublin.
- Callander, Harriet, relict of Kenneth Callander, Esq., of Craigsforth, co. Stirling, 8th Dec.
- Campbell, J. S., Esq., M.D., of Weymouth-street, 2nd Dec., aged 49.
- Campbell, James, Esq., at Hampton Court, 4th Dec.
- Canning, Mrs., relict of Henry Canning,

Esq., British Consul-Gen., at Ham-
burgh, 8th Nov.

Carthew, Mrs., of Kensington, 7th Dec.,
aged 79.

Carver, Mary, relict of James Carver,
Esq., Surgeon, of Whymondham, Suf-
folk, 2nd Dec.

Catheart, the Countess Dowager of, 14th
Dec.

Charlton, Thomas, Esq., of Strood Hill,
near Rochester, 10th Dec., aged 68.

Chassereau, James D., Esq., of Upper
Gloucester-place, 17th Dec., aged 69.

Cobbett, Thomas, only surviving brother
of the late William Cobbett, 30th Nov.,
aged 87.

Cockburn, the Mariannas, wife of Major-
Gen. Sir James Cockburn, Bart., and
dan. of George, 13th Viscount Here-
ford, 9th Dec.

Cocks, Theston Harriet, sister of the late
Earl Somers, 11th Dec.

Cogan, Robert, Capt. Indian Navy, 26th
Nov., at Hammersmith, aged 49.

Colbeck, Thomas, Esq., of Claremont-
square, 9th Dec., aged 78.

Cole, Capt. H. D., only son of the late
H. W. Cole, formerly of Brunswick,
16th Nov.

Collins, Thomas, Esq., of Stockwell, Dec.
8th, aged 70.

Corrie, Mrs., of the Island of Trinidad,
9th Dec., aged 54.

Coward, Mrs. John, of Islington, 2nd
Dec.

Cowper, Lieut.-Col. C.B., 18th Regi-
ment, 6th Dec.

Crosfield, George, Esq., of Liverpool,
15th Dec., aged 63.

Curtis, Herbert Barrett, Esq., of Wind-
mill Hill, and Peasmarsh-place, Sussex,
M.P. for Rye, 13th Dec., aged 55.

Creed, Miss Elizabeth Anne, 12th Dec.,
at Norfolk-Crescent.

Dalbiac, Lieut.-General Sir James
Charles, K.C.H., 8th Dec. This emi-
nent officer was the eldest son of the
late Charles Dalbiac, Esq., of Hunger-
ford-park, Berkshire. He was born in
1776, and entered the army as a Cor-
net of the 4th Dragoons, in 1793.
Passing through the various grades of
the British service, he became a
Lieut.-General in June, 1838. He
acted with the only regiment in which
he ever held a commission during the
campaign of 1809, and was at the
battle of Talavera. He and his dra-
goons were also among the most re-
nowned at Los Santos, Llerena, and
Salamanca; his regiment, for its gal-
lantry, bears "Salamanca" on its
standards. From 1822 to 1824, Gene-
ral Dalbiac held the command of the

northern district of Goujerut, in Bom-
bay. In 1831 he was knighted, and
in the same year he presided at the
Court-Martial held at Bristol after the
riots. Sir Charles represented Ripon
in Parliament, from 1835 to 1837. He
had married in 1805 Miss Dalton, the
eldest daughter of John Dalton, Esq.,
of Sleningsford Hall, Yorkshire, by
whom he had an only child, Susanna
Stephani, married the 29th December,
1836, to the present Duke of Rox-
burghe.

Dallas, Lady, relict of the Right Hon.
Lord Chief Justice Dallas, 2nd Dec.

Dalrymple, William, Esq., formerly of
Norwich, 5th Dec., aged 76.

Dawson, Major Robert, Bombay Army,
fifth son of the late John Dawson, Esq.,
of Mossly Hill, Liverpool, 1st Dec.,
at Brussels.

Deason, Margaret Jane, youngest dau.
of the late Rev. Thomas Deason, Rector
of Whitworth, 11th Dec.

De Butts, Arthur, fellow of Oriel Col-
lege, and fourth son of Lieut.-General
Sir Augustus De Butts, R.E., 18th
Nov.

Dibdin, the Rev. Thomas Frognall, D.D.
Rector of St. Mary's District Church,
Bryanston Square, Vicar of Exning,
Suffolk, and Chaplain to Her Majesty;
was the son, by his second marriage, of
Captain Dibdin, a gallant officer in the
British Navy, and brother of the fa-
mous Thomas Dibdin, the inimitable
nautical poet. Dr. Dibdin mentions,
in his own memoirs, that his father was
the Tom Bowling of his uncle's
writings. The Doctor himself lost his
father when a child, and he was edu-
cated under the guardianship of his
uncle. After passing through various
preliminary schools, he became a stu-
dent of St. John's College, Cambridge.
From his earliest schoolboy years,
Thomas Frognal Dibdin displayed
that taste for ancient books and antique
lore, which formed the delight and or-
nament of his after life. On leaving
college, he became a member of Lin-
coln's Inn, and, having married, settled
with his family at Worcester as a spe-
cial pleader. He, however, soon quit-
ted the legal profession for the Church,
and was ordained a clergyman in 1805.
He then commenced that career of
peculiar authorship which produced the
"Bibliomania," the "Decameron," the
"Bibliographical Tour," and many
other works, brilliant in research, style,
and decoration. His books, indeed,
had all popularity, and were all of
curious and unique fame. As a minis-

- ter of the Church of England, Dr. Dibdin was active, zealous, and effective in the performance of his duties. His "Sunday Library" enhanced his clerical reputation, as did, also, other religious publications. After being for twenty-four years the respected Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Dr. Dibdin died on the 18th instant, in his 72nd year.
- Dixon, Francis S. Clare, relict of Capt. Dixon, at Greenwich, 10th Dec.
- Dobson, Lady, relict of Sir Richard Dobson, and sister to Sir William Purves H. Campbell, Bart., 11th Dec.
- Doyle, Sophia Anne, relict of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles W. Doyle, 10th Dec.
- Driffield, the Rev. Charles George Thomas, Vicar of Prescot, co. Lancashire, 10th Dec., aged 77.
- Duckworth, Samuel, Esq. This gentleman, one of the Masters in Chancery, died Dec. 1st, after a severe illness, in Paris. He was son of the late Mr. Duckworth, a Solicitor, of Manchester, and brother-in-law of Mr. Justice Coltman. In 1835 he sat in Parliament for the borough of Leicester, and supported the Liberal party. He received the appointment of Master in Chancery in 1839.
- Duncombe, Thomas, Esq., of Copgrove, co. York, died at his seat, near Knaresborough, on the 7th Dec. He was younger brother of Charles, First Lord Feversham, and great grandson of Thomas Brown, Esq., of the City of London, who inherited the great fortune of his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor of London in 1708, and assumed the surname of Duncombe. Mr. Duncombe, of Copgrove, married, in 1795, Emma, eldest dau. of the late Dr. Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, and by her, who died in 1840, has left four sons and three daughters, the eldest of the former being Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury.
- Dyke, the Dowager Lady, 27th Nov., at Devonshire-place, aged 72. Her ladyship was daughter of Robert Jenners, Esq., of Chislehurst, Kent, and widow of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Baronet, of Lullingstone Castle, by whom she had no less than thirteen children, the eldest being the present Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart.
- Eden, Lieut. Charles, Indian Navy, youngest son of Gen. Eden, Esq., of Greenwich, lost with the Hon. Comp's. steamer *Cleopatra*, in April.
- Edmeston, James, Esq., at Hackney, 12th Dec., aged 89.
- Elliott, Philip, Esq., M.D., late of Neath, 5th Dec.
- Elmhirst, Richard, Esq., of West Ashby Grove, formerly Lieut. Col. of Militia, and J. P. and D. L. for co. Lincoln, 12th Dec., aged 76.
- Elrington, George, Esq., Commander R.N., 22nd Nov., aged 64.
- Elwes, Mary Anne Sophia, wife of Capt. Dudley, C. C. Elwes, of Brigg, co. Lincoln, 9th Dec.
- Erskine, David, Esq., of Cardross, 28th Nov., aged 75.
- Evans, Maria Hodge, wife of Robert R. Evans, of Fern Hill, co. Carmarthen, 22nd Nov.
- Farran, John, Esq., for thirty years Secretary to the E. I. Dock Company, 12th Dec., aged 80.
- Fauntleroy, Robert, Esq., of Wandsworth, 8th Dec., aged 82.
- Fenwick, Christopher, Esq., formerly of Earsdon, co. Northumberland, 13th Dec., aged 77.
- Firman, Mary, eldest dau. of the late Thomas Pierson Firman, Esq., of Fermount, co. Tipperary, 14th Dec.
- Fisher, Francis, Esq., of Woburn-place, 27th Nov.
- Fittler, Elizabeth, relict of James Fittler, Esq., A.R.A., 8th Dec.
- Fitzgerald, Henry, Esq., Captain in the Austrian Cavalry, fourth son of the late Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Muckridge House, co. Cork, 26th Nov.
- Fleming, Mrs., relict of Edmund Fleming, Esq., of Cookham-grove, Berks, 6th Dec.
- Frane, George, Esq., late Assistant Receiver General of the Customs, 17th Dec., aged 65.
- Fry, Mrs. Henry, of Clapham, 2nd Dec., aged 68.
- Galloway, Alexander, Esq., of Clermont-terrace, 20th Nov., aged 72.
- Gardiner, the Right Hon. Frances Margaret, Baroness Gardiner, 8th Dec., aged 84. Her Ladyship was fourth daughter of Lord Dinorben, and wife of the present Lord Gardiner, to whom she was married in December, 1834, and by whom she had no issue.
- Garratt, Susan, dau. of John Garratt, Esq., of Bishop's Court, Devon, 23rd Nov.
- Gideon, Julia, wife of Lewis Gideon, Esq., of St. Helena, 25th Nov., at St. John's Wood.
- Goad, Lieut. S. T. A., of the 20th Bengal N. I., 10th Oct.
- Gower, Robert Lewes, youngest son of Robert Fredrick Gower, Esq., of Glandovan, co. Pembroke, 13th Dec.

Grant, Mrs. Robert, of Moneymusk, co. Aberdeen, 28th Nov.

Gray, John, Esq., late Town Clerk of Louth, co. Lincoln, 7th Dec.

Gray, Maria, wife of John Gray, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, 23d Nov.

Green, Susan Emma Brook, dau. of Charles Green, Esq., of Liverpool, 11th Dec.

Griffith, W. Keats, Esq., of Windsor, 25th Nov., aged 59.

Grover, Capt. This gallant officer was educated at Soho, under Dr. Barrow, contemporary with Sir John Moore, and earned a high reputation for military scientific skill. His fairest fame, however, rests on the circumstances which connect him with the indefatigable Dr. Wolff. By him the mission of the worthy Doctor to Bokhara was projected, and his chivalrous conduct in raising the Stoddard and Conolly fund is well known. To his exertions Dr. Wolff owes the preservation of his life, by the intervention at Bokhara of the friendly power of Persia. It is much to be feared that his energy in the cause contributed to his early death, since after the event he appeared to gradually lose his voice, and to fail in bodily, though never in mental faculty. Captain Grover died at Brussels on the 5th instant.

Hadsley, Miss Maria, at the Priory, Ware, Herts, 4th Dec., aged 70.

Hall, Robert, Esq., of Cork-street, 14th Dec.

Hall, Benjamin, Esq., of Shepherd's Bush, 24th Nov., aged 80.

Hallett, William, fourth son of the late Rev. Charles Hughes Hallett, of Higham, Kent, June, at Sydney, N. S. W., aged 37.

Hallewell, Katherine Martha, third dau. of Edward Gilling Hallewell, Esq., 2nd Dec., at Clifton.

Hallifax, Miss Frances, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Robert Hallifax, Vicar of Standish, 11th Dec.

Hames, Major Weston, late of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, 20th Nov.

Harrowby, Earl of, at Sandon Hall, Staffordshire, on the 26th Dec.

Hawkins, Hester, wife of Francis Hawkins, Esq., M.D., and third dau. of Mr. Justice Vaughan.

Hay, the Hon. Samuel. This gentleman, a Captain in the army, and Equerry to Queen Adelaide, died on the 25th Nov., at Cliffe Hall, Wiltshire, in his 41st year. He was the third son of William, fifteenth Earl of Erroll, by Alicia, his second wife, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of Antigua, and grandson of

James, Earl of Erroll, who officiated as Constable of Scotland at the Coronation of George the Third, in 1761. During the ceremony it is related that his Lordship neglecting, by accident, to pull off his cap when the King entered, apologised for the omission in the most respectful manner, but His Majesty entreated him to be covered, adding, "that he looked on his presence at the solemnity as a very particular honour." Captain Hay, whose death we record, was born the 9th of January, 1807; and married, in 1832, Louisa, only child of the Hon. Capt. Duncombe Pledell Bouverie, R.N., by whom he leaves no issue. His eldest brother, James, Lord Hay, fell gallantly at Waterloo, and thus the succession to the honours opened to the next brother, William George, late Earl of Erroll.

Haynes, Richard, third son of Robert Haynes, Esq., of Great Glenn, co. Leicester, 22nd Nov.

Headley, Mary Isabella, third dau. of Henry Headley, Esq., 15th Dec.

Hebden, Miss Harriet Coates, 9th Dec., at Liverpool.

Hesse, the Elector of. William II. Elector of Hesse, was born on the 28th July, 1777. He succeeded to the Electorate on the death of his father, the 27th of February, 1821. He had married, the 13th February, 1797, Augusta, daughter of Frederick William II., King of Prussia, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom is Reigning Duchess of Saxe Meinengen; an only son, Prince Frederick William, co-Regent of Hesse since 1831, and now his father's successor, as Elector. The late Elector, five months after the death of his consort, espoused in Morganatic wedlock, Emily, Countess of Richenbach-Lessonitz, who survives him. His Royal Highness died at Frankfort, on the 20th instant, after a few days' illness. The Duchess of Cambridge is of the family of, and first cousin to, the deceased Elector.

Hicks, Marianne Barne, wife of Henry Parnell Hicks, Esq., co. Gloucester, 7th Dec., at Brighton.

Hill, Sarah, relict of the Rev. Thomas Hill, at Liverpool, 4th December, aged 86.

Hunter, T. Orby, Esq., late of Crowland Abbey, co. Lincoln, 13th Dec., aged 73.

Ireland, Mrs. Caroline Frances, at St. James's-street, 16th Dec., aged 69.

Irvine, Sir Gorges M., Bart. This estimable gentleman, the representative of one of the most ancient families in the empire, died on the 21st Nov., having

- completed, two days before, his 87th year. Deeply, indeed, will his loss be mourned in the circles in which he moved. To true kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, and honourable feeling, he added the most agreeable manners, and all the courtly polish of former times. Up to a few days before his death, he enjoyed excellent health, and preserved his memory unimpaired. Well does the writer of this brief notice of his departed friend remember how vividly Sir Gorges, within the last year, described his presentation at the Court of Marie Antoinette, then in the brilliancy and beauty of regal state. Early in life the deceased baronet commanded the Fermanagh Militia; and, as Colonel D'Arcy Irvine, long held a distinguished position in the sporting and fashionable circles of his native country. His father, Wm. Irvine, Esq., of Castle Irvine, represented the county of Fermanagh, and his maternal grandfather, Gorges Lowther, Esq., of Kilrue, that of Meath, in the Irish Parliament. The family from which he sprung was of Scottish extraction, and possessed, at a remote period, the lands of Bonshaw, in Dumfriesshire. Christopher Irvine, Laird of Bonshaw, commanded the King's Light Horse at the famous battle of Flodden, and was there slain, together with his son. Sir Gorges Irvine married, first, 31st of March, 1780, Elizabeth Judge, only child of Judge D'Arcy, Esq., of Dunmow and Grangebeg; and, secondly, Sarah Catherine, daughter of Thomas Napier, Esq., of the county of Salop. By the latter lady, who survives, he leaves no issue; but, by the former, he had five sons and five daughters. Of the sons, the eldest, William, has assumed the surname of his mother's family; and of the daughters, the third, Sophia Maria, is married to Viscount Dungannon.
- Jackson, Catherine Barbara, only dau. of the late Thomas Jackson, Esq., of Famingstown, co. Limerick, 10th Dec.
- Jarris, Jane Isabella, wife of Thomas Jarris, Esq., grand-dau. of the late Capt. Hamilton, E.I.C.S., 3rd Dec.
- Jeremy, George, Esq., of Guildford-street, 8th Dec., aged 87.
- Jervoise, George Purefoy, of Herriard-house, Hants, 1st Dec., aged 78.
- Jones, Maria, fourth dau. of Lieut.-Col. John Jones, of East Wickham-house, Kent, 26th Nov., aged 59.
- Joy, Francis, Esq., of Lower Mount-street, Dublin, and of the Middle Temple, Dec., aged 42.
- Kay, Joseph, Esq., architect to Greenwich Hospital and the Foundling, 7th Dec., aged 72.
- Keen, James, Esq., of Croydon, aged 85, 10th Dec.
- Kelley, Charles, Esq., of Gray's-inn, 16th Dec., aged 93.
- Kendall, Capt. Walter, R.N., youngest son of the late Rev. Nicholas Kendall, vicar of Lanlivery, co. Cornwall, 15th Dec., aged 33.
- Kennard, the Rev. George, M.A., of Gayton House, near Northampton, 11th Dec., aged 41.
- King, John, Esq., of Grove End-road, Surgeon, aged 36.
- Kingston, Helena, Countess of, 9th Dec.
- Knight, Henry, Esq., late Paymaster 9th Lancers, 25th Nov.
- Kuper, Augustus, Esq., Assistant Commissary General, Camarla, 15th Oct., aged 66.
- Larkins, Anne, only dau. of John Pascal Larkins, Esq., of Brunswick-place, 3rd Dec., aged 24.
- Lawes, Thomas, third son of Mr. Sergeant Lawes, in April last, at sea, lost with the Hon. Company's Steamer, Cleopatra.
- Lawson, Charles Temple, Esq., youngest son of the late James Lawson, Esq., of Harwood, Surrey, 7th Dec., aged 33.
- Laycock, Thomas, Esq., of Fishergate House, near York, 17th Dec., aged 80.
- Lee, Mrs. Anne, relict of Thomas Lee, Esq., of the Elms, Ringwood, Hants, 6th Dec., aged 84.
- Leeson, Mrs. Elizabeth Gregory, of Davies-street, 10th Dec.
- Legh, the Rev. Henry Cornwall, at Welsh Hampton Parsonage, 24th Nov., aged 36.
- Lemon, Frederick, Esq., of Her Majesty's Mixed Commission Court, Sierra Leone, 16th Oct., aged 24.
- Lendon, Rev. Charles, of Princes Risborough, Incumbent of St. John's, Lacey Green, 21st Nov.
- Lendon, Sibylla, relict of the Rev. Abel Lendon, A.M., 27th Nov.
- Leslie, John, Esq., of Powis, near Aberdeen, 27th Nov.
- Liston, Robert Esq., F.R.S., &c., 7th Dec., aged 53. This pre-eminently distinguished surgeon was son of a clergyman of the church of Scotland, in whose parish he was born, in the year 1794. Mr. Liston pursued his early studies at The High School of Edinburgh, and received his professional instruction from Dr. John Barclay, a celebrated Lecturer on Anatomy in that city. On completing his education, he entered on practice in the Scottish metropolis

with distinguished success; but, in the year 1834, was induced, by the offer of an appointment in the North London Hospital, to remove to the capital, where he ever since maintained an eminent position in the branch of the profession to which he especially devoted himself. Though exceedingly robust in his habits and appearance, Mr. Liston was prematurely cut off in his fifty-third year in consequence, we believe, of having unduly exerted himself in some violent calisthenic exercises, in which he was accustomed to indulge. He was the author of several works on surgery. He married, in 1820, a daughter of the late Adam Crawford, Esq., wine-merchant of Leith, by whom he has left, in addition, we believe, to a son, a daughter, the wife of Mr. Dalrymple, an eminent surgeon of Norwich. From the post mortem examination of the body of this celebrated surgeon, it appears that the cause of death was an aneurism of the aorta, as large as an orange, pressing on and running into the trachea. The first alarming symptoms occurred while Mr. Liston was receiving patients; and when perfectly quiet, he suddenly felt his mouth filled with fluid, and retiring into his dressing-room, he coughed up between thirty and forty ounces of arterial blood. Drs. Watson and Forbes attended and examined the chest, but without detecting anything morbid either in the lungs or circulation; and the deceased was himself the first to suggest the formation of an aneurism: but, in the absence of physical signs of such a lesion, a favourable view was taken of the case. The remains of the lamented gentleman were interred on Monday last in the Highgate Cemetery.

Littledale, Henrietta Catherine, wife of Arthur Littledale, Esq., Bengal Civil Service.

Lloyd, James, Esq., of Twickenham Common, 2nd Dec., aged 52.

Loek, William, Esq., of Norbury Park, co. Surrey, 15th Dec., aged 81.

Longley, Edward Jenkin, Esq., of Chelsea, late of Her Majesty's Exchequer, 3rd Dec., aged 76.

Lopes, Susan, only dau. of Sir Ralph and Lady Lopes, 14th Dec., aged nearly 5 years.

Lucas, Rev. Richard, Rector of Oxburgh and Foulden, Norfolk, 11th Dec.

Lyte, Rev. Henry Francis, Brickham, Devon, 20th Nov., at Nice, aged 54.

Maedonald, Alexander, Esq., of Hanoversquare, 9th Dec.

Macdougall, Mrs., late of Ardentruine, co. Argyll, 7th Dec., aged 86.

Maekeson, Julius A., Esq., Lieutenant 33d Bengal Native Infantry, 28th Sept. McSwiney, James, Esq., of Chester Villa, Regent's Park, 13th Dec., aged 68.

Maguire, Rev. Thomas, 2nd Dec. This Rev Gentleman, familiarly known as "Father Tom," was one of the most eminent of the Catholic clergy in Ireland. His profound theological learning, and his surpassing skill as a logician, rendered him a formidable foe in religious arguments; his memorable controversial discussion with the Rev. Mr. Pope, some years ago, made him everywhere famous. With his scholar-like qualifications, Mr. Maguire combined much benevolence and kindness of disposition. He was a most social and agreeable companion; he was also a great lover of, and adept in, sporting matters. He had numerous and attached personal friends among the Irish gentry, both Protestant and Catholic; and his ardent support of the doctrines he professed, seemed to make no difference in the general esteem and affection which he enjoyed. The Rev. gentleman died at his residence, Ardium, of an attack of gout in the stomach.

Maitland, Mrs., relict of David Maitland, Esq., of Barcaple, co Kirkcudbright, 29th Nov.

Manning, Clarissa, wife of Mr Sergeant Manning, 15th Dec.

Marsh, Mrs., relict of Thomas Croxhead Marsh, 3rd Dec., at Paris.

Martin, Samuel, Esq., at Edgbaston, Birmingham, 29th Nov., aged 71.

Martineau, Peter, Esq., of Brixton Hill, 2nd Dec., aged 93.

Mathews, James Hadds, Esq., of Kentish Town, 4th Dec.

Meredith, Frances Mary, wife of Charles Meredith, Esq., of Bayswater, 14th Dec.

M'Kirdy, Mary Elliot, relict of John M'Kirdy, Esq., of Birkwood, co. Lankark, 10th Dec.

Middleton, Henrietta, relict of Edward Middleton, Esq., M.D., of Southampton, 4th Dec.

Molineux, Miss, of Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, 17th Dec.

Montfort, The Right Hon. Lady, 10th Dec. Her Ladyship's maiden name was Watts, and her marriage took place on the 5th Sept., 1793; she has died without issue.

Moore, Elizabeth, dau. of Brigadier General Moore, Nusseerabad, East Indies, 12th Oct.

- Moore, Mrs., relict of Thomas Moore, Esq., of Bengoe, Herts, 16th Dec.
- Morgan, Charles Robert, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, 5th Dec.
- Morgan, Charles, Esq., Assistant-Commissary General, 28th Nov., at Cheltenham, aged 52.
- Murray, Hector, son of George Murray, Esq., at Peckham, 6th Dec., aged 23.
- Nash, Sebastian, Esq., of St. John's Wood, 30th Nov., aged 69.
- Neale, J. P., Esq., at Tattingstone, in Suffolk, 14th Dec. Mr. Neale was an artist whose talents did the highest honour to the profession. He was the well-known designer of the "Views of Westminster Abbey," and he was also the author of that justly favourite work, "Neale's Country Seats of the Nobility and Gentry." Most of our finest ecclesiastical structures have been given in beautiful and elaborate embellishment by him to the public; and we have a vivid recollection of his beautiful drawings of Mr. Barry's design for the New Houses of Parliament. During his useful life he had the respect and admiration of a host of friends: his services for nearly half a century in the appointment he held at the General Post Office was highly esteemed and approved.
- Nevill, Rev. Christopher, M.A., Vicar of East Grinstead, and son of the late William Nevill, Esq., of East Hants, 15th Dec., aged 47.
- Newall, Miss Jane, at Gateshead-upon-Tyne, 12th Dec.
- Nicol, Isabella, sister of G. W. Nicol, Esq., Civil Service, at Sierra Leone, 22nd Sept.
- Palmer, John, Esq., of Bath, 5th Dec., aged 97.
- Park, Dr. John Rameur, of Hampstead, 14th Dec., aged 69.
- Parker, Frederick, eldest son of Mr. John W. Parker, of West Strand, 16th Dec.
- Parson, Capt. John, R.N., at Jersey, 29th Nov.
- Paterson, Frances Ellen, youngest surviving daughter of Richard Paterson, Esq., of Blackheath and Tilney-street, 10th Dec.
- Paterson, Lieut.-Col. John Floyd, late of the 13th Light Dragoons, 15th Dec., aged 61.
- Paterson, Sarah, relict of Capt. William Paterson, C.B., R.N., 5th Dec.
- Pearson, Caroline, wife of Henry Pearson, Esq., Barrister-at-law, and only surviving daughter of Hyde Salmon Whalley Tooker, Esq., of Norton Hall, co. Somerset, 10th Dec.
- Pigott, Gilleng P. F. Doake, only son of Gilleng Pigott, Esq., 14th Dec.
- Pomroy, Joseph, Esq., of Horsleydown and Bexley Heath, 29th Nov., aged 77.
- Prior, Richard, Esq., of Walworth Road, 9th Dec., aged 48.
- Probert, Lieut. John Wale, R. N., of Her Majesty's Ship Syren, third son of Thomas Probert, Esq., of Newport, Essex, 8th Sept., aged 31.
- Reddie, Johanna, wife of John Reddie, Esq., of Ceylon, and youngest dau. of the late David Bryce, Esq., of Calcutta, 4th Oct.
- Richards, Mrs. Westley, Jun., at Wood End, Birmingham, 14th Dec.
- Richards, Clara, relict of Thomas Edward Richards, Esq., at Snaresbrook House, Essex, 7th Dec.
- Rickard, Thomas, Esq., of Brighton, 22nd Nov., aged 59.
- Rickman, Richard Hobson, son of the late S. P. Rickman, Esq., 10th Nov.
- Rickman, Mrs. Philip, of Dalston, 3rd Dec.
- Roberts, Rathbone Bartlett, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, 1st Dec.
- Robin, Mrs. Rebecca, of Clifton, 6th Dec.
- Rogers, Sir John Leman, Bart., 16th Dec. This gentleman, whose decease occurred after a long illness, at the age of 68, was eminently distinguished as an Amateur Musician, and the patron of musical merit. He was eldest son of the late Sir Frederick Leman Rogers, Bart., M.P., and Recorder of Plymouth; and grandson of Sir Frederick Rogers, Commissioner of the Dockyard there. Sir John Rogers, the First Baronet (supposed to have been descended from the Rev. John Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's, who translated the Bible, under the name of Thomas Matthews, and was the first sufferer in the reign of Queen Mary, acquired a considerable fortune as a merchant at Plymouth; and, having purchased large estates, served as High Sheriff of Devon, in 1706. The Baronet, whose decease we record, has died unmarried, and is succeeded by his next brother, now Sir Frederick Leman Rogers, Bart.
- Ross, Captain Robert, 4th Dec., aged 79.
- Ryder, Charlotte, second daughter of Mr. and Lady Georgiana Ryder, 13th Dec., aged 16.
- Ryder, Arthur, Esq., of Dalston, 12th Dec., aged 65.
- Salisbury, Thomas, Esq., late of Hets Bank, Lancaster, 1st Dec.
- Sandars, Mary, wife of George Sandars,

- Esq., M.P. of Wakefield, 21st Nov., at Alverthorpe Hall, co. York.
- Scallon, Jane Halkett, dau. of Capt. Scallon, R.N., 11th Dec, aged 25.
- Secretan, Frederick, Esq., at Oxford-terrace, 7th Dec., aged 64.
- Segar, Ellen Elizabeth, wife of Robert Segar, Esq., Barrister at Law, 15th Nov.
- Shaw, Alfred, Esq., husband of the eminent vocalist, 23rd Nov., aged 36.
- Shepherd, Robert, son of John Shepherd, Esq., at Holly Lodge, Walton-on-Thames, 16th Dec., aged 21.
- Shiell, Queely, Esq., late of the Island of Montserrat, 27th Nov., at Clarges.
- Shipden, James, only son of the late T. Shipden, Esq., of Deal, 7th Dec.
- Shirreff, Rear-Admiral, Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, aged 62.
- Skrimshire, Anne Louisa Catherine, wife of the Rev. H. F. Skrimshire, M.A., Rector of St. Andrew's, Hertford, 21st Nov.
- Smith, Matilda, dau. of the late Henry Smith, Esq., of Potton, Beds, 18th Dec.
- Smith, Mrs. Absolom, late of Ivy House, Highclerc, 15th Dec.
- Smith, Ralph Coiley, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, 1st Dec.
- Smith, Richard, Esq., formerly Clerk of the Cheque, Greenwich Hospital, 2nd Dec., aged 83.
- Smith, George, Esq., of Colney Hatch, 23rd Nov., aged 72.
- Smith, Miss Margaret, of Beaumont Place, Shepherd's Bush.
- Snell, John, Esq., of Edmonton, 9th Dec., aged 74.
- Spencer, Thomas, Esq., of Myddleton Square, 24th Nov., aged 64.
- Spurrier, Mrs. William, of Heathgreen House, near Birmingham, 16th Nov.
- Statham, Mrs. Hugh, of the Wandsworth Road, 9th Dec.
- Steere, Miss, dau. of the late Lee Steere, Esq., of Jayes, Ockley, Surrey, 8th Dec.
- Steuart, John Robert, Esq., F.R.S., late of Naples, 16th Dec., aged 68.
- St. Lo, Laurence Edward, Esq., of Fontmell Parva, co. Dorset, 14th Dec., aged 89.
- Stuart, Caroline, relict of the Rev. John Francis Stuart, Rector of Lower Gravenhurst, co. Bedford, 17th Dec.
- Swire, Mary, relict of John Swire, Esq., of Canonby in Craven, 13th Dec.
- Thompson, Catherine, relict of Joseph Thompson, Esq., 2d Sept., at Calcutta.
- Thrupp, Miss D. A., eldest dau. of the late Joseph Thrupp, Esq., of Paddington, 14th Dec.
- Tichborne, Thomas, Esq., son of the late Colonel Tichborne, 3d Dec., aged 44.
- Traill, George William, Esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service, 19th Nov., aged 55.
- Twigg, Joseph, Esq., at Adelphi House, Paisley, 8th Dec., aged 69.
- Twiss, the Rev. Edward Robert, M.A., of Bushey, Herts, 13th Dec., aged 30.
- Venour, Mrs. Mary Anne, dau. of the late John Venour, Esq., of Kingsmead, Wellsbourne, co. Warwick, 27th Nov.
- Walker, Henry, son of the Rev. W. J. Walker, of Conthrop Vicarage, co. Gloucester, 25th Nov.
- Warre, Eleanor, relict of James Warre, Esq., at Oxford Square, 5th Dec., aged 89.
- Warren, Mary, wife of Robert Warren, Esq., late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, 12th Dec.
- Wasey, Eliza Honoria, only dau. of the late William Wasey, Esq., Madras Civil Service, 17th Dec.
- Washbourne, Julia, wife of Edward B. Washbourne, Esq., 26th Nov.
- Waugh, George, Esq., of Guildford, J.P., 13th Dec.
- Webster, Elizabeth Anne, wife of Thos. Webster, Esq., Barnsleather, 3d Dec.
- Wells, Mrs. Joseph, of Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, 15th Dec., aged 36.
- Whitaker, John, Esq., the celebrated composer, 4th Dec. aged 71.
- White, Mrs. Captain, of Brompton, 22d Nov.
- White, Amos, Esq., late Lieutenant 50th Regiment, 30th Aug.
- White, William Archibald Armstrong, Esq., of Castor, co. Northampton, 7th Dec., aged 71.
- Whitmore, Mrs. Charles H., of Clapham, 30th Nov.
- Whittaker, Geo. Byrom, Esq., of Kensington and Ave Maria Lane, the eminent publisher, 12th Dec., aged 54.
- Wigan, Jane, only dau. of the late Col. Wigan, of Highbury Terrace, 30th Nov., aged 59.
- Wiggins, Mrs. Col., late of Barrackpoor, E. I., 11th Dec.
- Willett, Josiah, youngest son of Robert Willett, Esq., of Feddington House, Devizes, 3d Dec., aged 20.
- Williams, Mrs. Edward, of Enfield, 13th Dec.
- Williams, Sir James, of the Gothic, Kentish Town, J.P. for co. Middlesex, 15th Dec., aged 81.
- Williams, Anna Maria, dau. of Charles Williams, Esq., of Bruges, 12th Dec.
- Williams, Norton Thomas, Esq., of Down

- House, Hants, and late of the 9th Lancers, 8th Dec., aged 27.
- Williamson, Margaret, relict of John Williamson, Esq., 2d. Dec.
- Wills, George, fifth son of the late John Wills, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, 25th Nov., aged 22.
- Wills, Rebecca, relict of the late John Wills, Esq., of Kentish Town, 18th Dec.
- Wilson, Dr. William, surgeon R.N., 28th Nov., aged 66.
- Wilson, John, Esq., of Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, 15th Dec., aged 82.
- Withers, George, younger son of the late Edward Withers, Esq., of High Beech, Essex, 5th Dec.
- Woodhams, Eliza, fourth dau. of the late William Cooper Woodhams, of Pelsham House, 15th Dec.
- Young, Emily, relict of Sir Samuel Young, Bart., of Formosa Place, Berks, 13th Dec.
- Young, Mary Anne, relict of John Young, Esq., of Romsey, Hants, 13th Dec.
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THE PATRICIAN.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN, AND WHO AN ESQUIRE?

THE questions of "Who is a Gentleman, and who an Esquire?" are involved in some difficulty and confusion, in consequence of the law having been rather obscure in its interpretation of the right to be called Gentleman or Esquire, and in consequence also of the custom of society having opposed and gone beyond the law itself, and given a different construction and a far wider extent to these honourable additions. The subject, however, may, with a little care and attention, be clearly understood; a close investigation, particularly into the principles on which the matter rests, will lead to a fair estimation and pretty certain conclusion as to those who are fully justified in assuming to themselves the title of Gentleman or the degree of Esquire, or in allowing others to confer such complimentary designations upon them. We therefore propose, in the following inquiry, to state as far as possible, the exact answers to these questions, and the grounds on which they rest; and thus, after viewing the more general notions on the point, endeavour to arrive at a right understanding of this debateable and much disputed discussion.

We commence with the far more difficult inquiry of the two, that of,

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

There is no word in legal use, about which lawyers and law-writers have been so little explicit, or distinct, as the term Gentleman. And yet this word Gentleman is one of much importance in even a legal point of view. No later than a few weeks ago, we hear of a momentous affidavit being set aside in consequence of one who was a clerk, being styled in the document a gentleman. We copy the following from the *Morning Post* newspaper, of the 31st Dec., 1847.

"COURT OF BANKRUPTCY.—*Thursday, Dec. 30.*

Before Mr. Commissioner Evans.

"WHO IS NOT A GENTLEMAN.—In a trader's debtor's summons, under the 1st and 2nd of Vict., c. 110, Mr. Lloyd, a solicitor, objected to the description of one of the sureties in the affidavit. The objection was, that the surety was there described as a gentleman, he being a clerk in the

office of the General Steam Navigation Company, 71, Lombard-street. Mr. Lloyd quoted a case (as we understood) *Wood v. Ray*, from Dowling and Ryland's reports, in which he said it was decided that 'gentleman' was not a proper definition for a clerk in a mercantile office.

"The Commissioner asked if there was anything to be said upon the other side. If not, he should consider the objection decisive.

"The gentleman who appeared on the other side said no notice had been given of the objection, and he was not prepared with a case to quote against that cited by Mr. Lloyd, but he could assure his Honour that the surety was a perfectly solvent man, and if the decision of the Court was adverse to the trader against whom the summons was issued, he would be made a bankrupt of, as the twenty-one days were on the eve of expiration.

"Evidence was given, proving that the surety had admitted he was a clerk.

"The Commissioner said the surety was described as a gentleman, and as he did not fulfil that description, he must hold the objection fatal.

["Our reporter," continues the *Post*, "referred to Dowling's, and to Dowling and Ryland's reports, and the only case, *Wood v. Ray*, which he finds there is in 2nd Dowling, p. 692, in which it was held by Mr. Baron Alderson, in a case in which a person was described as a 'gentleman' who was a clerk in the Post Office, and the description objected to upon this ground, that the description was sufficient.""]

The reporter of the *Morning Post* is quite right as to the case of *Wood and Ray*, in the 2nd Dowling, which decided nothing else but that the designation of gentleman applied to a Post Office (a government) clerk was correct. The whole of this shews the existing legal doubts on the matter.

Yet if the law is to be thus strict in respect to the addition of Gentleman, it should at least give some clear definition on the subject. That it has not done so is evident, from the confused and uncertain statements about the term, by the most eminent of the law writers. The plan of investigation we here propose is, to take first what has been written by these legal authors, then to give the opinion of heraldic writers on the point, and finally, to see if there may be not got from both some principle to guide us.

To begin with the Lawyers.

"GENTLEMAN, Generosus," says Cunningham, in his Law Dictionary, "is an irregular compound of two languages, the one from the French *gentil*, that is *honestus*, *vel honesto loco natus*; the other from the Saxon *mon*, as if you say, a man well born. The Italian followeth the very word, calling those *gentilhuomini*, whom we call gentlemen, The Spaniard keepeth the meaning, calling him *hidalgo* or *hijo d' algo*, that is, the son of some man of reckoning. The French also call him *gentil-homme*. So that gentlemen are those whom their blood and race do make noble and known. In Greek they are *Ευγενεις*; in Latin *nobiles*. Under this name are comprised all above yeoman, so that noblemen are truly called gentlemen; but by the course and custom of England, nobility is either Major or Minor; the greater contains all the degrees from Knights upwards; the lesser, all from barons downwards.

The reason of the name may arise from this, that they observe *gentilitatem suam*, that is, the race and propagation of their blood, by giving

of arms, which the common sort neither does nor may do; for by the coat that a gentleman giveth he is known to be or not to be descended from those of his name that lived many years since. These words, *Gentilis homo*, for a Gentleman were adjudged a good addition."

"There is said," states Sir Edward Coke, in the *Second Institute*, p. 668, "to be a gentleman by office and in reputation, as well as those that are born such." And again, remarks the same high authority (2 *Inst.* 668): "A gentleman by reputation, that is neither gentle by birth, nor by office, nor by creation, but commonly called gentleman, and known by that name, is a sufficient addition within this act (the Statute of Additions, 1 Hen. 5, c. 5.)" "Under the denomination of gentlemen," says Smith, (*De Republica Ang.*, lib. 1 cc. 20, 21.), "are comprised all above yeomen, whereby noblemen are truly called gentlemen." And Blackstone, in his *Commentaries* (vol i. p. 406), adopts the notion of this learned writer, in thus further quoting him: "As for gentlemen," says Sir Thomas Smith, "they be made good cheap in this kingdom; for whosoever studieth the law of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and (to be short) who can live idly, and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken to be a gentleman." In Bacon's *Abridgment of the Law*, title "Misnomer and Addition," a similar latitude is given to the term gentleman.

The following is the pertinent portion of what is said on the point in Bacon's *Abridgement* :—

"In the time of Henry V. it was perceived that the Christian and surname were not sufficient denominations of persons, and did not sufficiently avoid the confusion that might happen by the mistake of persons; and that an innocent person might, upon a process of execution, be distrained upon, having the same name with the real defendant: therefore by the 1 H. V., c. 5, (the Statute of Additions) it is enacted, 'that in every original writ of actions, personal appeals, and indictments, and in which the exigent shall be awarded to the names of the defendants in such writs, original appeals, and indictments, additions shall be made for their estate, or degree, or mystery.'

"By this law the name of worship was made equally necessary in these actions as the name of dignity was before.

"As to the estate and degree required by the statute to be added, we must observe, that estate is defined by the civilians the capacity of moral persons; for as natural persons have a certain space in which they perform their natural actions, so have persons in a community a certain state or capacity in which they are supposed to exist, to perform their moral acts, and exercise all civil relations; and therefore where one, who is neither by birth, office, creation, or reputation, an esquire or gentleman, is named with either of these additions; or where a gentleman by birth, who follows a trade or husbandry, is named with the addition of the trade or husbandry, and not of gentleman,* or where a peer, who has more than one name of dignity, is not named most noble; or where a gentleman is named spinster, or a yeoman is named gentleman; and such

* Sed quære, says to this Bacon in a note, if such exception would now be allowed? A trader may be such by his degree or by his trade; and if by his degree, the writ shall not abate unless he shews he has a higher degree.—*Strange*, 556 817, *Lord Raymond*, 1541.

matter is pleaded in abatement, and found for the person who pleads it, the writ shall abate.

"It seems agreed, that the word mystery includes all lawful arts, trades, and occupations; and that if one under the degree of a gentleman, have divers of such arts, trades, or occupations, he may be named by any of them.

"The additions of this kind which are said to be clearly good, are those of husbandman, merchant, broker, tailor, point-maker, smith, miller, carpenter, cook, brewer, baker, butcher, parish-clerk, mercer, fish-monger, dyer, schoolmaster, scrivener, and such like.

"The additions of this kind which are said to be clearly insufficient, are those of maintainer, extortioner, thief, vagabond, heretic, common informer, and such like."

According to the whole view of the subject in this article in Bacon, a Gentleman would seem to be he who, as defendant in pleadings or indictments, has only the addition of estate or degree after his name, and not the addition of any art, trade, or occupation.

To these extracts, we may add the following dicta of Sir Edward Coke:—

"He that is destrained ought to be a gentleman of name and blood, *claro loco natus*. Of ancient time, those that held by Knight's service were regularly gentle. It was a badge of gentry. Yet now *tempora mutantur*, and many a yeoman, burgess, or tradesman, purchaseth lands holden by Knight's service, and yet ought not, for want of gentry, to be made a Knight. At this time the surest rule is, *Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt*. Therefore they are called *scutiferi*, *armigeri*.

"A Knight is by creation—a gentleman by descent; and yet I read of the creation of a gentleman. A Knight of France came into England, and challenged John Kingston, a good and strong man at arms, but no gentleman, as the record saith, *ad certa armorum puncta, etc. perficienda*. *Rex ipsum Johannem ad ordinem generosorum adoptavit, et armigerum constituit, et certa honoris insignia concessit.*"

The Lord Chief Justice continues. "And great discord and discontentment would arise within the realme, if yeomen and tradesmen were admitted to the dignity of Knighthood, to take the place and the precedence of the antient and *noble* gentry of the realme.

"It is resolved in our books, without contradiction, that a Knight bachelor is a dignity, and of the inferior degree of *nobility*. Britton styleth a Knight honorable, and in the record 9 Edw. I. Sir John Acton, Knight, hath the addition of *nobilis*; but gentlemen of name and of blood, had very rarely the addition of *generosus* or *armiger*, being sufficiently distinguished by their Knight's service from yeomen, who served by the plough. But it was enacted by the statute 1. Hen. V. that in every writ original of actions, personal appeals, and inditelements, to the name of the defendants, addition be made of the state, or degree, or misterie; and hereupon addition was made of *generosus* or *armiger*.

"An unmarried gentlewoman is improperly styled spinster; she ought to be styled *generosa*."—2 Institutes 668.

In the fourth volume, the Lord Chief Justice quotes Cicero and Pliny, *Nobilis est qui sui generis imagines proferre potest*: and adds, that what

images were to the Romans, coats of arms are to us—*Arma seu insignia gentilitia ex antiquo habuerunt locum imaginum*: so now the best way of discussing of antiquity of gentry is *per insignia*.

With reference to the curious fact of the King creating a gentleman, Sir Edward Coke is correct, for in 2 par. Inst. fol. we read of John Kingston being made a Gentleman by King Richard II. It is singular that so learned a student as James I. should have been unaware of this. Yet thus it seems from the answer he is reported to have given to his Scotch nurse, who entreated him to make her son a gentleman. "Madam," said the King "I can mak him a Lord, but I canna mak him a gentleman." Perhaps his crude Majesty was wittingly ignorant.

We now come to the opinions of heraldic authors, which are about as vaguely and loosely given as those of the lawyers.

Camden Clarencieux, a King of Arms, says:—

"Nobiles vero nostri dividuntur in majores et minores. *Nobiles minores* sunt equites aurati, armigcri, et qui vulgo generosi, et *gentlemen* vocantur.—The lesser *nobilemen* are the Knights, Esquires, and those whom we commonly call gentlemen."

SILVANUS MORGAN, in his *Sphere of Gentry*, published in 1661, divides them into native, dative, achieved, and created nobility.

"The term gentleman," says Robson, in his *History of Heraldry*, "originally comprehended all above the rank of yeoman; whereby even noblemen are properly called gentlemen. All who were entitled to coat armour, or whose ancestors had been freemen, were included in the word *gentleman*. But it was more particularly applied to the lowest rank of these; because, not having any title of honour, for want of a specific term it was necessary to employ the general one, to distinguish them from the ignoble or plebeian. In times when the different ranks were more carefully distinguished, there were several shades of gentility. The first and most honourable were those who could boast of four generations of gentlemen, both in the paternal and maternal line: they were gentlemen by blood. If they could not prove this, but the contrary was not known within the memory of man, then they were gentlemen by prescription. It was also in the power of the King to raise any ignoble person to the rank of gentleman, by letters patent, conferring on him the right to bear coat armour; when this was done without any achievement either in war or peace, the person thus ennobled was insultingly called a gentleman of paper and wax. All orders of the King's household, not in a menial capacity, were considered raised to the rank of gentlemen. All orders of ecclesiastical preferment constituted a claim to gentility; and also any degree taken in the liberal sciences. In feudal times gentility might be acquired by the purchase of a seignory which had in any way lapsed to the King, and the new purchaser became entitled to bear the arms of the last possessor. There was yet another in which gentility was sometimes obtained, and that was by adoption; as when a person, who was not of gentility, was adopted by one that was, and, as he succeeded to his property and name, was admitted as his offspring, and allowed to bear arms."

That correct and graceful, but rather haughty heraldic writer, Sir James Lawrence, the author of a well-known clever work, *On the Nobility of the British Gentry*, thus discusses the subject of the term "gentleman:—"

"The books to form an opinion of the dignity of an old English Gentleman are the county histories; and these seldom come into the hands of foreigners. His baronial castle, or his not less sumptuous mansion of a more modern date, is there depicted. A stately avenue conducts to his residence, and a coach and six, escorted by a troop of outriders, the usual appendage of his quality, is seen driving into his gates; and when at length his numerous tenantry have accompanied the heraldic pomp of his funeral to the neighbouring cathedral, the next print represents him there sleeping in dull cold marble, but blazoned with all the escutcheons of his house. Such are the halls that embellish Whitaker's History of Richmond; such, in Nash's History of Worcestershire, are the monuments of the Sheldons, of the Vernons, and the Talbots, whose numerous quarterings would not have disparaged an elector of Mayence or a prince bishop of Wurtzburg.

"The late King of Wirtemberg used to say, that he could form no idea of an English Gentleman, till he had visited several at their family seats, and seen their manner of living in the country. And it is remarkable that the author who at presents seems to take the most pleasure in doing justice to the character of an English Squire, is an American—Washington Irving.

"In Johnston's Dictionary, it is true, a Gentleman is said to be 'one of good extraction, but not noble;' and in so saying, he rendered the English Gentry considerable injury, as his work is translated into foreign languages, and this unintentionally; for he was a conscientious man, and though no Gentleman himself, he bore no envy towards his superiors. He was a friend of all aristocratical institutions; but however profound an etymologist, he was neither herald nor antiquary, and he committed the modern blunder of confounding nobility with peerage; and on points of honor, Lord Verulam, Selden, Cambden, etc., and the statutes of the Garter, are better authorities.

"In Bailey's Dictionary, of the edition of 1707, we find 'a Gentleman, one who received his nobility from his ancestors, and not from the gift of any prince or state.'

"And in the second volume of Bailey's Dictionary, printed 1728, (I specify the edition, because in later editions variations may be discovered, and these variations shew the progressive degradation of the British Gentry), we find, 'a Gentleman is, properly, according to the ancient notion, one of perfect blood, who hath four descents* of gentility, both by his father and his mother.'

"In choosing of magistrates, the vote of a Gentleman was preferred before that of an ignoble person.

"It was a punishable crime to take down the coat armour of a Gentleman, or to offer violation to the ensign of any noble person deceased.

"The reasons why those that are students in the inns of court are esteemed Gentlemen, is because anciently none but the sons of Gentlemen were admitted into them.

"But the students of law, grooms of his Majesty's palace, and sons of peasants, made priests, and canons, though they are styled Gentle-

* Four descents of gentility are in Germany called sixteen quarters, or parents; one descent requires two—two descents four—three descents eight—four descents sixteen great-great-grand parents, and which qualify a Gentleman to be chosen a prince-bishop, or Knight of the Teutonic order.

man, yet they have no right to coat-armour. If a man be a Gentleman by office only, and loses his office, then he loses his gentility.

“Gentry—the lowest degree of nobleness—such as are descended of ancient families, and have always borne a coat of arms.”

“This dictionary represented to foreigners the gentry of England in an honorable light; and being used at schools, inspired our youths with a respect for their own families. This dictionary pronounces nobility to be acquired; gentility never. This also was an axiom in France. The acquirer there of letters patent is styled an *ennobli*; his son a *noble*: but it is undecided among French heralds, whether his grandson, or his great-great-grandson, be the first Gentleman in the family; some heralds requiring only three, others five generations of *noblesse* to make a Gentleman.

“Formerly, while all persons of coat-armour were styled noblemen, all Gentlemen were styled persons of quality.

“A peer is only a person of rank, unless he be a Gentleman; but every Gentleman is a person of quality, for, in the opinion of a herald, quality and gentility are synonymous.

“Lord Verulam says (page 119): “At the same time there repaired unto Perkin, divers Englishmen of *quality*, Sir George Nevile, Sir John Taylor, and about one hundred more.”

“(Page 122.) “Upon All-hallowes day, the King’s second son Henry was created Duke of York; and as well the Duke as divers other noblemen, Knights, Bachelors, and Gentlemen of *quality*, were made Knights of the Bath.”

“Fuller’s Church History, anno 1546. ‘The last person of *quality* who suffered martyrdom in this King’s reign, was Anne Ascough, alias Kyme. She was worshipfully extracted; the daughter of Sir William Ascough of Kelsy in Lincolnshire, of the age of twenty-five.’

“The gentry of Yorkshire thus begin a petition to Charles the First, 1643 :—

“‘Those members of parliament lately employed to attend your Majesty from both houses, being all of them Gentlemen of *quality* and estate in this county.’”

“During the civil war was published, a catalogue of all Lords, Knights, Commanders, and persons of *quality* slain, or executed by law martial to March 25, 1647.

“Proclamation against duelling, Whitehall, 9th March, 1679 :—

“‘Whereas it has become too frequent, especially among persons of *quality*, to avenge their private quarrels by duel.’”

To give any further extracts from other legal or heraldic writers becomes unnecessary, as what they say is generally, in words or effect, a repetition of the foregoing statements.

From all these various opinions, though, as we remark, somewhat carelessly given, we think we are justified in drawing the conclusion, that those who really are entitled to be called gentlemen may be divided into the following classes :—

1. THE GENTLEMAN BY BIRTH, OR GENTLEMAN BORN, about which there is little difficulty, since he is allowed to be one who is of gentle extraction; that is, the issue of any nobleman, baronet, knight, or other gentleman entitled to arms. He that has four

descents of gentility, both by his father and mother, is, it will be remarked, termed the "Gentleman of perfect blood."

2. **THE GENTLEMAN BY CREATION**; that is, he who is so made by regal authority; and we take all persons ennobled, or styled gentlemen in royal patents, to belong to this class: moreover, those who receive grants of arms from the Crown, and perhaps (though we doubt it) those who receive grants of arms from the Heralds' College.
3. **THE GENTLEMAN BY STATION AND REPUTATION**; that is, one who combines with enough of independence to live unoccupied and respectably, sufficient education, conduct, and manners, to permit him to associate with persons of what is usually and easily understood by the designation of refined society.
4. **CLERGYMEN**, who are gentlemen from the sacredness of their office. The degrees at the Universities, would, it seems, also confer gentility.
5. **THE GENTLEMAN BY OCCUPATION**, whom, from a mature consideration of the above-cited authorities, and, indeed, from a consideration also of the whole subject, we would define to be one whose employment is not only honest, but honourable. The following passage from the celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution*, by Edmund Burke, may serve to illustrate this proposition:—"The Chancellor of France," remarks that profound and sagacious writer, "at the opening of the States, said in a tone of oratorical flourish, that all occupations were honourable. If he meant only that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth; but in asserting that anything is honourable, we imply some distinction in its favour. The occupation of a hairdresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person, to say nothing of a number of more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state, but the state suffers oppression if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature." The distinction of which Edmund Burke speaks, and which we hold necessary to make an employment honourable as well as honest, consists evidently in its being requisite, for the performance of the duties of such employment, that there should be a certain degree of superior station, mind, and education. Thus is the magistrate or the lawyer a Gentleman, while the constable is not so. This it is that distinguishes, as Gentlemen, the officer from the common soldier; the merchant from the tradesman; the painter from the petty artist or decorator; the sculptor from the stonemason; the practitioner in medicine from the vendor of drugs or the barber who may bleed or draw teeth; the author from the copyist or scrivener; and so on. The definition we thus lay down may at first appear vague and dubious, but the more it will be considered the more will it be found to solve the question of who is a gentleman by occupation. It does, too, perfectly coincide with the view of the lawyers, for none of these honourable occupations are included under their term "mystery," which embraces the class below that of a

gentleman. Bacon, it is true, speaks, in reference to "mystery," of a "merchant," but then he means clearly a *marchand* or tradesman, and not what is understood by the English acceptance of the word, answering to that of "negociant."

There is, however, one class to whom the term gentleman is peculiarly attached—we mean ATTORNEYS, who are said to be "Gentlemen by Act of Parliament." We have made some search to see by what Act this is so, but, among the various statutes relative to attorneys, we can nowhere find the enactment. May not the idea have arisen from the term "general attorney—*attornatum gen'alem*," used in a very early statute, that of Westminster, 2. the 13th Edward I., St. I. c. 10, the words becoming corrupted into "gentleman attorney?" Whether that be so or not, we think this peculiar application of the term gentleman to attorneys is at best but invidious. Setting aside any statutable designation, the occupation of an attorney, when honestly and rightly exercised, is clearly that of a gentleman.

To this class of a GENTLEMAN BY OCCUPATION belong those who are Gentlemen by office; and it may here be remarked, that according to the lawyers, the one individual may be a gentleman, and at the same time belong, in some capacity, to a class which is beneath gentility. For instance, the Lord Mayor of London and the Aldermen may be, and generally are, tradesmen, yet, as Mayor and Aldermen, they are undeniably gentlemen. In such circumstances, the better, and perhaps the more correct plan would be, to give the party his superior designation of Gentleman.

In concluding this subject of "Who is a Gentleman?" we would observe, and we feel gratified in doing so, that in its every sense, the status of a gentleman legally requires, for its duration, the strict preservation of honesty and honour.

We now arrive at the more easily to be answered question of

WHO IS AN ESQUIRE?

To begin with the origin of the term Esquire.

This appellation comes from the French *escu*, and the Latin *scutum*, a shield; and they both derive from the Greek *σχυρος*, which signifies the hide of which shields were anciently made, and with which they were afterwards covered. An Esquire was originally he who, attending a Knight in time of war, carried his shield, whence he was called *escuier* in French, and *scutifer* or *armiger*, (armour-bearer) in Latin. "The Squires," says James, in his History of Chivalry, "had often important duties to perform. It was for them to follow their lords to the battle-field; and while the knights, formed in a long line, fought hand to hand against their equals, the squires remained watching eagerly the conflict, and ready to drag their master from the *melée*, to cover him if he fell, to supply him with fresh arms, and in short to lend him every aid; without, however, presuming to take an active part against the adverse knights, with whose class it was forbidden for a squire to engage." Hotoman, in the sixth chapter of his work upon Feuds, says, that those whom the French call Esquires are a military kind of vassals, having *jus scuti*, that is, liberty to bear a shield, and in it the ensigns of their family, in token

of their gentility or dignity. But this about the ensigns is evidently too fanciful a meaning, and applies to a subsequent use of the term. The former derivation and explanation, in accordance with James's account of the Esquire's duties, appear to be far more reasonable and correct, especially since the law, as will be presently seen, connects the dignity with office and employment, and not with mere condition.

The whole judicial construction of the right to be called Esquire is so admirably compressed and put forth in the second volume, p. 553, of the third edition of Jarman and Bythewood's *Conveyancing*, edited by a learned counsel, Mr. Sweet, that we cannot do better than give the entire extract, leaving out only the references, which are somewhat troublesome to the general reader, and may be easily had by looking into the book itself.

"No lord or lady of a manor, *under the degree of an ESQUIRE*," says the work, "could appoint gamekeepers to *seize* guns, nets, and other engines used for the destruction of game, under the 22 & 23 Car. 2. c. 25. s. 2., whatever the estate might be ;' for no landed estate, however large, will confer the title, as the term Esquire has no relation whatever to landed property ; but it must be acquired either by office, the King's patent, or some of the means laid down by Selden and Camden. A lord of a manor is certainly not an Esquire by virtue of his manor, or royalty, though in common acceptation he is considered as such. ESQUIRES, in law, and properly so called, are the sons of all the peers and lords of parliament, in the lives of their fathers ; the eldest sons of the youngest sons of peers, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession, and consequently the younger sons of peers after the death of their fathers. All the noblemen of other nations, and Scotch and Irish peers if they be not knights (but now, by the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, Scotch and Irish peers retain their rank in this country). The eldest sons of baronets, the eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons for ever. Esquires created expressly with a collar of S S, and spurs of silver, of which at present there are none. Persons of whom the King gives arms by letters patent, with the title Esquire, and their eldest sons for ever. Esquires of the Knights of the Bath, each of whom formerly constituted *two* at his installation, but the number now is *three* ; for by the statutes of the Order of the Bath, article 15, 23 May 1725, 11, Geo. 1., at which time the Order was revived, each Knight is required to have at his installation one young esquire, and two esquires governors ; all of whom have the same rights and advantages as gentlemen of the Privy Chamber : and it is by the same section declared, that the eldest son of every of these esquires shall have and use the addition and title of esquire in all acts, proceedings, and pleadings. Barristers-at-law by their office or profession. Justices of the peace, while in the commission, but no justices of the peace of corporate towns,* &c. Persons chosen esquires to the body of the Prince, of which at present there are none, their place being supplied and rendered unnecessary by means of a

* We take this to mean such magistrates as become justices in corporate towns by virtue of their respective charters. The justices, however, for boroughs, under the Municipal Corporation Act, 5 & 6 W. 4. c. 76., are appointed by the Queen's commission, and consequently have as much right to the title of Esquire as justices for counties. We moreover are strongly inclined to the opinion that all mayors and justices are Esquires, since, however appointed, they are the conservators of the Queen's peace, with power to hear and determine, within their respective jurisdictions, and consequently are high officers of trust under the Crown.

standing army. Persons attending upon the King's coronation in some employment, or persons employed in any superior office in the kingdom, or serving in some place of better note in the King's household. And it has been *supposed* that all who bear an office of trust under the Crown, and who are styled Esquires by the King in their commissions and appointments; as they are once honoured by the King with the title of Esquire, they have that distinction *for life*; such, for instance, as sheriffs of counties, or captains in the army or navy. Notwithstanding the 44 Geo. 3. c. 54. s. 26, enacted that all officers in corps of volunteers, having commissions from lieutenants of counties, should *rank* with the officers of His Majesty's regular forces, yet a commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of a county, and announced in the *Gazette*, constituting a person captain commandant of a corps of volunteer infantry, and styling him an Esquire, does not create such a person an Esquire, because the Lord Lieutenant cannot confer honours; and the Court of Common Pleas, in the case of *Talbot v. Eagle*, *Taunton's Reports*, p. 510, said there was no pretence to call such a gentleman Esquire. Although Mr. Serjeant Len's opinion, that the 'eldest son of a clergyman is not as such qualified (as the son of an Esquire) under any of the descriptions of the statute 22 & 23 Car. 2. c. 25. s. 3; * and that it makes no difference in this respect that the father is a Master of Arts in an English University, and in the commission of the peace:' still it seems that a clergyman in the commission of the peace, lord of a manor, would have been considered as not being *under the degree* of an Esquire, according to the description of the repealed statute. The ground of the learned serjeant's opinion perhaps is, that such a clergyman is neither an Esquire nor a 'person of higher degree.'"

In addition to this, we find at p, 380. of the same volume of the same work, that—

"As barristers in England are called Esquires, the attornies in all the colonies, excepting Jamaica and Barbadoes, are also called Esquires: because the departments of counsel and attorney are there united. In Jamaica and Barbadoes, where the departments of counsel and attorney are distinct, the attorneys are described, as in England, *gentlemen* in all legal proceedings."

It is quite apparent from the law as above laid down, that the degree of Esquire does not result from gentle birth or landed possessions, but is nothing more than a dignified appointment, which either comes mediately or immediately from the Crown, and may exist by itself; or which necessarily attaches to the filling, or, as it would seem, to even the re-

* The words of the 22 & 23 Car. 2. c. 25. s. 3., are, "That every person not having lands and tenements, or some other estate of inheritance, in his own or his wife's right, of the clear yearly value of £100 per annum, or for term of life, or having lease or leases of ninety-nine years, or for any longer time, of the clear yearly value of £150, (*other than the son and heir-apparent of an Esquire or other persons of higher degree*, and the owners and keepers of forests, parks, chases, or warrens,) is prohibited from having, keeping, or using any guns, bows, greyhounds, setting-dogs, ferrets, coney-dogs, lurchers, hays, nets, lowbels, hare-pipes, gins, snares, or other engines aforesaid." Pursuant to the curiously strict ruling of the courts of law, the qualification marked in italics in the above section, was not accorded to the Esquire or person of higher degree himself, but only to his son, and heir-apparent, and that merely during the father's lifetime, because, pursuant to Lord Mansfield's decision, "the son ceases to be heir-apparent upon his father's death." *Jones v. Smart*, 1 *Term Reports*, p. 44.

versionary contingency of filling any office of trust and honour in the service or about the person of the Monarch. True it is that in some cases the title of Esquire is hereditary, but this (the case of the sons of Esquires of the Bath being a mere statutable exception) is only where the royal patent so makes it, or, apparently where those in succession, as in the case of a peerage, have the possibility of obtaining a superior dignity and office to which they are in remainder. This is the more evident from the fact of the sons of justices of the peace and barristers not being consequently Esquires, since their fathers' functions terminate with their lives, and do not go to their descendants. The eldest sons of Knights being Esquires, may seem to contradict this position, but Sir Edward Coke (one authority for the statement) is not very clear upon the point. His words (2 Inst. 596.) are, "The eldest son of a Knight is an Esquire, as his father ought to be before he was called to the dignity of Knighthood;" which would seem to infer that the son was not an Esquire by birth, but had some claim or right to be made one in the way his father was prior to being Knighted. Moreover, it was determined by a decree of the Earl Marshal's Court, 18 March, 1615:—"That there are two degrees that give the title of Esquire by birth, 1st. Younger sons of Peers of the Realm and the heirs-male of their bodies; 2d The direct heir-male of Knights;—and the heirs-male of younger sons of Peers take precedence of the heirs-male of Knights." How the sons of Baronets (and we think all the sons of Baronets, if any,) come to be Esquires is, probably, because the dignity had originally attached to it the honourable office of assisting the Crown in the reduction and plantation of a province.

There is a very common error abroad, that a grant of arms from the Herald's College gives of itself the title of Esquire; but this is decidedly not so. It is only where a direct patent from the Crown names the grantee Esquire, that he becomes entitled to the addition, should he not already possess it. This is so well understood in the College of Arms that it is the invariable practice there never to call the person to whom the grant of arms is made, Esquire, in the patent, unless the party is already actually and strictly an Esquire, according to law. Indeed, we are inclined to doubt whether a mere Herald's College grant of arms, as it is not a direct grant from the Crown, confers gentility at all. A Herald's grant of arms to a mere mechanic or tradesman, the regal direct donation not appearing in the patent, seems to us to leave him but a mechanic or tradesman still. This, however, may admit of dispute; but one thing is certain—the grant of arms of itself does not confer the title of Esquire.

Barristers-at-law are Esquires pursuant to a right legally and universally acknowledged. In one case reported in the first volume of *Wilson's Reports*, p. 224, the Court of Common Pleas refused to hear an affidavit, because a barrister named in it was not called Esquire; and all the courts now invariably require counsel to be so styled. Some writers think this an anomaly, and declare the dignity to have been obtained by barristers through usurpation. Yet are not barristers in some measure superior officers, or officers of trust in the court of the Sovereign? They were first appointed by an ordinance of King Edward I. (1 *Blackstone's Com.* p. 23. n.), and they now derive their degree from the benchers of the Inns of Court, who have their authority for this purpose from the ruling

power. Barristers certainly do on their admission take a very strong oath of something even more than common allegiance to the Crown. Moreover, they are within the principle we detect in the law above laid down; they have the contingency of filling stations of high trust and honour in the state; they form the body from whom the judges, the attorney and solicitor general, the Queen's serjeants, and Queen's counsel, must of necessity come. If the son of the peer or minor noble be an Esquire because he may inherit the dignity and duty of his father, how much more so is he who may one day have to protect the rights of his sovereign by his knowledge and ability, or to do the Crown the most essential service of all, in learnedly interpreting the statute and common law for the furtherance of the common weal, and in wisely and impartially and mercifully administering justice.

With regard to doctors of medicine or physicians, they hold a rank on the scale of precedence above that of an Esquire, but they are not consequently Esquires. Indeed, there seems no ground whatever for giving them that title. None of the law writers and law reports (and they, after all, are the real authorities on this subject) attach Esquire to the degree of doctor, although they do gentility and rank. "A degree in either University," it is said in *Bacon's Abridgment of the Law*, title "Misnomer," "is a good addition, yet a doctor in divinity may be described by the addition of clerk, as well as by that of doctor." Here, then, though a further addition is mentioned, no allusion is made to an Esquire. In the case of *Jones v. Smart*, reported in the first volume of the *Term Reports*, p. 44, which was a question as to qualification under the Game Law, it was not for a moment contended that a doctor was an Esquire, but that he was a person of higher degree. The College of Physicians is an incorporate body of great learning and dignity, but there is nothing in their charter (the 14 and 15 Hen. VIII., c. 5) which could lead to their assuming the addition of Esquire. With respect to doctors of physic, not members of the College of Physicians, and consequently disabled from practising in and within seven miles of London, the following expression is used in *Burn's Justice*, last edition, vol. v. p. 532 :—"As to the testimonials granted by the Universities on a person's taking the doctor's degree, these may have the nature of a recommendation, and give a man a fair reputation, but confer no right." In the case of *Jones v. Smart*, above alluded to, where the question arose after the Union with Scotland, Lord Mansfield, in giving his judgment, thus spoke of a doctor of medicine of a Scotch University :—"Whatever rank such doctor may hold by courtesy in this country, he is not, in point of law, to be considered as a doctor to this purpose," viz. with respect to giving qualification as a person of a higher degree than an Esquire under the game statute of Charles II. Consequently, we conclude that a doctor of medicine, as such, is not an Esquire: he, however, holds a position superior to that of the Esquire, except he be a doctor who is not licensed by the College of Physicians, and whose degree or diploma comes from a foreign university, or indeed from any university but those, such as Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, which give a right to practise in England. A doctor of a Scotch or foreign university has no rank in this country beyond that of mere gentility alone. It should be understood generally, as well as in the case of physicians, that the addition of Esquire has nothing to do for its existence with the scale of precedence: a person may be far

above an Esquire on that scale, yet he is not an Esquire, and why? because the title arises from office, and not from position.

Thus far as regards the legal right to the addition of Esquire, and, let it be clearly understood, no person can fairly or honourably be an Esquire, but according to the law alone. Custom has, however, given a far wider range to this designation of Esquire, through a complete mistake. It has confounded the term with that of Gentleman, one of different, and much less strict acceptation. An Esquire is a gentleman in consequence of the honour of his station; so is a peer, or a baronet; but one might just as well term every gentleman a Duke as call him an Esquire. Of the term Gentleman we have fully spoken, above.

Custom, politeness, or pretension, may designate persons Esquires who are not entitled to be so; nevertheless it is an assumption and an error still—an error which right feeling and respectability will ever refuse to adopt. The polite intention of others in wrongfully applying the title, is pardonable; but he who will himself be called Esquire, contrary to law and reason, may probably eventually find that he loses rather than gains in public estimation.

IN conclusion, for the sake of clearness, we recapitulate in a tabular form, the different classes to whom the title of Esquire belongs.

ESQUIRES ARE—

1. The sons of all the peers and lords of parliament in the lives of their fathers; the younger sons of peers after the death of their fathers; the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession.

2. Noblemen of other nations.

3. The eldest (and we think, if any, all the) sons of baronets, and the eldest sons of knights.

4. Esquires created expressly with a collar of SS, and spurs of silver, now obsolete.

5. Persons to whom the Queen gives arms by her own letters patent, with the title Esquire.

6. Esquires of the Bath, and the eldest sons of those Esquires pursuant to the statutes of the order.

7. Barristers-at-law, by their office or profession.

8. Justices of the peace, and mayors, while in the commission, or in office.

9. Persons chosen Esquires to the body of the Prince, now obsolete.

10. Persons attending on the Sovereign's coronation in some notable employment, or persons employed in any superior office of trust under the Crown, or serving in some place of better note in the Queen's household.

11. Persons who are styled Esquires by the Queen in their patents, commissions, or appointments, such as sheriffs of counties, captains in the army and navy.

12. Attorneys in colonies, where the departments of counsel and attorney are united.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

WILLIAM PENN.

FEW of our readers—fewer still, perhaps, of the pacific race, of whom he was one of the principal founders—are aware that WILLIAM PENN, the celebrated Quaker, was not only of aristocratic, but of martial origin. An ancestor of his, a knight, traces his descent considerably beyond the sixteenth century; and William himself, the renowned leader of the Society of Friends, was the son of a gallant admiral; who, after having for years contended with the enemies of his country on the billow, settled quietly down on his estates in the counties of Gloucester and Buckingham, where the future hero of Pennsylvania, his only son, was born some time in the course of the year 1644.

Of Penn's early education, we have small authentic information, nor is it now of any moment. In his sixteenth year he was entered a gentleman commoner, at Christ College, Oxford; and even this would have been unimportant, had not his extraordinary career almost immediately begun. One Thomas Loe, a friend or disciple of the renowned George Fox, having made a pilgrimage to the head-quarters of English learning, for the purpose of disseminating his tenets, quickly made a convert of Penn, who embraced the new creed with an ardour by no means consistent with the practice of its present followers, or possibly his own future principles. William, in short, after first having been sharply reprimanded for habitual absence from chapel, allowed his new zeal so to burst out on the arrival of an order for the assumption of the obnoxious surplice, that he not only refused to obey it himself, but prevailed on a few of his fellow students to tear it from the shoulders of those who conformed—an offence for which he was at first ostracised and ultimately banished from college.

Penn returned home; but received no countenance from his sire. The old admiral, a severe disciplinarian himself, rated him in round quarter-deck terms, for insubordination—infusing into his oratory, to the young convert's horror, a few of those choice expletives which were then supposed to impart peculiar energy to eloquence, but are now somewhat out of vogue, under the designation of "profane swearing." William was shocked; but it only confirmed him in his creed. Finding remonstrance idle, therefore, his father dismissed him on a two years' tour throughout Europe; expecting that the gaieties of France and boisterousness of Holland would wean him from his strict and somewhat unsocial principles. William, however, at the end of it, returned more confirmed than ever; and having met his old preceptor Loe, at Cork, while journeying back, adopted, what in the old admiral's estimation was deemed then still more heinous, the crime of refusing to doff the hat. In the venerable officer's opinion, this filled up the measure of his son's iniquity. Still, as the youth was of a kindly disposition, a compromise was offered. The admiral consented that he should be permitted to wear the cherished head-gear in all companies

save his own, the King's, and the Duke of York's, (afterwards James II.); but to this his heir refused. To no overture on the subject of *Hat-worship*, as he termed it, would the son listen; and he was consequently again banished from the paternal roof.

Penn had at this period only attained the age when the passions begin to dominate, and we may hence infer how strong was the enthusiasm which prompted him to relinquish all youthful pleasures. From this time he devoted himself to a life, one of the most extraordinary of which biography makes mention. Alternately wandering as a preacher; often, for his principles, an inmate of a gaol; an unwearied philanthropist at all times; and an indefatigable pamphleteer, on occasions almost equally numerous—his history for many years is but that of prisons, publishing, persecutions, and stocks,—we mean not the consolidated public debt known by that name, but the wooden implement of pillory then applied to non-conformists. It is not exactly known whether Penn actually stood in them himself; but if he did not, it was not from want of will. The influence of his father, who stood in high estimation with the Duke of York, possibly saved our hero from degradation, though he, doubtless, would have deemed it the height of earthly honour: but if he could not attain it personally, he lost no opportunity of favouring with his company any friend who chanced thus to have been elevated. He stood, in fact, by their sides on those occasions, with all the steadfast devotion recorded of Mr. Thomas Steele, in the state trial of the late Daniel O'Connell—determined to share the honour, if he could not *in propria persona* receive it; and assuredly with gaols and persecutions of every form he was more familiar than any other member of the sect.

An authentic biography of Penn, at this period, would be exceedingly interesting, as it would make us acquainted with half the courts of persecution, and nearly all the places of incarceration, within the precincts of England. Wherever any friend was in danger, Penn instantly set off to his relief; and, if this were wholly impracticable, he with equal alacrity published a pamphlet, which, if it did not serve the purpose of liberating the object of his solicitude, almost invariably secured that of his own imprisonment to bear him company. The number of these works is almost incredible, and the title of some are no less curious. "No Cross, no Crown," was the name of one, which brought him into familiar contact with the Attorney-General, a public prosecutor of the day; and "A Sandy Foundation Shaken," published on the occasion of a sectarian *set-to* with an episcopal parson, named Vincent, who had ingloriously fled from the theological duella, was another, which immediately brought him into the presence of the Recorder of London. The latter occasion was remarkable, and deserves to be commemorated. William had been enlarging on it within the precincts of a Meeting-house, and consequently was put on his trial for illegal preaching. He entered the court with his hat on, and an attendant satrap instantly tore it off. "Put it on," said the ferocious judge; and immediately fined the prisoner for wearing it in his presence. This brutal conduct on the placid demeanour of Penn, possibly predisposed the jury in his favour. "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch-street," was the only verdict they would deliver, though fiercely charged by the presiding authority for conviction. This was equivalent to acquittal, and Penn consequently demanded his liberty. On being refused, he quoted Coke on Lyttleton, *Magna Charta*, and asked the reason why?

"Silence!" thundered the judge; "if we suffer your questions till to-morrow, you will be no wiser."

"That depends on the answer," was Penn's cutting reply; and the judge was now inflamed to ferocity. He locked up the jury for the night; next day they appeared with the same verdict. A second and a third day they boldly persisted in their course; and at last, on the fourth, when brought in famishing for food, instead of giving way, as anticipated by the court, they undauntedly returned a verdict of Not Guilty. Penn was consequently discharged, but instantly afterwards seized for non-payment of his fine. "Seize him—stop his mouth—bring fetters—stake him to the ground," was the savage recorder's command when he refused, and with the same unruffled benignity, still quoting Coke, Penn walked off to the Bale Dock—a wretched prison, in which he had previously been six months confined.

His father however paid the fine, and being now struck with his son's intrepidity as well as the purity of his conduct, a reconciliation shortly afterwards followed. Penn was consequently discharged; but seems soon again to have fallen into a similar predicament; and this occasion was memorable as the only one in which he lost his placid demeanour. The judge having insinuated, that his practice differed from his precepts, and his life was not so pure as he professed—"I make this bold challenge," exclaimed Penn indignantly, "to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me, with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and who from a child begat an hatred in me towards them. Thy words be thy burthen, and I trample thee as dirt beneath my feet!"*

The effect was electrical, though, perhaps, somewhat unbefitting the meek principles of Penn's sect; but it led to a thorough reconciliation with his father, who shortly afterwards died, and left him heir to a property of £1500 a year; and is said before his death to have acquiesced in the propriety of his son's tenets. But Penn had in the interval undergone six months' imprisonment in Newgate, and seems indeed to have been there when he succeeded to, what was then considered, that splendid rent-roll. He was however now in a very different position from the poor persecuted enthusiast. Amongst other property, his father had bequeathed him a claim of £16,000 on the government; and the needy Court of Charles II, ventured not to treat such a man with asperity. He had, moreover, formed an intimacy with Algernon Sydney, and the illustrious republican took care that his friend should not languish in suffering and obscurity. Penn shortly afterwards consequently had an opportunity of stating his own hardships, and those of the sect to which he belonged, at the bar of the House of Commons; and he urged them with all the effects of homely, yet resolute eloquence. We regret that our space will not permit us an abstract of his sound and sturdy periods—somewhat florid, perhaps, and occasionally redundant—teeming possibly also a little too much with stubbornness and self-complacency—but redolent, on the whole, of full and manly English. Nor is this of so much moment, as it was

* *Memoirs of Private and Public Life of William Penn*, by Thomas Clarkson, i. 99, 100. London, 1813.

not on England that Penn's mind was now fixed, and his fame depends but on the vast transatlantic territory which is identified with his name.

A quaker named Billynge had previously made over a considerable part of this territory to Penn, in the capacity of a mortgagee; and the needy government of the Restoration readily consented to assign him the rest, in liquidation of his father's claim; but it was on no such terms that Penn would consent to hold the property; and though legally endowed with it, his lofty principles considered that it was not lawfully his, until he had made an arrangement with the simple natives of the Forest. Accordingly, though invested with the province as its sovereign lord, and even entrusted with the prerogative of legislating for it to the extent of life or death, he determined to proceed with the *aborigines* on the strictest basis of equity, and to purchase the property as if it had never been conferred. Nay, more, he determined that, even after purchase, they should continue in possession in common with his own people, or those with whom he designed to colonize the district; that they should enjoy equal rights, and that all subjects of dispute should be settled by a jury of equal numbers, native and his own adherents.

Never was a colony founded on principles more equitable—never indeed were the inherent rights of the simple natives of the soil before so recognised; and, with a spirit induced by their beneficent founders, three ships set sail with about as many hundred colonists for America, in the year 1681. The expedition was entrusted to Colonel Markham, a relative of Penn's, and it was designed that Penn himself should follow during the next year. Meanwhile the Colonel, who had latterly been accustomed to act as Penn's secretary, received ample instructions with some other commissioners, to treat the Indians with kindness.

"I would have you well observe," said Penn himself, in a missive to the natives, "that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised toward you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This I hear hath been a matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood. But I am not such a man; as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard toward you, and desire to win and gain your friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in anything any one shall offend you, or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion against them.

"I shall shortly," he added, "come to see you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the meantime, I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land, and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them, and to the people, and receive the presents and tokens which I have sent as a testimony of my good-will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you. I am, your loving friend—

"WILLIAM PENN."

It affords a high proof of the pacific disposition of the Indians when treated with kindness, as well as of the inaptitude of the gross excesses

which others of our countrymen committed upon the simple natives of the forest, to state that this benevolent overture was received with a spirit corresponding to that which dictated it; and that the young colony was already in a considerable state of prosperity when Penn himself set out to visit it in the autumn of 1682. He carried with him from his own resources a large store of everything necessary to contribute to the welfare of the natives as well as of the colonist, and was accompanied by a numerous body of sectarians of all classes, anxious to avail themselves of this new proffered sanctuary of religious liberty. But these considerations, interesting though they be in the eyes of politicians and philanthropists, we quit for the still greater attractions which Penn's letters to his wife and children, in our opinion, present.

His letters, we think, are exceedingly beautiful, and if half of the innumerable tracts he wrote contain a tithe of their feeling, we may suggest that even yet they should be rescued from oblivion:—

“My dear wife and children,” he says, before sailing, “my love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearedly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you for ever: and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world and for ever. Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to the one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

“My dear wife! remember thou wert the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I am ever to see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.”

He then gives her much advice on the subject of economy and his religious opinions, and continues in a strain more interesting to us: “And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children, abundantly beloved by thee as the Lord's blessings, and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things, endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behaviour; *yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.* Religion in the heart leads unto the true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behaviour; an accomplishment indeed worthy of praise,

“Next breed them up,” he adds, “in a love one of another: tell them it is the charge I left behind me; and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long; and allow them to send and give each other small things to endear one another with. Once more I say, tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal; spare no cost; *for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved:* but

let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and mind too."

He counsels her to avoid public schools. "Rather," he says, "keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them than send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there. *Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it as to learning*: let them not dwell too long on one thing, but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them."

The italics are ours, and we can with difficulty refrain from copying the whole of this charming letter. One more passage will suffice, from his counsel to the mother, "When grown up," he says, still speaking of his children, "have most care of them; for then there are more snares, both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have good worthy persons in their eye, of good life, and good fame for piety and understanding. I desire no wealth, but sufficiency; and be sure their love be dear, and fervent, and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not that they should be married to earthly, covetous kindred; and of cities and towns of concourse beware: *the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there*: a country life and estate I like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion of a hundred pounds per annum before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place, in a way of trade."

With one more extract from this exceedingly beautiful document we shall conclude—it is his advice to his children:—

"Be obedient to your dear mother," he says, "a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding—qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors; and though she be of delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost care and tenderness for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother."

Lest he should die in the course of his philanthropic mission, he added the following advice to his eldest son, on whom the ownership of the colony would devolve; and it may be adduced as illustrative of his own administration:—

"As for you," he says, "who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you, before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law its free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the life you would have the people live, and then you shall have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no

lurchers—cherish no informers for gain or revenge—use no tricks—fly to no devices to support or cover injustice ; but let your heart be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant you.”

This letter, which, for richness of diction and purity of thought, we consider unsurpassed by any in the language, is dated “ Warminghurst, fourth of sixth month, 1682,” and thus concludes :—

“ Finally, my dear children, love one another with a true endearing love, and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, *so it be without the bounds forbidden by God's law*, that so they may not, like the forgetting unnatural world, grow out of kindred and as cold as strangers ; but as becomes a truly natural and Christian stock, you and yours after you may live in the pure and fervent love of God towards one another, as becoming brethren in the spiritual and natural relation.

“ So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children.

“ Yours as God pleaseth, in that love which no water can quench, no time forget, no distance wear away, but remains for ever,

“ WILLIAM PENN.”

With these sentiments, this great and good and worthy man set forth, and reached America a few weeks after quitting England. His career there was commensurate, and is a matter of history, as well as a world's notoriety. His memorable convention with the Indians has formed a subject alike for pen and pencil. He congregated and addressed them in an harangue corresponding ; and the Indians on their side, in their own hyperbolical language, “ pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and the moon should endure.” After spending a number of years in consolidating and giving laws to the province, he returned to England, and experienced a most courteous reception at court. Charles II. had previously expressed a warm esteem for him, and his successor James, with far higher taste, and still more sincerity, insisted that the new territory, which Penn had proposed originally to term New Wales, and eventually Sylvania, should ultimately, by the prefix of his own name, be for ever identified with his benign reputation. By William he was well received, though he appears to have undergone some persecution for conscience-sake, as well as lost his wife, a lady of estimable family, and son, and government in the interval ; but the latter was restored to him by the Dutchman, and after revisiting the colony, and marrying again, he eventually died gently in England, in the 72d year of his age.

History has many greater, but than Penn it has no purer character to commemorate. With a little self-complacency perhaps, and overweening conceit, he seems to have been otherwise almost wholly without alloy ; and if his tenets and the peculiarities of his creed—to which we may possibly take another opportunity of alluding—were in some degree overstretched, he is yet entitled to be considered one of the most estimable, beneficent, and meritorious of his species.

J.*

A CURIOUS STORY OF THE STUARTS.

THE Viscount D'Arlinecourt, who not very long since visited Scotland, gives us the following strange and romantic history of the Brothers Stuart, regarded by the descendants of those who fought and fell in the cause of "Prince Charlie," as the grandsons of the young Chevalier.

"I quitted Inverness for the mansion of Colonel Hugh Baillie. Red Castle not only possessed for me the interest of a beautiful situation, but also that of historical recollections. It was the last Scotch castle which obstinately resisted Cromwell. Charles Edward was there a short time before his defeat; the chamber occupied by him has been preserved. I begged permission to sleep there, and found myself within the same walls where the heir of the Scottish kings must once have felt his heart beat with the hope and the memory of the past; for he was there surrounded by his faithful Highlanders, and until then fortune had appeared to smile upon him. Alas! Culloden was at hand.

"On joining the breakfast party next morning, my thoughts were engrossed by recollections of 1745. I spoke of the emotions I had felt in Charles Edward's chamber.

"'You are doubtless come hither,' said one of his guests, 'to visit his grandchildren?'

"'His grandchildren!' I repeated, with an exclamation of surprise.

"'They live very near here, he resumed. 'Nothing can be more interesting than their mysterious abode; it is called Eilan Aigais.'

"'But,' said I, 'the tomb of Cardinal York, in St. Peter's, at Rome, bears the celebrated inscription, 'Here lie the last of the Stuarts.'

"'They who commanded the inscription you mention to be placed there had doubtless their own reasons for doing so. But go and see the descendants of Charles Edward; they are the two handsomest men in this part of the country. Nature has loaded them with her favours. Education, wit, talents, they are deficient in none of them; they would have been worthy of a throne.'

"My curiosity was excited. I passed the remainder of the day in making inquiries respecting the brothers Stuart, for whom a general interest is manifested in the north of Scotland, and the following details were related to me:—

"Charles Edward, it was said, had a son from his marriage with the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany. This fact, which has not been published in history, is contradicted by official statements, but attested by authentic documents; some of these last I have seen, but I will not venture to speak of them. As to the following details, which have been published in different compilations, I may repeat them without scruple.

"A Scottish doctor, named Cameron, being at Florence, in Italy, a stranger of high rank sent to him, begging him to visit a noble lady, who was dangerously ill. A promise of secrecy as to what he might see was exacted from him, and his eyes were blindfolded before he was admitted to the presence of her who required his care. On arriving at the place where he was expected, Dr. Cameron beheld a lady lying on a bed. She had just given birth to a son. A nurse, as well as a priest, had been summoned thither; the portrait of Charles Edward, set round with

precious stones, lay on a table; and at the end of the room was the Prince himself.

"The doctor wrote and signed a detailed statement of the fact. It is affirmed that this declaration is one of the documents in the possession of the brothers Stuart. There still exists a picture painted at the time (I am not authorized to say where it is), which represents Charles Edward in the act of entrusting his son to Admiral Hay, to be brought up in secret at a distance from him. The Admiral is standing on board ship, his wife is on the shore; with one knee bent to the ground, she is receiving the child from the Prince, and the vessel awaits them.

"But why did Charles Edward and the Countess of Albany so carefully conceal the existence of their son? Why did they confide him to an Admiral of the name of Hay, that he should be brought up away from them? The answer is as follows:—The Prince wished to place his child in safety until he attained his majority; he was convinced that the life of a new heir of the Stuarts would be attempted; moreover, he desired that he should be kept in ignorance of his birth, that his education and early years might not be disturbed by thoughts of the sceptre and the throne; he would not have enlightened him except favourable circumstances had rendered such a proceeding necessary.

"But after the death of her husband, why did not the Countess of Albany reveal the secret of the existence of another Stuart? In reply to this, it is stated that the Countess of Albany, the mistress of Alfieri, and a woman of little principle, had received considerable sums as a reward for her continued silence. There is nothing surprising in this conduct of her who, after having been the wife of Charles Edward, became the mistress of Alfieri, and ended by contracting a third marriage with a painter of Montpelier, called Fabre.

"The son of Charles Edward, adopted by Admiral Hay, whose name he bore, married, it is said, contrary to the will of his mother; he became the father of two sons, who are the brothers Stuart. He caused them to be brought up in Scotland, and retired himself into Italy, where he still lives in the strictest seclusion. It is pretended that, bound by a solemn oath, he has forbidden his children ever to reveal their origin, at least during his life. They, therefore, will neither publish, nor permit to be published, any of their papers or titles; nevertheless, they openly assume their grandfather's name; the eldest signs himself John Sobieski Stuart, and the second Charles Edward Stuart. The former bears a striking resemblance to Vandyke's portrait of Charles the First, but is much handsomer; the other is the living image of the Pretender. They have in their possession most valuable and remarkable articles; the orders of Charles Edward, his clothes, watch, jewels, hair, flags, arms, and portrait. I was shewn the chest where the heir of the Highlanders usually kept his money, his precious stones, and his papers, locked up; this chest, originally a present from Francis I., is admirably carved. It still contains title deeds.

"Let us conclude with some extracts from an article in the *Catholic Magazine*:—

"Was Cardinal York really the last of the Stuarts? It is generally maintained that he was; but has the statement been proved? No.

"Numerous testimonies bear witness to the contrary. The life of Charles Edward, from the time of the battle of Culloden until long after his marriage with the Princess of Stolberg, is little known, and shrouded

in mystery. There is no ground for denying the possibility of an heir of the Stuarts being still alive. Prince Charles Edward had a thousand reasons for concealing the existence of a son, particularly that of wishing to secure his life from those who would have had an interest in his death.

“ ‘We have been permitted to glance at a correspondence of the most important and remarkable nature, by which it is proved that Cardinal York was by no means the last descendant of the Stuarts. Direct heirs of Charles Edward still exist.’

“Napoleon, previous to the late disasters of the empire, heard the brothers Stuart spoken of; he wished to see them and attach them to his person; the young Scots fought beneath his colours. One day on the field of battle, Napoleon detached his cross from his button-hole, and gave it himself to John Sobieski. Afterwards, it is said, the titles of which they hold possession were laid before the eyes of King Charles X., who was much struck by them. A report spread that he had thoughts of re-establishing the Order of Malta, and that one of them would have been made Grand Master. The brothers Stuart, surnamed the handsome Scots, were received everywhere with great distinction. A number of orders covers the breast of the elder, and in his Scottish costume, adorned with his numerous decorations, and enveloped in mystery, he appears surrounded with a magic charm.

“What conclusion is to be drawn from all this? I am not called on to decide. I may be asked, ‘What is your opinion on the subject?’ I shall give no other answer to this question than the sentence which is inscribed on the title-page of my book, ‘I do not judge, I relate.’

“I had promised myself the pleasure of visiting the Isle of Aigais: a noble lady residing in that part of the country, the mother of Lord Lovat (Mrs. Fraser), came one morning to Red Castle; she was commissioned by Lady Lovat, her daughter-in-law, to invite me to pass some days at Beaufort Castle. She promised to conduct me to the abode of Charles Edward’s grandchildren; I accepted her offer eagerly, and we set out.

“There, beneath trees a hundred years old, in a solitude, where one seems transported a thousand leagues from civilization, stands a building, the architecture of which is in the style of the middle ages, with ancient windows and painted glass. This strange hermitage, shaded by firs and oaks, has the pediment of a noble mansion, on which are displayed the arms of the Scottish monarchy. Underneath the escutcheon of Charles Edward is this affecting inscription—‘The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’

“The two Stuarts were absent. The wife of the youngest came alone to meet us, and welcome us to her abode. The principal part of the ground-floor of this interesting dwelling was occupied by a long hall, hung round with flags. The walls were covered with trophies; several statues were placed there; and the rays of daylight which could only penetrate through windows gloomy as those of a cathedral, gleamed in the most fantastic manner amid the banners, ogives, and effigies of this warlike sanctuary. There were collected together all the memorials of Charles Edward; his arms, his banner, his garments, his portrait. I admired his fine and noble countenance, which I then beheld for the first time. A picture painted by John Sobieski struck me much; its subject was ‘the battle of Culloden.’ Charles Edward is represented on a bay horse, bounding across a wide precipice in the midst of a storm cloud. The wind

blowing in violent gusts, agitates the white plume of his Highland cap, the symbol of which is a white rose. His plaid is floating around him, his drawn sword is in his hand. His features and eyes wear an expression of resolute despair. His Highlanders, half concealed beneath the clouds of dust and smoke, from whence the shades of the sons of Fingal seem to be rising in tears, stretch out their swords towards him, forming with them a broad shield above his head. A ray of immortal brightness is gleaming o'er his forehead, from the midst of the standards, the swords and the tempest—he appears radiant amid misfortune.

“The execution of this picture is as fine as the conception. Opposite to it hangs one no less remarkable—‘Napoleon at Waterloo.’ The Emperor is mounted on a white horse, which is bearing him through the midst of the wind and the storm. Here are blood and rain; there laurels and corpses. Two meteors illumine his path; one in glory—the other a thunderbolt.

“No imagination, however cold it might be, could remain calm and without emotion under the roof of the brothers Stuart. Charles Edward is married; his brother is still single; they never leave each other. Both of them wear habitually the Highland costume; their tartan, like that of their grandfather, is red, with green squares, and the white rose is their symbol. Learned, and endowed with rare talents, they cultivate the arts and literature. Their personal beauty and their distinguished manners are such that they could not travel through Scotland a few years ago, without awakening the enthusiasm of the Highlanders; indeed there were some who only waited for a word from their mouths to rise in their favour, and claim the crown for them once more. But the Stuarts, simple in their tastes, quiet in their habits, and rejecting every ambitious thought, have adopted the sublime sentiment of peace and resignation which they have engraved upon their dwelling—‘The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!’”

THE DUCAL HOUSE OF PRASLIN.

How grievous it is that the bright annals of the noble house of Praslin should be indelibly stained by the iniquity of its late representative. The fair stem of the Praslins was of a growth of hundreds of years, and now how is it blighted by this murder most foul. An old historian of France extols in pompous phraseology the deeds of the great “Marechal de Praslin,” who lived in the beginning of the 16th century. He thus recounts his fortitude and loyalty:—

“Having become Masters of the Cantons that are at the foot of the Pyrenees, the Catalonians, in 1546, menaced the southern provinces of France. In order to stop them it was necessary to take possession of Rosas, a little town of Roussillon, which had been sold to them: the expedition was consigned to the brave and discreet Praslin. Never had a general more obstacles to overcome—nature, man, and all the elements seemed to conspire against him. A terrific storm inundated his camp in one moment, destroyed the works, carried away the tents; all fled, all were dispersed, the soldiers sought an asylum on the mountains; the inflexible Praslin, steady to his post, saw with an undisturbed eye the heavens pour forth its torrents. This deluge carried off the baggage in

its course, and destroyed the trench and machinery, the fruit of his genius. The fleet which ought to have assisted him was dispersed far from the coasts or shattered against the rocks. At last the waters reached his tent, and formed around him a kind of island, in which he was nearly drowned. In the midst of this disaster he thought of nothing but how to repair it, resembling that wise man who is described by a poet and philosopher—

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

At last the heavens became calm, the army returned to their camp, the entrenchments came out of their ruins, the siege was carried on with the same ardour, and the town surrendered. The siege lasted thirty-five days. After so memorable a conquest, Praslin could without pride aspire to the highest dignities: notwithstanding the Court forgot him. One of his friends advised him to appear to favour the discontented party, "I would reject," replied he with indignation, "the largest fortune, if I thought that my fidelity at that price would be suspected." The Marshal's staff was the recompense of so much service and heroic impartiality.

The Spaniards had, in 1552, become possessed of Sain to Meneshould, and had fortified it. At a council it was proposed to carry off this conquest from them. The enterprise appeared beyond human power, and Marshal Praslin was intrusted to conduct the siege; his enemies applauded the choice they had dictated, and regarded that office as the rock on which his prosperity in arms would fall; his friends already lamented his death, and foresaw that he was losing his glory, but that he would not survive it. This great man deceived at the same time the fears of some and the hope of others. The place was taken. His triumphant return overwhelmed with reproaches the minister who wished to sacrifice him on this occasion. "I know all the dangers of this expedition," said Praslin to him. "I sacrificed my reputation to the state, but if I had lost it, I would have lost my life at the same time."

NECROLOGICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE YEAR 1847.

MELANCHOLY, indeed, is it to take a review of the year "that's awa," and recall the numerous names of rank, genius, and celebrity, that death has snatched from us. The peerage adds to the mournful list two Dukes, Northumberland and Argyle; three Earls, Besborough, Harrowby, and Lanesborough; two Viscounts, Ashbrook and Kenmure; and seven Barons, Kingsale, Lurgan, Saye and Sele, Cowley, Dunsandle, Reay, and Rokeby.

No less than thirty-two Baronets are to be placed on the list.

Sir T. Crawley Boevey.
Sir E. Hyde East.
Sir Henry Caran.
Sir W. T. Pole.
Sir Walter Scott.
Sir Edward Vavasour.
Sir Charles Price.
Sir George Philips.
Sir Thomas Pigott.

Sir J. S. Menteth.
Sir J. L. Rogers.
Sir Fitzroy Maclean.
Sir J. Delves Broughton.
Sir W. N. Gresley.
Sir John Halkett.
Sir J. C. Rashleigh.
Sir John Burke.
Sir William Hillary.

Sir Richard Robinson.
 Sir John Beckett.
 Sir J. E. Willmot.
 Sir Wm. Fitzgerald.
 Sir Archibald Dunbar.
 Sir Arthur Chichester.
 Sir N. L. Peacocke.

Sir Wm. Chaytor.
 Sir Harford Jones Brydges.
 Sir John Henry Cotterell.
 Sir William Curtis.
 Sir William Anson.
 Sir Valentine Blake.
 Sir Grenville Temple.

Many eminent members of the untitled aristocracy have also fallen off: Mr. Townely, of Towneley; Mr. Fountayne Wilson, of Melton; Mr. Cartwright, of Aynho; Mr. Byng, of Wetham Park; Col. Gore Langton, of Newton; Mr. Colston, of Roundway Park; Col. Fulford, of Fulford; Mr. Walter, of Bearwood; Mr. Smith, of Methven Castle; Major Mahony, of Strokestown; Col. Lewis, of St. Pierre, &c. &c.

Among men, illustrious by their own personal distinction, great has been the mortality:

In 1847, died Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Chalmers, Marshals Oudinot and Grouchy, Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, Palafox, Duke of Saragossa, Mendelssohn, Dr. Harcourt Archbishop of York, Chief Justice Pennefather, Judge Burton, Dr. Frognall Dibdin, Robert Liston the surgeon, Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, Sir J. C. Dalbrac, Captain Glascock, the Hon. Dean Herbert, the Rev. J. T. Hewlett, the Right Hon. Joseph Planta, Prince Polignac, the Archduke Charles of Austria, The O'Connor Don, Sir David Pollock, Admiral Sir George Martin, G.C.B., General Sir George Cockburn, Collins the painter, George Robins, Sharon Turner, &c. &c.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY A LADY.

I.

THE PILGRIM OF ST. JUST.

THE night wore on apace, the fearful storm was o'er,
 When, lo! a Spanish monk knocked loudly at my door.
 "Oh, let me rest within, till waked by matin bell,
 For in that holy church my beads I'd early tell.
 And what your house affords prepare, good father, straight,
 A coffin and a cowl, resigned I'll meet my fate.
 Deny me not a narrow cell, and quick instal me there,
 For more than half the world in my dominions were.
 This head, which now submits so freely to be shaved,
 Has worn the victor's crown, his flag has o'er it waved.
 This bending shoulder now a cowl can scarce-sustain—
 'Twas decked in royal robes, nor wore I them in vain.
 I live, but am as dead—a leafless, withered tree;
 In ruins lies my realm—an emblem meet of me."

II.

THE OLD MAN.

HE saw the trees shoot forth their buds,
 So fresh, so green, so young;
 He saw the sparkling fountains flow,
 And rainbows o'er them hung.

He saw the arch of heav'n so blue,
 Serene and clear that day;
 He gazed on his deep-furrowed brow—
 The hair was silver grey.

"As bounteous spring upon the earth
 Now sends her blossoms free,
 With laughing gestures, full of mirth,
 So life once beckoned me.

"Oh! had it then but kept its faith,
 And what it promised given!
 But life's a beggar, nothing worth—
 KING DEATH its realm has riven.

“ And in the shadowy cypress grove
The monarch's dwelling 's shewn :
Forgetfulness his kingdom is,
A gravestone is his throne.

“ And there his num'rous children sleep,
So peacefully and warm ;
Safe cradled in a turfy bed,
Encircled by his arm.

“ He sits in solemn silence there,
And watches o'er their rest ;
Nothing disturbs their quiet sleep,
Their beds with flowers are drest.

“ Me, leaning on my bending staff,
A weary old man see—
Why tarriest thou so long, O King—
Why send'st thou not for me ? ”

III.

THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

THREE youths the Rhine had ferried o'er,
And reached a hostess's friendly door.
“ Good hostess, hast thou wine and beer ?
And say, where is thy daughter dear ? ”

“ My beer is good—my wine is clear—
My daughter's on her funeral bier.”
The room they seek ; they step therein—
A coffin's placed—she lies within.

The first approached, removed the veil,
And looked upon the corpse so pale.
“ Sweet maiden, didst thou now but live,
My heart to thee I'd freely give.”

O'er her the veil the second cast,
And turned away—his tears fell fast.
“ Alas ! that thou art on thy bier,
I've truly loved thee many a year.”

The third tore it again away,
And kissed her as she lifeless lay.
“ I loved thee ever—love thee now—
To thee eternal love I vow.”

ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

IV.—GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

ADMINISTRATIONS rise, and governments pass away—little men and smaller ministers, for a time fret and strut, and tease and insult mankind on their paltry yet congenial stage; but great events alone are landmarks in history, and those connected with them live in the memories of men, when the pretensions of the petty persons who at present usurp their place in the world's estimation are reduced to their due dimensions; or, in nine instances out of ten, are consigned to the contempt of oblivion. Amongst these great events or landmarks we hold the CRUSADES to be, and GODFREY OF BOUILLON, as the first individual connected with them, entitled to a place amongst the Romantic Heroes of History.

The date of this celebrated leader's birth is uncertain, but Bezy, near Nivelles, had the honour of his nativity. He was the son of Eustache II., Count of Boulogne, by Ida, a daughter of Duke Godfrey of Lorraine, to whose title and dominions he afterwards by adoption succeeded. The imperfect annals of those days contain little record of his youth and training, and it is not until this arrangement was contemplated by the contemporaneous Duke of Lorraine, in the absence of heirs-male, that we find Bouillon's name at all introduced upon the scene. Even then it is done only casually in opposition to the Emperor, who was disposed to exercise his right or pretension, in such circumstances, of nominating to the vacant fief; and Godfrey at first apparently maintained his claims with more valour than success. His opposition, in fact, had been subdued, and his pretensions were on the point of being cast aside, when a dispute arose between the Imperial and the Court of Rome. The disputants in those days had recourse to their usual weapons—arms and anathemas. The Emperor levied his men, the Holy Father arrayed the spiritual forces of the Vatican. But the former was then the less potent weapon, and the chief of the Imperial house consequently deemed it prudent to gather around him whatever supporters he could assemble. In this emergency he cast his eyes upon Godfrey, as an opponent likely to be formidable if enlisted on the side of the church, and, by granting all his recent demands, engaged him in his own. Bouillon, installed as Duke of Lorraine, entered Rome with the arms of the Emperor, and the Pope finding excommunication useless in his own city, was compelled to submit.

The fulminations of the Holy See were still formidable at a distance, whether in point of space or time, and those who paid little heed to them amid the turbulent and rebellious population of Rome were often impressed with a sense of their terrors when they turned their retrospection upon them at a distance from the insurgent city. Amongst

these was Godfrey. Having shortly afterwards been seized with a dangerous illness, the voice of his priest and the superstition of the age readily induced him to consider his affliction as a judgment from Heaven for his late unholy war against the Pope, and he was still more easily persuaded to make a vow of pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the event of recovery. His vows were heard, or the strength of his constitution prevailed. The ignorant leech of the household fortunately had fled on learning that his patient was labouring under the malediction of the church, and Godfrey being then left to the unchecked influence of kindly nature, nature prevailed. His recovery, however, was considered miraculous, and ascribed to the direct agency of religion. Heaven, it was said, had interposed in his behalf, and consequently, as soon as he was able once more to bestride a horse, he sold off the whole of his possessions, and set out for Jerusalem.

Curiously enough, two bishops were the principal purchasers. The Church, though it inflamed the wild and tumultuous zeal raised throughout Europe by Peter the Hermit, took little part in the expedition that followed. Many of its members, indeed, were accused of having excited that flame for their own advantage, and assuredly in numerous instances they largely profited by it. The principality of Flency thus was now sold by Godfrey to the bishop of Verdun for a trifle; the duchy of Bouillon, from the bishop of Liege scarcely brought him more; and had it not been for the large sum the inhabitants of Metz paid him for their freedom and independence, which previously had centred in him as liege or sovereign lord, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to equip a respectable troop. Followers, however, flocked to his banner from every quarter so soon as the sacred flag was unfurled—many induced by his reputation for valour, but still more by the supposed intervention of Heaven in his behalf; and at the head of a large number of adherents, he, on the 15th of August, 1096, commenced his march to Constantinople.

This Imperial city of the East was then governed by the Greek Emperor Alexis, a prince endowed with all the subtlety, craft, and refinement of his country. At first he was disposed to welcome the Crusades as likely to increase his power in the East, and enable him to subdue or overawe the adjoining Saracens; but the first body of Crusaders who made their appearance, under Peter the Hermit and Walter the Moneyless, convinced him that he was in more danger from the infuriated hordes of the West. He had accordingly opposed them, and though Walter was a gallant man, and Peter an enthusiast, the armies of both these leaders consequently disappeared like snow, annihilated not less by the hostility of his subjects than by their own excesses and misconduct. But a superior race of men had now taken the field; and the followers of Godfrey, Tancred, and other European leaders were not thus to be met or put down. A change of policy accordingly was necessary, and, so soon as it became requisite, adopted; the Crusaders experienced a gracious reception wherever they made their appearance in strength, and shewed a disposition to aid the acute Emperor's views of regaining, by their instrumentality, the dominion of the East. But whenever success deserted them, or they refused to own his assertions of feudal superiority, the old persecutions were renewed. Hugh of Vermandois, surnamed the Great, brother of the French King, was thus incarcerated in a dungeon and in irons at

Constantinople, because he had refused to acknowledge the superiority of the Greek Emperor; and Godfrey, as an ally or subject of the King of France, consequently gave orders for the pillage of his dominions so soon as he learned that the Emperor refused to liberate the captive prince. The most terrible excesses supervened—fire and sword everywhere laid waste the unhappy country, and the followers of Bouillon became as conspicuous for atrocity as they had previously been for discipline. But they prevailed; terror and ferocity were then either the only weapons employed, or the only ones which reduced men to subjection. Alexis, intimidated, gave way; sent the most magnificent presents to Godfrey and his followers, and even adopted him as a son, with the alleged view of appointing him his successor in the empire. It is no discredit to Godfrey, that though he did not wholly fall into the snares of the designing Greek, he quickly caused the rapine of his troops to be discontinued.

But he evidently placed little reliance on the promises and professions of the Emperor, or his conscience perhaps would not absolve him from the vow he had lately taken; for though each week, says a chronicler of the period, there was sent him as much gold and precious stones as two men could carry in their arms, and as much silver as filled up the measure of nine bushels, this splendid immediate treasure, and ultimate still more splendid prospect, failed to turn him aside from the prosecution of his designs in the East. A new convention was accordingly entered into: it was agreed, on the one part, that Alexis should to the utmost of his power promote the success of the expedition; but that, on the other, the conquest of Jerusalem and all adjoining or intermediate places should be made in his name, and either belong to him by right of spoil, or that their holders should yield him homage for possession.

It must be confessed that the Greek Emperor thus secured his aim, and proved more than equal for the rough warriors of the West. Godfrey, on conclusion of the treaty, set out for Nice, and gave numerous proofs of both courage and address during its remarkable siege. The minute historians of the period dwell with particular detail on a celebrated encounter which he then had with an infidel soldier of the day, who, from a wooden tower within the city, had long cast defiance and dismay on the whole Christian army. Godfrey subdued this doughty warrior, whose principal weapon appears to have been stones, hurled with unerring aim and force from his hand or a cross-bolt, when his foes were at a distance, or strokes dealt with a battle-axe when they ventured more nearly to approach; and, after an obstinate combat, precipitated him from his lofty pinnacle. But such an episode were now uninteresting, and it is only with great results that the mind can deal. Incidents even in the life of a great man are comparatively unimportant at the distance of centuries, unless they illustrate character, or relate to such events as the equestrian exploit of Alexander, or the graceful fall of Cæsar. The city soon surrendered, and then it was that the subtlety or distrust of the Greek Emperor was seen; an agent of his having previously found his way within the walls, and concluded a convention, by which it was handed over to the representative of the Emperor instead of to the allies.

It soon became evident that Alexis was pursuing an ambiguous policy. Detachments of the Crusaders were cut up so soon as they ventured on separation from the main body, and the wells or springs were blocked up when they marched together. Great murmurs and distress then

arose in the camp of the allies; many died of thirst or the diseases it induced, and others sought safety either by deserting the holy banner or by returning to Europe. Peter the Hermit himself, who had joined the camp of the Crusaders, was detected in turning his back upon his comrades and Jerusalem, and with difficulty constrained, by shame and menace, once more to face the difficulties and danger of a march to the holy city. Less exalted but more useful members of the host relaxed when the great apostle of the movement failed; and the army and the enterprise were alike fading away, when Godfrey suggested the preservation of both by a march upon Antioch.

The city for which so much blood and treasure had been expended was consequently abandoned without the slightest advantage; yet, the course recommended by Bouillon was probably the most prudent that could have been adopted, unless perhaps he had suggested a return to Europe. This, however, was a measure which superstition, still more than honour, forbade, and the remainder of the Crusaders were consequently soon afterwards on the route to Antioch.

No event of importance occurred by the way. A combat between a bear and a soldier afforded Godfrey an opportunity for the exhibition of his powers, and is detailed at great length by the chroniclers of the period, but would now excite little interest. Suffice it therefore to say, that observing the animal threaten to subdue the man, he rushed forward on horseback and directed its fury on himself; his steed, however, fell, and he was for a moment in imminent peril. But he ultimately prevailed, though severely wounded either by the teeth of the animal or his own sword in the fall; and the encounter added new lustre to his name, rude personal courage then forming the almost sole claim to distinction.

On his recovery a similar rencontre with a Saracen increased his reputation. Godfrey is said by one blow of his sword to have cut his opponent in two, leaving one half of the body on horseback, while the other rolled on the plain. The incident appears doubtful; and certain it is that no such act of personal prowess had the slightest effect in promoting the siege of Antioch. The strength of the Crusaders had now fearfully dwindled away; famine decimated their ranks; and a numerous Saracen army approaching, besieged them in their camp while they were besieging the city. Thus hemmed in between two hostile lines, their sufferings became dreadful; hundreds died of hunger, and pestilence threatened to cut off those who survived. Throughout the whole host of the allies who had lately precipitated themselves in such numbers from Europe into Asia, that it looked as if that ancient quarter of the world were depopulated, scarcely a robust man could be found to assail the walls.

In this crisis the Crusaders owed their safety to an extraordinary event. A priest of Marseilles, who had risen into favour when Peter the Hermit's backsliding was discovered, had recourse to the bold project of announcing that St. Andrew had appeared to him in a dream. The Saint, he alleged, pointed to a church hard by, and, in a vault near the foundation of that church, indicated the veritable spear with which the Roman had pierced the Saviour's side. If possessed of this inestimable relic, the Saint added before evanishing, the allies would prevail over their opponents; and straightway the whole host commenced its pursuit. Several hours—according to other authorities, days, expired: the church was almost undermined; but yet no weapon was visible. At

last, towards night, when twilight was descending, and the reverend father on the point of being treated as a promulgator of untruths, he suddenly leaped into a cavity which they had recently quitted. The ground had been excavated to the depth of several feet, and the departure of day still more obscured the recess. Hope, too, had disappeared; yet still he commenced vehemently to dig. For some time the spectators looked on with curiosity, but they, too, at last turned away incredulous; and a proposal was being submitted to punish the holy clerk as an impostor, when all at once a cry was raised. It proceeded from the cavern, and on interrogation, the friar produced a spear-head from the bottom of the recess. It bore indications of age, and had, as he alleged, a moment before been upturned from the earth. Some of the bystanders doubted, others refused to believe; but a superior officer of the church at this time fortunately corroborated the miracle. The exclamation, "We have found it! we have found it!" was raised on all sides, and forthwith the ranks of the Crusaders believed themselves invincible.

A few of the chieftains demurred, and Godfrey, it is supposed, was inclined to treat it as a deception. On reconsideration, however, they arrived at the conclusion, that the whole might be turned to advantage, if they led their forces in their present humour against the Saracens. While its fanaticism was thus fiercely aroused, accordingly they marched the army on the enemy, and the result was wonderful. Decrepid wretches, formerly scarce able to stir, charged the infidels with pristine vigour; and even stalwart men, who might have been deemed superior to such influence, fancied themselves nerved with additional power. The Saracens, too, were attacked unexpectedly; and the Christian host rushed on with all the desperation of men who knew they had no alternative between conquest or death. All things thus tending to victory, they prevailed. On the eve of their being led into battle, the Marseillaise friar had another vision: St. George, St. Demetrius, and St. Theodore, appeared to him on three white horses, and promised their aid on the morrow. Thus excited, the Crusaders rushed into action, relying upon Heaven; and Godfrey, on the right wing, by making some prudent arrangements, and stationing the choicest of his troops there to meet the chief resistance of the Saracens, rendered them possibly still greater service. The Saracens, suddenly and vehemently assailed, fled after a brief resistance. The city shortly afterwards surrendered, and the route to Jerusalem lay open to the Cross.

The chiefs who had lately been so anxious to return home, were now as eager to proceed onwards to the Holy City, and Godfrey, who, with Tancred, had previously sworn never to retreat till Jerusalem were taken or but sixty survived, found no difficulty to engage them in a kindred vow. The order for the march was accordingly obeyed with alacrity, and by none more so than Godfrey's followers, though their leader was so reduced by his profusion and generosity, that it is recorded of him, he required to borrow a horse for the remainder of the campaign.

At last, after a fatiguing march, the Holy City appeared in view, and the spirits of the Crusaders were aroused or inflamed by the sight of its barren surrounding mountains, and bright internal minarets. The former, however, were the most congenial to the gloomy state of their minds, or the other only evoked their fiercest fanaticism. The walls were quickly invested, and every preparation made to sack and slay the

Saracens ; but a month elapsed ere the city was taken, or the Christians could gratify their fierce resentment, by pursuing the inhabitants from street to street at the point of the sword. By the clemency of Godfrey, however, who was the first to mount the walls, and the first to acknowledge the dictates of mercy after the victory was won, the massacre at last was stopped ; and the astonished Saracens beheld the Christians suddenly arrested in the midst of their exterminating career, to follow his commands, and repair in a body to the Holy Sepulchre.

Godfrey was the first to set out on this pious errand. With three attendants he entered and prostrated himself before the shrine of the small church built over the sacred remains ; and, reeking and groaning, the whole army followed. After they had thus slaked their vengeance and devotion, a question arose as to whom should be confided the care of the sacred city, won at such a cost of blood and treasure ; and though Godfrey's recent clemency had raised doubts of his zeal, it was ultimately agreed that he had acted in accordance with the cause he professed. His ability and generosity as a leader were undisputed, and of four candidates who presented themselves for its crown, it was consequently determined that he alone was unobjectionable. His competitors were no unworthy men : Tancred, a spirit if possible still more chivalrous than his own, was one of them ; Raymond of Toulouse was another ; and Robert of Normandy, the English Conqueror's son, formed the third of those who contended with him for the new Christian throne which it had been determined to erect in the East ; and it may afford some proof of his merits, that they were all, save him, deemed objectionable. With the approbation of all, accordingly, he entered on the new dignity to which he had been raised by the ten inquisitors ; and if the voice of envy was for a moment heard, it was immediately stilled by the modesty with which he conducted himself in his new elevation. The royal diadem he refused, saying it befitted not him to be crowned with gold in a city where the brow of his Master had been encircled with thorns ; and he also refused the kingly title, contenting himself with that of Baron of Jerusalem, and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. His conduct to the vanquished was equally moderate ; and the Saracens, after sustaining another defeat on the plains of Ascalon, quietly acquiesced in the benignity of his sway.

This was the end of the First Crusade, and with it the chief interest in its principal actors terminates. Not so, however, with Godfrey. On his return to the Holy City, he occupied himself with the institution of a code of laws—known by the name of Assizes of Jerusalem—which exhibit a wonderful degree of equity and refinement for that rude and barbarous age. Occasionally, too, he was engaged in martial duties. The fiery Tancred, having inclosed himself with a new host of Saracens, was in danger of being cut off, when Godfrey arrived opportunely to his aid. The new monarch again defeated them, and afterwards achieved a like triumph over the Emir of Cæsarea. But with this, his career and his victories suddenly ceased ; he unexpectedly died, the surmised victim of poison, on the 18th of July, in the year 1100.

He was interred with magnificent array in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and posterity may unite with contemporaries, in bearing witness to his virtues. He appears to have been one of the most unsullied characters of that age, and would have been estimable in any.

Opinions may differ as to the conduct of the Crusaders, and there can now be little doubt on the subject of their folly; but of the merits of the hero, whose justice and valour have been praised by his contemporaries, and immortalized by Tasso, no question can well be entertained.

Godfrey of Bouillon—by which title he is still to posterity most familiar—was tall, but active in person, and of striking and dignified yet benign aspect. He was simple in habit, placid in temper, equitable in disposition, and possessed great strength of arm. His death was deeply lamented by the Crusaders, and bewailed even by the Saracens, who had experienced his justice in peace and magnanimous conduct in war. He possessed a far higher degree of military knowledge than any of the captains of that age—William the Conqueror alone, perhaps, could in this respect be ranked with him; and if his deeds are less known, and his acquisitions less splendid, it is only to be ascribed to his superior virtues as a man. Of the Norman's craft and rapacity, and ruthless selfishness, he was wholly destitute; and though perhaps in the distance we may have lost some of those shades which impart truth and identity to character, there seems no reason to deny that he is entitled to be considered a model of a prince, approaching as nearly as we can expect to perfection as a man.

V.—WALLENSTEIN.

We now turn to a hero of another description—a hero by whom a different species of fanaticism was checked, if not repelled—WALLENSTEIN, the opponent of Gustavus Adolphus in that fierce Thirty Years' War, which, under the name, perhaps with the design of upholding Protestantism, constitutes the longest struggle known in modern annals; and left upon Germany an effect from which, at the distance of two centuries, it has scarcely yet recovered.

The subject of this sketch, who performed in it a part so remarkable, was the son of a Protestant Bohemian nobleman, and born in his father's Castle on the 14th of September, 1583. Little is known of his early youth, save that he was precocious, capricious, and insubordinate—qualities by which he was especially distinguished when he made his appearance at the university of Altdorf, and which seem to have secured for him the honour of semi-expulsion from that learned seminary, as, after an intimation that he displayed no aptitude for science, and every inclination for turbulence, the college authorities returned him to his parents, who, in consequence, selected for him the pursuit of arms; and with this view despatched him as a page to the court of the Margrave of Burgau.

A sphere such as this, however, was soon too narrow for his rapidly expanding spirit, and he was about setting out on an European tour, when an accident occurred, which imparted a new tone, though it at first threatened to arrest his career. While studying the stars, with the design of penetrating futurity, a chimera to which he already was devoted, he suddenly fell from a lofty chamber of the palace; and a surprising escape innocuous induced him to adopt the Catholic creed in gratitude, as well as to suppose that he was marked out for great events. The anticipation was not baseless; and to facilitate its realization, he

quickly departed on his intended tour; but biography is silent concerning his adventures till his arrival, on its conclusion, at Padua; and here he was conspicuous only for his excesses, and continued addiction to the fruitless science of astrology.

Mathematics, however, at some time formed part of his study, and their cultivation doubtless either aroused or gave precision to his future military genius. But on his return home he still afforded no indication of the slumbering fire. Luxury and magnificence still appeared his sole pursuits; and to secure a wider range for their cultivation, he contracted a nuptial alliance with a rich widow, who, after four years of jealousy, it is said without a cause, ultimately died, and left him in possession of an ample fortune.

But the possession of this, which might have sated a mediocre spirit, inflamed the dormant glow. So soon as a rupture between the Archduke Ferdinand and the Republic of Venice afforded field for his display, luxury and magnificence was at once thrown aside, as no longer the idols of his mind, and he threw himself impetuously into war. Levying a troop of three hundred horse, he offered his service to the Archduke, who received him with distinction, and despatched him to aid in the siege of Gradisca. On its reduction he was elevated to the rank of Colonel of Militia; but some pecuniary misunderstanding appears to have threatened his farther advancement. The offer, however, to raise a new force of a thousand cuirassiers, speedily restored him to favour, and with these he was sent to allay an insurrection in Bohemia.

He was unsuccessful. Either the force was inadequate, or insufficiently disciplined to subdue the fierce animosity which then raged in that province against Austrian dominion; and after being thence despatched to Moravia, another misunderstanding, on the subject of the appropriation of plunder, again caused the Archduke Charles to send him to give an account of his conduct before head-quarters in Vienna. But an application of money again prevailed. Wallenstein, who appears to have been as liberal in offering as the Imperial authorities were in receiving it, compounded by a donation of sixty thousand crowns; and this disposition, with his marriage to the daughter of Count Harrach, a favourite of the Emperor, secured his future advancement. He was quickly promoted to the rank of Major-General, and, having raised two regiments besides, was again entrusted with the duty of quelling the revolt in Bohemia, as well as invested with increased means of securing success. The same ill fortune, accordingly, no longer attended him, and at the battle of Prague, which followed, he gained especial distinction. The Imperial General Bucquoi here triumphed over the Bohemians, aided chiefly by the vehemence of a charge by a squadron of Wallenstein's horse: but he was not permitted to reap the reward of his victory; Tilly, a rising general, having superseded him in influence by means of a greater donation to the court. A period of inaction succeeded, though this was one of the fiercest officers that ever led the Imperial troops. Wallenstein, in the interval, remained quiescent; but tired of repose, he at last, in 1625, tempted the Austrian Court by the splendid offer of fifty thousand men. License to plunder for their maintenance seems to have been the sole condition he asked in return; and in that rugged age, such permission was sufficient to array a host around his standard.

He speedily took the field, and with an air so haughty, that he re-

refused to acknowledge the authority of Tilly himself, now generalissimo of the Imperial troops. Mansfield, a general of the opposing league, assaulted him on the part of Denmark, but only to invest him with triumph: Wallenstein, on the 23d of April, 1626, repulsed him with the loss of three thousand men, and was proceeding to follow up his victory with a prospect of still more success, when suddenly recalled to defend the empire against the assaults of the Turks, who, in an opposite direction, threatened it at Novigero. The siege of this place he forced them to relinquish, and might have obtained other advantages but for the distress and insubordination that prevailed amongst his troops. It was now that he began to perceive the impolicy of drawing and maintaining together a large army solely by the hopes of plunder. His forces, ferocious enough when booty or the enemy was in view, lost equally their spirit and their discipline, when famine was the only foe they had to encounter, and either silently sank on the field, the victims of disease or despair, or had recourse to desertion with the view of obtaining relief. In this condition he returned home, with only four thousand out of five times the number he had led into the southern provinces a few months before; and might have fallen an easy prey to his adversaries, had not death deprived them of Mansfield, their leader. But, undespurred, he again unfurled the banner of spoil—a hundred thousand men again flocked to his standard. He was at the same time, in return for this service, invested with the title and property of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, the late possessor of which had been deposed with confiscation, for resisting the designs of the Emperor; and in order still more firmly to attach Wallenstein to its cause, the appointment of Generalissimo of the Ocean and Baltic fleet was also bestowed upon him by the Imperial Court. The latter was a post more imposing than real; but it had the effect of increasing the natural haughtiness of Wallenstein, and, of course, of augmenting the number of his envious foes. Their malignity or detraction, however, only raised his domineering temper; and even the Emperor himself was not exempted from its experience. He conceived suspicions; and, with a view to humble the ambitious general, orders were forwarded for him to raise the siege of Stralsund, which he had passed two months in attempting to reduce. Wallenstein obeyed, but not without reluctance; and his great opponent, Gustavus the Lion—or, as he was otherwise termed, the Snow King of Sweden, who had hitherto held him in check, is supposed to have endeavoured profiting by the indignation felt by the haughty general, in thus being constrained to abandon an enterprise which had cost him ten thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. An overture is surmised to have been made for the purpose of detaching Wallenstein from the Court which had mortified his pride, and attaching him to that which was ready to acknowledge his talents. But the envoy of the King of Denmark, employed on the occasion, failed, chiefly in consequence of the other's indisposition to commit the negotiation to paper.

The struggle was accordingly renewed, with more vehemence than ever. During seven years, Germany underwent all the hardships that war could inflict, under such leaders as Gustavus on the one side and Wallenstein on the other. The pen of historians has been in vain employed to depict the horrors which the unhappy country then endured. Half its territory was laid waste, the other was left almost uncultivated;

and, famine thus supervening on the devastations of war, parents devoured their children, children were glad to disentomb the bodies of their parents to protract an agonizing existence, and happy was the wretch who could secure a mouthful of grass before finally closing his sufferings in death—"Many," says a contemporary writer, "tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcases for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles, in almost any direction, without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women."

"Ah God!" says another old chronicler, at a more advanced period of the struggle, "in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers, by thousands, had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open, and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There they lie, burnt, destroyed; so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window is to be seen. The churches?—they have been burnt, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of; the very altars being purposely defiled, and heaped with filth of all kinds." "Whole villages," adds the writer we have first quoted, "were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, on returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands."

Nothing, in fact, could exceed the atrocities now perpetrated in the name of religion. "In the storming of Magdeburg," continues this author, "the soldiers amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear; others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other."

These crimes, it must be owned, were perpetrated chiefly by the adherents of the Austrian side; the Snow King, or "Visogoth," as he was termed by his southern opponents, shewing himself imbued with much of the forbearance, if with more of the fanaticism of his creed; and Wallenstein, though not personally cruel, adopting few measures to restrain the barbarities of his men: yet they seem inseparable from all wars conducted in the spirit of intolerance.

But acts of greater iniquity followed. The court of Austria, never

clement to the fallen, when the country was thus desolated, issued an Edict for the Restitution of property seized from the Catholics eighty years previously; and a sum equivalent to eight millions sterling was exacted on this pretext. Even Wallenstein, though he profited by them, shrank from being the instrument of such barbarities. The condition of the country of course became desperate, and its inhabitants demoralized. "Driven," says one of the authors we have already quoted, "from hearth and home, in eternal terror of the soldiers, what could be expected but sordid cowardice, and the immorality which they learned from the army? The last remains of political freedom perished in the war, since all classes were plundered, and their strength exhausted. The early civilization of Germany retrograded into barbarism." But this hesitation to obey its dictates proved fatal, for the present at least, to his own power. A number of the nobles and German princes, jealous of his influence, and offended by his haughtiness, seized the opportunity for plotting Wallenstein's overthrow; and the Emperor being readily induced to listen to their murmurs, an order arrived in the year 1630 for his deposition from command.

He retired in haughty seclusion to his estates. A great majority of his officers followed, and his army of a hundred was soon reduced to forty thousand men. Disasters meanwhile supervened: Gustavus overran Germany, and extended his power from the shores of the Baltic to the frontiers of France. Even those who at first invoked his aid became alarmed for the ascendancy of the warlike prince. No opponent seemed capable of arresting him. The only foe who could withstand him was plunged in gloomy inaction. Luxuriating at Prague, or in the recesses of his Bohemian forests, Wallenstein led a life of Asiatic splendour and more than Asiatic seclusion. Six barons of the empire attended him as lords in waiting, sixty pages were present to obey his behests, six splendid gateways were attached to his palace, and a hundred houses demolished in the neighbourhood to afford additional space for his vast number of adherents. Chains across the surrounding streets interrupted all traffic or bustle that might disturb his repose; and fifty halberdiers constantly kept watch in his antechamber: Fifty carriages, with six horses each, conveyed his enormous retinue when he travelled from Prague to any of his country palaces; and as many vehicles with four horses apiece scarcely sufficed to convey his baggage on such occasions. But in a secluded chamber of his palace the lord of all this pomp remained sequestered and private, writing his memoirs, and waiting his revenge.

He had it, in the all but prostration of the Emperor at his feet. Tilly, who had supplanted him, with eighty thousand men could not prevent the irruption of Gustavus, with only a fourth of the number, into Germany; and the crowds who flocked to the banner of the Snow King soon raising him to an equality with the other, he overthrew the forces of the Empire at Leipsic—destined, in another age, to witness the overthrow of another power more gigantic. The moderation and splendid discipline maintained by the victorious Swede made his progress appear more triumphant; and the Imperial title—perhaps, were he ambitious, the Imperial territory itself—might be his, were not an opponent immediately found to arrest him.

In this emergency recourse was had to Wallenstein; but he demurred: he was already in private treaty with Gustavus. "What need had they

of him?" he replied: "he was sick of princes and their ingratitude." Other solicitations followed—he refused or evaded them; he but wished, he alleged, to remain in repose. An application by the Emperor was next made. A coldly loyal offer to raise an army, but not command it, was the growling reply; and at last the chief of the House of Hapsburg, finding that such requests and overtures alike were idle, was obliged to acknowledge his helpless dependence, by entreating him to resume his post, and consenting or proposing that the general whom he had lately deposed should be reinstated with dictatorial power in more than his former command.

Wallenstein complied, and the effect was electric. In the splendid words of Schiller, who has composed a magnificent tragic poem on the subject, the hero is made to exclaim—

"All eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress; the emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and, with creative word,
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat, and lo!
The plough, the workshop are forsaken; all
Swarm to the old, familiar, long-loved banners:
And as the wood-choir, rich in melody,
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle."

An army as great as the reduced resources of the empire could muster was assembled, and Wallenstein, entering Bohemia, readily induced Prague to submit. But Tilly had in the meantime sustained a fatal blow near Lech, and in an encounter with Gustavus lost both his life and the action. Prudence accordingly dictated to Wallenstein the expediency of applying Fabian tactics to the victor, and of restraining him by manœuvres instead of hazarding battle while his troops were inflamed by success. During three months the opposing armies remained in comparative inaction at Nuremberg; and at last when Gustavus, constrained by the exhaustion of his supplies, assailed the Imperialists, he was repulsed with the loss of several thousand men. He retired, fifteen days after the action; and in four days following Wallenstein likewise withdrew: yet it was only to seek a less exhausted field for combat. By means of famine and disasters, the Imperialists were now reduced to twenty thousand, the Swedish monarch to fifteen thousand men; but though the leader of the former attached due importance to numbers, and held it a maxim that "Providence always favoured the largest army," the other was of opinion that generalship compensated for inferiority of force, and accordingly displayed no reluctance to engage. On the 6th of November, 1632, the two armies met in action near Lutzen, and the day was favourable to the Swedes, though fatal to their leader. Towards the close of the action Gustavus fell, pierced by a musket-ball; and all that his soldiers could do was to rescue his body and revenge his death.

They prevailed, aided by hesitation and incapacity in the Imperial ranks; and Wallenstein, immediately after the action, caused eighteen of

his officers to be shot. But he soon subsequently entered into negotiations with the Swedes, whom the death of their leader left a prey to spoliation at the hands of their allies. "We have been called," the German poet makes them, in the same drama, exclaim,

"Over the Baltic; we have saved the empire
From ruin; with our best blood have sealed
The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt; the load alone is felt:
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no, my lord duke. No; it never was
For Judas's pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.
No; not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles. Neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country."

And, consequently, they seemed in fitting disposition to engage in a plan which Wallenstein, already apprehensive, or convinced of his court's ingratitude, proposed to them for an union to put an end to the war. He was ready, if need were, to place himself at their head, and march to Vienna, for the purpose of compelling the Emperor to conclude a treaty of peace; but it was on condition that they should aid to secure the crown of Bohemia for himself; and Oxenstein—the sage statesman, who imparted to his son and posterity an adage so memorable—in consequence demurred to the plan, influenced also, possibly, by Wallenstein's persistent refusal to commit the negotiation to writing. An overture from France, to promote his ambitious designs, failed, from the same timid hesitation or irresolution—that timidity and indecision which occasionally paralyses the courage of the brave as folly sometimes overrules the councils of the wise. A proffered support of 30,000 foot and 5000 horse, with a million crowns a-year, and five hundred thousand immediately to be paid, delivered by Feuquieres, the French ambassador, on the part of Louis XIII., and Richelieu, his martial priest, failed, from the same infirmity; and Wallenstein, with all the disposition to engage in treason, was thus, without advantage, involved in its consequences, because he wanted resolution to complete it. In the words of the poet we have already quoted—

"There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect,
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth, and quarrel,
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams

Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and hurries ;
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly !"

A period of inaction succeeded, but it was not the inaction of peace recorded in the same drama—

"That day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier,
 Returns home into life ; when he becomes
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed : and hark !
 Now the soft peace-march beats—home, brothers, home !
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded
 With green boughs, the last plundering of fields.
 The city gates fly open of themselves ;
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women—
 With peaceful men and women—that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out a merry peal—
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 Oh happy man ! oh fortunate ! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms, are open—
 The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing !"

But it brought neither charms nor safety for Wallenstein. At last, in October, 1633, he resumed the offensive, and assailed and defeated the Swedish general, Thurn. Six thousand of the enemy perished in the action, and many of the Silesian towns afterwards either submitted or were reduced. Yet these successes failed to reinstate him in the favour of the Imperial court. He had in the interval inflamed it by his inaction and alarmed it by his ambition ; and Piccolomini, a rising general, eager to supersede him, now disclosed to the authorities at Vienna the recent treason. An order for Wallenstein's deposition was consequently signed on the 24th of January, 1634 ; but he, in the meantime, apprehensive of the result, assumed the initiative, yet still with the same hesitating vacillation. Instead of openly erecting the banner of revolt, he allowed Illo, a devoted adherent, to assemble the other generals, and, while they were stimulated by wine at a banquet, caused them to subscribe a document for continuing their leader in command, even though the Emperor should order supersession. With the morning, however, fears or infidelity supervened ; and an amnesty having arrived for all, save Illo, another general compromised, and Wallenstein himself, the others one by one deserted. In this crisis, when left alone, Devereux, an Irish officer, with six other assassins, summoned Wallenstein, by a manœuvre, to the window of an apartment wherein he sat, brooding over his impending fall, and exclaiming, "Die, traitor ! die !" shot him with a musket-ball, on the 25th of January, 1634.

Wallenstein fell mortally wounded, in the 52d year of his age, and the Imperial government, by whose orders he was destroyed, immediately

commanded three thousand masses to be said for his soul's tranquillity. But posterity has paid a less equivocal compliment to his merit, and justly enrolled him as one of the greatest commanders in an era especially productive of great military genius.

In person Wallenstein was tall, and stern in aspect; seldom spoke, and was never seen to smile. He was arrogant in address, though not unsusceptible of feeling for his adherents; and lavishly profuse in his expenditure, though he indulged in no sensual pleasures. A weakness, or inexplicable irresolution lurked in his character, possibly giving rise to, perhaps fostered by, the vague delusions of astrology, in which he implicitly believed; and, while admitting his high military capacity, the impartial voice of history must acknowledge there was some truth in Richelieu's cautious declaration on the event, that "his death was a proof either of extreme ingratitude in a servant, or of a sovereign's still more extraordinary cruelty." It was perhaps more true to add, that there was some forgetfulness in the one, and more barbarity in the other.

J*.

ABD-EL-KADER.

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown."

PEACE, humanity, and civilization, are deeply indebted to the desolate and magnificent region of Algeria; it was a safety-valve for the war-steam and vanity-vapour of our Gallic neighbours—a satisfaction demonstrative of their power to convert our grand old Mediterranean into a "French lake."

No sooner had France recovered from the storm of European war, than the quarrelsome spirit of her people gathered into a thunder-cloud menacing all Christendom; but the finger of Providence led it far away, and bade it burst over the doomed regions of Algiers. To this invasion the British government very wisely made no opposition; it remonstrated, indeed, and received an assurance from Charles the Tenth's government that Algeria was not to be held as a *possession*. This assurance was repeated by Louis Philippe, and, fortunately for us, fulfilled with Gallic faith. Fortunately was it, also, for the peaceable and well-disposed portion of Frenchmen themselves; for it has served the best uses of the old Crusades, in draining off its men of crime, licence, and ambition—the *enfants perdus* of civilized society.

Seventeen years have passed away since France sent the flower of her army to invade Algeria; 150,000 men have perished, 600 million francs been lavished in the cause; yet, until this last month, Abd-el-Kader was unconquered, and his country, strong in her desolation, was still free. This seems the more extraordinary when we remember that the

Crusaders marched from Constantinople to Jerusalem in little more than three years. *They* were ignorant, ill-disciplined, and disunited; while their French imitators have all the science, power, and cunning of perfectionated tactics. The Arab is the same in both instances.

It is true that Abd-el-Kader was a formidable opponent, backed as he was by the nature of his country: its deserts, its pestilence, and its poverty, served him well; the religious feeling of his followers sustained the loyalty with which it was blended; and he had a refuge in the wilderness more impregnable than fortifications.

Thus his country was its own shield—he had but the sword to manage; and were it wielded wisely, the standard of France would soon have ceased to wave over the solitudes her devastating generals* call *pacified*.

Romance and heroism are now-a-days so rare, that it is with reluctance we sacrifice their ideal; nevertheless truth compels us to believe that Abd-el-Kader's greatness is a fiction—his hero-worship, a superstition. It is true that he possesses many of those qualities that in early times would have made of him a hero invaluable to romance-writers:—his indomitable energy, persistence, and animosity; his buoyancy under misfortune, his reckless bravery, his devotion to his country's cause;—all these are great qualities, but they do not constitute a great man, no more than wheels, cranks, and cylinders, alone constitute a steam-engine. The motive power, the all-informed, all-informing mind, the capability of comprehending results, of combining causes, and forcing them to act to one great object;—these the great man has—these Abd-el-Kader does not possess. And yet the cause of Algeria seemed involved in his existence; were he a better general, his country would have been free—were he less gifted, his enemies would long since have been in peaceable possession of the solitudes they have made. And this balanced state of things was the cause of the extreme oddity of the French position in Algiers; they pursued a conquering enemy—they besieged deserts—they employed a superbly appointed army against spectral hosts of dingy skeletons, clad in camel's hair: and all this they were doing for seventeen years, with all the assiduity and result of the pursuers of the Phantom Ship!

The favourite French maxim, “that war should support itself,” cannot be acted upon in Algeria; the “colony” must be victualled from the mother country, and we all know how *exigeans* our neighbours are in matters of supply. Not only comedians, cooks, barbers, women, and all the usual elements with which France civilizes her colonies (exclusive of the bayonet and the faggot), but the actual necessities of life, are supplied by sea. Were war declared to-morrow, one half of the experimental squadron now amusing itself in manœuvres, could starve the “army of Africa,” and make a prison of Algiers. May such a trial be averted!—May France long continue to amuse herself with the “settlement” of this penal colony!—Long may her superfluous warlike humours find there a safe issue, and may M. Thiers be shortly appointed to the viceroyalty of Africa!

The war that sapped the energies of France scarcely disturbed the Arab from his usual mode of life (except, indeed, those who accepted French protection). If their invaders were all in the Champs Elysées,

* “Ube solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.”—TACITUS.

the Oranians would still be galloping about, and shooting each other for amusement. The French were more amusing objects for their warlike propensities in every way. There was something extremely ludicrous in the bulletins that gravely recorded each manœuvre of these children of the desert. Abd-el-Kader is seen going toward the West—"he is gone to join (or) to fight with the troops of Morocco;" meanwhile his "Allah Hu!" burst from the Eastern horizon. The French were scarcely in column at Mascara, when, having done his work, he was sitting down to dine under the palms of Tlemcen. In the course of a night he raised the province of Oran, and the French marched to put it down again. They found the geographical Oran easily enough—but the nation—it was *gone*; its women were milking mares on the banks of the Talonia, and its warriors were probably in the rear of the invaders.

And what are these brave men (for brave they are) to do next? the camp of Bel-Abbe must be fed—it must have fighting, moreover, and amusement. The Arabs wont "come in and be killed," even though the persuasive Pelissier should invite them; the nightingales of Oran do not sing French airs—the desert gazelle makes but a poor ballet-dancer and a worse fricandeau. Lamoricière, return, and employ your talents in composing a brave bulletin.

The extraordinary individual, who thus for so many years successfully defied all the force which the gigantic power of France could bring into the field, has, the great majority of our readers will have already ascertained from the public journals, at length fallen, or surrendered himself into the hands of his enemies: but the following details of his life and career, will, doubtless, be interesting, the more so, as no narrative of either has yet appeared, and they may therefore be considered as equally select and inaccessible, while, on their authenticity, the utmost reliance may be placed.

Abd-el-Kader is the elder son of an Arabian Sidih, or Emir, named Mahi Eddin, a rank and title corresponding with that of an English Earl, whose territorial duties were associated with titular. He was born at Moskarrah, a city on the western coast of Africa, in the year 1808, and, consequently, like most great men, has acquired and achieved his celebrity, before attaining his fortieth year.

In his youth, he was noted for precocity, and high anticipations were cherished of him, before he had little surpassed the age of childhood. In his twelfth year, he was especially distinguished for the boldness of his attitude, and the ability of his address, and these qualities became still more conspicuous, when, in consequence of the disturbed condition of his native country, the family removed to Cairo, in Egypt, where he pursued his studies with ardour, and obtained all the information which the admirable scholastic institutions of Mehemet Ali could afford.

Here he remained during eight or ten years, but had scarcely attained the age of manhood, when the voice of his country summoned him to its aid. In the years 1829-30, the French, as is well known, attacked and captured Algiers, in consequence of some real insult or imaginary injury; and, contrary to all expectations, entertained both in Europe and in Africa, they persisted in retaining their prize. Europe was dormant, and remained quiescent; but the Moors determined to resist, and an overture was quickly made to Sidih-Eddin to assist in their defence. He obeyed. Age, however, had already benumbed whatever little energy he possessed,

and, by the interposition of his wife, a woman of a character far more vigorous, the duty of leading the insurgents devolved on his son.

Abd-el-Kader had thus not exceeded his twenty-second or twenty-third year, when he found himself called on to defend his country against the veteran experience of Bourmont, and the disciplined forces of France ; but he soon proved himself not unworthy of the high trust reposed in him. The former of these shortly afterwards retired, to accompany Charles the Tenth in his exile ; the other, however, remained, and under officers not inferior to any which Europe, in our times, has witnessed. Yet this unpractised youth, with rude and far inferior forces, was a match for them all. He attacked them fiercely, without hesitation, under the walls of Montanem, and displayed a spirit so resolute, and a vigour so great, that the French, though victorious, did not hesitate to offer handsome conditions of peace. ●

He accepted them, but, from causes unexplained, they were quickly broken ; in consequence, however, he it remarked, of no hostility on his part. The French government had already resolved on the conquest of Algeria, and an opportunity of quarrel was quickly sought as well as found. Towards the close of the year 1834, Abd-el-Kader again appeared in arms, and early in the spring of the following year, he formally took the field against General Trezel, one of the most vigorous officers whom France could then bring to oppose him.

He surprised and defeated this General, with terrible disaster, near the forest of Muley Ismael, in June, 1835 ; but Marshal Clauzel, who was next despatched against him, experienced a better fate. Borne down by vastly superior numbers, Abd-el-Kader was compelled to give way in turn, and the French followed up their success so promptly, that he was shortly afterwards compelled to withdraw from the district, a fugitive, attended only by his wife, sisters, and mother, and a few faithful attendants, who never deserted him.

But submission to adversity was not in the list of his weaknesses. While the French supposed him utterly overwhelmed, and themselves in undisputed possession of the country, he suddenly reappeared with the force and the fury of one of the simooms that sweep his native deserts. While Clauzel was making an exploring expedition in the neighbourhood of Tafar, the Emir, the title which Abd-el-Kader now bore, unexpectedly presented himself at the extremity of a formidable pass ; and after many abortive manœuvres, the marshal was compelled to beat a retreat.

He was not, however, permitted to accomplish this movement unmolested. While Clauzel himself, supposing the Emir in his rear, was protecting the army in that direction, Abd-el-Kader, leaving a few troops there, made a rapid movement in flank, and assailed General Cavaignac at Tlemcen, in the opposite extremity, before his presence even was surmised. The rapid approach of a powerful column under Bugeaud, alone saved France from the humiliation of seeing one of its generals constrained to submit with this city to the African chief ; and, to the officer who had thus opportunely averted the dishonour, was henceforth entrusted the duty of carrying on the war.

It were beyond the province of a brief narrative like this to detail the numerous events that followed, from the beginning of the year 1836 till towards the conclusion of 1841, when the renowned chieftain was

eventually compelled to seek shelter in Morocco. Suffice it to say, that, after being beaten, Abd-el-Kader constantly reappeared with a spirit and force seemingly undiminished. No sooner was he put down, apparently with decisive effect, in one direction, than he uprose in another, and presented the most extraordinary instance of indomitable courage and resources inexhaustible, which recent times have introduced. He was beaten at Sikah, Moskarah, and Themiah : but he triumphed over the enemy at Mazaiah, Nedea, and Miliana. Frequently he brought fifteen or twenty thousand infantry, and fully half the number of horse into the field. In the end, however, he fell before the vast resources of France, and had the misfortune to find his capital and native city in flames before he finally quitted, to seek shelter in the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco.

This retreat, which promised at first to improve his fortunes, eventually proved the cause of his downfall. As is well known he precipitated that prince into collision with France, and the resources of Morocco were inadequate to the encounter. The Emperor was subdued, and compelled by subsequent treaties to expel Abd-el-Kader from his dominions. But the Emir had evinced a power so resolute, and so strongly in contrast with that of the feeble Morocco prince, that the subjects of the latter, it is surmised, began to cast an eye upon him for their ruler. Jealousy was thus aroused in the mind of the Emperor, and when the Emir again, either with ambitious designs or from necessity, burst into the dominions of Morocco, the former sent an army against him. The exhausted forces of Abd-el-Kader were unable to contend against this unexpected foe : and after numerous vain but gallant exertions, he was constrained, like Themistocles, to seek safety by throwing himself into the hands of those whom he considered the most generous of his enemies.

It appears, however, that his lofty confidence is likely to meet with no corresponding response. Though he surrendered to the Duke D'Aumale, son of the French king, and General Lamoriciere, one of the most chivalrous of France's officers, on condition of being transmitted to St. Jean d'Acre, or his old favorite Egypt, the government of M. Guizot and Louis Philippe have exhibited a shameful disposition to break the treaty ; and before these pages shall have been in possession of the public, the great and gallant, though fallen chieftain, will probably either have been conducted as a forced guest to Paris, for the purpose of gratifying the idle gaze of its citizens, or immured as a prisoner in some fortress of France.

Abd-el-Kader is described to be in person of a slender figure, and average height. The expression of his face is said to be mild and melancholy, and his abilities and disposition have been spoken of in high terms by English and French travellers who have visited his camp. Altogether, he is one of the most extraordinary individuals which the age presents ; and for the sake of European honour, we could have wished him to experience a more chivalrous reception in France.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XVIII.—THE TRIAL OF PHILIP EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THIS investigation presents nothing in itself but the record of a night brawl, which led to a fatal result, as, at the period it occurred, such scenes but too often did. Its interest is derived from the importance of the accused party, an interest that has been enhanced by an excellent account of the trial given in a collection of English Causes Célèbres, which enables us to enliven the otherwise dry details of the transaction.

Philip Herbert, seventh Earl of Pembroke and fourth of Montgomery, was the unworthy scion of a house of historic note. The Herberts of his date were the descendants collaterally of the great Earl of Pembroke, the ornament of the court of King James, whose name Ben Jonson has stamped as one of the synonyms of chivalrous splendour and honour, in his famous lines on—

“The subject of all verse
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.”

They sprung from his younger brother, who began life as one of James's favourites and parasites, was originally ennobled by the title of Earl of Montgomery, and finished a contemptible career by being, after the fall of the monarchy, the first member of the peerage (only two others of the order followed such a leader) to seek a seat in the House of Commons, which he did not retain for more than a few months, Earl Philip, the hero of the present trial, was his grandson, and had succeeded to the title in 1674, on the death of his half-brother William, who left no family.

When he became involved in the affair out of which the trial arose, the Earl of Pembroke had just got extricated from another scrape of a different kind. An entry on the Lords' Journals, dated the 28th of January, 1678, records that the house was that day informed by the Lord Chancellor, in the name of his Majesty, of “the commitment of the Earl of Pembroke to the Tower of London, for uttering such horrid and blasphemous words, and other actions proved upon oath, as are not fit to be repeated in any Christian assembly.” Bishop Kennet says that the earl was sent to the Tower “for blasphemy, abuse of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and other high misdemeanors, altogether unfit to be named, towards the Lord North's chaplain and others.” It may be suspected that the colour of Lord Pembroke's politics, or some of his recent votes, had shocked the pious prince then upon the throne as much as his unreportable blasphemies; but no doubt his lordship's character

was such as to give some probability to the professed ground of his committal. However, on the following day a petition from him was presented to the House, in which, after declaring that blasphemous words were what from his soul he detested and abhorred, he went on to express a hope that, since he had been accused but by one person, "to whom he intended no injury, nor was at that time in a condition of imposing on him," their lordships would not believe the accusation, or think him to be capable of the horrid crime laid to his charge. His single accuser is said to have been Lord North's chaplain. But in the end he drops down to a less confident style: "However," the petition concludes, "he is heartily sorry to have been thought in any sort to have offended; and, his health being much impaired by his long restraint, *he humbly implores pardon of God, of the King, and of this House*; and that he may be released from his imprisonment, and attend his duty in Parliament." Before taking the petition into consideration, their lordships, the Journal continues, "to show their great sense and abhorrency against blasphemy, which is now grown so common, ordered that a bill be brought into this House, for the severe punishment of all blasphemies for the time to come." Such a bill was in fact brought in, but was not proceeded with. The House then went into the question of the petition, and, "after a serious debate thereof," it was moved and carried that an humble address should be made to his Majesty, praying that, in consideration of the charge being supported by one witness only, and its truth having been solemnly denied by the Earl of Pembroke, his lordship might be released from his imprisonment, and have leave to come to his place in parliament. The consequence was that the Earl was let out of the Tower, after a detention of about four weeks; for he had been committed on the 3rd of the month.

The way which his lordship took to repair his health, so "much impaired by his long restraint," will be understood from a representation that was made to the House on Tuesday, the 5th of February, by Philip Rycaut, Esq., who complained that, on the evening of the preceding Saturday, "he being to visit a friend in the Strand, whilst he was at the door taking his leave, the Earl of Pembroke, coming by, came up to the door, and with his fist, without any provocation, struck the said Philip Rycaut such a blow upon the eye as almost knocked it out; and afterwards knocked him down, and then fell upon him with such violence that he almost stifled him with his gripes, in the dirt; and likewise his lordship drew his sword, and was in danger of killing him, had he not slipped into the house and the door been shut upon him." Rycaut concluded his petition by humbly begging that the House would "be an asylum to him," and give him leave to proceed against the Earl according to law. Having been called to the bar, he took his oath to the truth of this account, and narrated the affair in all its details; upon which the House ordered that the Earl should enter into recognizances to keep the peace towards Rycaut and all his Majesty's subjects for a twelvemonth, to the amount of £2,000; which his lordship did, declaring at the same time, that he would waive his privilege (of peerage) and answer any such proceedings at law as the said Philip Rycaut should bring in the case. In those days it was held that members of either House of Parliament were protected by their parliamentary privilege, not only, as is still the case, from arrest of the person, except in cases of

felony, but from every species of legal process ; and down to a much later date it was customary for both Lords and Commons to call to their bar whoever presumed to raise an action of any kind against a member, or, at least, whoever was daring enough to proceed to the execution of any judgment he might have obtained in such action.

But his assault on Saturday evening on Rycaut was not the only indulgence of the same kind with which the liberated Earl had consoled himself for his three weeks of quiet life in the Tower. On Monday the 4th, before Rycaut had had time to invoke the protection of the House of Peers, his furious lordship had got involved in another affair, which, although he was not yet aware of his danger, or of the mischief he had done, was shortly to consign him again to durance on a charge affecting his life. This affair is the subject of the trial of which we are now to give an account.

The Lord High Steward appointed on this occasion was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham,. Heneage Finch, the first Earl of Nottingham, was one of the greatest lawyers of his time, and renowned for his powers of oratory. The cordial and all-recording Pepys, in telling us about a cause in which he had heard him speak at the bar of the House of Lords in 1664, when he was Solicitor-General, exclaims, in the wonder and gratification of the moment, "I do really think that he is a man of as great eloquence as ever I heard, or ever hope to hear in all my life." On another occasion, in 1669 he heard him plead a cause before the Privy Council, and was again struck with the same admiration : "But Lord !" he ejaculates, "to see how he did with his admirable eloquence order the matter is not to be conceived almost ; so pleasant a thing it is to hear him plead !" He is described by old Anthony Wood, the historian of Oxford, in the same spirit, as "a person of so eloquent and fluent speech, and of so great sapience, that he was usually styled the English Roscius and the English Cicero."

Finch, who was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1675, held the high office till his death, at the age of sixty-one, in 1682 ; and the present was one of no fewer than five trials before the peers, during that interval, at which he was commissioned to preside as Lord High Steward.

The trial took place before the Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 4th April, 1678. The proceedings commenced with the following eloquent address of the Lord High Steward to the prisoner :—

"My Lord of Pembroke, your Lordship is now brought before this great assembly in order to your trial, wherein you have to maintain all that can concern you in this world, your estate, your honour, and your life itself. There is no less a crime charged on you, than the murder of one of the King's subjects ; and this is not charged on you by common voice and fame, nor by the growing rumour of the multitude, but by the grand inquest of this county, which was made up of gentlemen of good quality and consideration. Though all this amount to no more than a bare accusation, (for God forbid that they who neither did nor could hear the evidence on both sides should any way prejudice your trial by their partial examination !) yet hath it produced the presentment of such a crime as is attended with extraordinary and unusual circumstances.

"And now for this fact, your Lordship is to be tried in full Parliament, and your arraignment is to be made as full and solemnly as is possible.

The King (who will have a strict account of the blood of the meanest of his subjects, by whomsoever it is shed) hath for this purpose appointed an High Steward : and now your Lordship is to be tried, not by a select number of Lords, but by the whole of the House of Peers, who are met together to make inquisition for this blood.

“Doubtless the shame of being made a spectacle to such an assembly as this, and the having a man’s faults and weaknesses exposed to the notice and observation of such a presence as this is, to a generous mind must needs be a penance worse than death itself ; for he that outlives his own honour, can have very little joy, in whatsoever else he lives to possess.

“In such a state and condition as this is, it will be very fit for your Lordship to recollect yourself with all the care and caution you can ; it will be necessary for you to make use of the best temper, and the best thoughts you have, when you come to make your defence ; let not the disgrace of standing as a felon at the bar too much deject you ; no man’s credit can fall so low but that, if he bear his shame as he should do, and profit by it as he ought to do, it is in his power to redeem his reputation. Therefore, let no man despair, that desires and endeavours to recover himself again. Much less let the terrors of justice affright you ; for, though your Lordship have great cause to fear, yet whatever may be lawfully hoped for, your Lordship may expect from the Peers.

“It is indeed just cause of dreadful apprehensions, when you consider how strict and impartial the judicature in which you stand before, and how impossible it is that any consideration of your Lordship’s relation or family shall have any kind of ingreience into their Lordship’s judgment : nay, you have cause to fear that all this will make against you, when you consider how the quality of the offender doth aggravate the crime.

“You have reason to fear and be dismayed again, when you consider how severe, and how inexorable the rule of law is, in the case of blood ; and how certain it is that the Lords will make that rule of law the measure of your life or death. But yet, my Lord, there are other considerations that may support you.

“Your Lordship may be sure that they will receive no proof against you but direct and positive evidence ; it will not be left to any proof, but such proof as, by the manifest plainness of it, deserves to be called evidence. In the next place, your Lordship shall suffer no prejudice for want of counsel, for where there are any advantages that the law can give you, this court takes itself obliged in honour to put you in mind of it ; nor can your Lordship suffer any inconvenience by having counsel to plead against you, for no arguments nor skill can pervert their Lordships’ justice : you shall not fall by the charms of eloquence ; nothing shall load or press you but your own crime ; and even that burden may be alleviated, if there be any room for an abatement, so far as it doth not contradict what they owe to the King, to themselves, to the law, and to the justice of the kingdom.

“Hearken, therefore, my Lord, to your indictment with patience and attention : give no interruption to the counsel or witnesses that speak against you, and reserve what you have to say for yourself till the time come when your witnesses shall be examined, and you make your defence, of which I will give you notice. And this you may rely upon, that, when you do come to speak for yourself, you shall be heard with

as much favour and candour as the matter will bear; and when my Lords have heard all that can be said on both sides, doubtless their Lordships will give such a judgment in the case as is fit for you to receive; such a judgment as becomes this great court, and such a judgment as is suitable to that known equity which their Lordships do always observe in all their proceedings."

Sir William Dolben, Knight, Recorder of London, then, in his quality of the King's Serjeant at Law, opened the indictment with the usual brief abstract of the main facts; after whom—

The Attorney-General, *Sir William Jones*, who, having been called by writ as assistant to the House, was within the bar, rose and spoke as follows:—May it please your grace, my Lord High Steward of England, and the rest of my noble lords; Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, stands here indicted for the murder of Nathaniel Cony. That my Lord of Pembroke was the cause of his death, I humbly conceive will need very little question before your Lordships, for we have such proof that it was his hand threw him down, and his feet that trod upon him, and kicked him, which was the cause of his death, that it cannot be denied: but whether or no this killing amount to murder may be a matter of further controversy; and I hold it my duty to acquaint your Grace and my Lords, what the proof is, and then what we have to offer to prove it to be an offence even of this nature.

My Lords, I know, to maintain an indictment of murder, there must be a proof of malice; but the law is plain (your Lordships know, and my Lords the Judges will tell it you) that there are two sorts of malice expressed, and that is when a man can be proved to have borne beforehand an ill-will and hatred to the person he killed; this sort of malice we pretend not to be in this case: but there is another sort of malice, which also, in law, gives the denomination of murder to the killing of a man, which is malice implied, when any one shall, without any provocation given by the party slain, bring another by violence to his death; for our law supposeth, and that upon good ground, that no man without a provocation would kill his brother, unless he had malice to him beforehand; and that is the malice that falls out to be the ingredient of this case, for the poor unfortunate gentleman that was killed, did not, for aught that did appear to me (and I have had all the proof given at the coroner's inquest under my examination), give the least provocation to this noble lord. Some have thought that a person might be guilty of malicious murder, though the party killed had given the murderer a blow; but I shall not contend for so strict a construction of a provocation, for there was not in this case a blow struck, no, nor an angry word given: all that I can find came from Mr. Cony was, to complain that a friend of his that came into the company with him was turned out of doors; and sure such a thing will never be taken to be a provocation, at leastwise such a one as will take away malice implied. I shall now, my Lords, give your Lordships an account of the nature of our evidence, as to the fact, and that, my Lords, in short; for, as I shall not use any aggravation above what the cause requires, so I shall not tire your Grace and my Lords with any long speech, but barely open the evidence and tell you in short what will come in proof before you.

It was on Sunday, the 3d of February, that my Lord of Pembroke and his company were drinking at the house of one Long, in the Hay-

market (I am sorry to hear the day was no better employed by them), and it was the misfortune of this poor gentleman, together with one Mr. Goring, to come into this house to drink a bottle of wine ; my Lord of Pembroke saw them coming in, and, knowing Mr. Cony, was very importunate with him to join company ; he at first refused, because of his friend, and told his Lordship they had business together : but no denial he would take, and so at last they did go into my Lord's room. After some distance of time, when it was near twelve of the clock at night, there fell out a difference between my Lord and Mr. Goring (the gentleman that came in with Mr. Cony), who, it seems, gave my Lord of Pembroke some words which provoked him to express his distaste of them, by throwing a glass of wine in his face ; which injury Mr. Goring so far resented, as that he was about to draw his sword, but was prevented by some of the company, and put out of the room, to avoid further mischief. This gentleman, Mr. Cony, that was killed, was not at all concerned in the matter of the difference, but only desired to go out of the room, that he might look after his friend, who was thrust out of doors, he knew not why (without any provocation, as you will bear by and bye). My Lord of Pembroke falls upon him, strikes him with one blow to the ground, and when he was there trod upon him on his back, on his stomach, on his side, and kicked him so that the poor gentleman fell into a swoon, and was, after some time, with some difficulty, brought to himself again. After they had perceived there was life in him, they lifted him up, and laid him down on some chairs that were in the room, and, thinking too much had been done by them already, they take their leaves of him, and commit him to the care of the drawer. He was not (as it should seem) so carefully attended by the drawer, whose ignorance could not look after him as his condition required, and so fell down off the chairs again divers times. After some time, early in the morning, he was carried away in a sedan to his own lodging, and being there put to bed, as he grew a little more and more recovered out of his stupefaction, so he grew more and more in pain, and sent for doctors and chirurgeons to consult with, by whom he had all the means used that was possible to have saved his life, but it proved there was so much blood forced out of his veins, and gathered into one place of his body, by those blows and bruises, that he could not be recovered, and so, after a week's time passed in intolerable pain, died : but yet all the time of his dying, and even constantly to his death, he did complain that it was my Lord's bruises brought him into that condition. It will also be proved, that, after his death, upon view of the body, by the coroner and his jury, there was the appearances of those blows and bruises, by broad bruises in several parts of the body, and this some of the jury will testify. This, in short, is the matter of the evidence, which we shall briefly prove, and then submit it all to your Lordships' judgment."

The witnesses who were present at the scene were, Mr. Henry Goring, Mr. Richard Savage, Mr. John Shelly, and Captain Fitzpatrick. They all agreed pretty closely in their testimony. It will therefore be only necessary to give here the evidence of two of them, Goring and Savage, which was as follows :—

Mr. Goring.—May it please your Grace, Mr. Cony and I did, on Sunday, the 3rd of February last, dine in the city ; we staid very late there, and I must ingenuously confess, we had drank more than was fit for us

to have done ; after that, if it please your Grace, I offered to set down Mr. Cony at his lodgings, but he was so very ceremonious, that he would see me home ; it seems, Long's house, the tavern, in the Hay-market, was in the way, and Mr. Cony would needs have us drink another bottle of wine, ere we parted. It was late, and the door shut, but we, knocking pretty hard for admittance, did get it opened, and, as soon as the door was opened, Mr. Cony went towards the bar, and made some noise, being in drink ; my Lord of Pembroke was then in a low room in the house, and knowing Mr. Cony (as I thought), came and asked him if he would come in and drink with him ; he replied, " My Lord, I am with a friend, and we have some business together." At length, my Lord asked me very civilly to come in, and we did, after some time, come in ; and, when we were in, my Lord drank to me, as I remember, and we stood round the table awhile, and, at last, sat down in some chairs, for we were not so much ourselves as to be able to stand all the while ; then there was, it seems, some dispute between my Lord of Pembroke and me, wherein my Lord did conceive I had done him some injury, and threw a glass of wine in my face.

Att. Gen.—What kind of discourse was that, pray, Sir ?

Goring.—Truly, may it please your Grace, I cannot remember all the discourse, because I was so much in drink at that time ; they say, it was about families and play ; I cannot, positively, say what it was ; but, after, my Lord of Pembroke rose up to draw his sword, and I laid my hand upon mine.

Att. Gen.—Well, Sir, and what followed then ?

Goring.—Captain Savage stepped in between my Lord and me, and the drawer came bustling about, and took me, and shoved me out of the room ; while I was thrusting out, I heard a noise behind me, and I saw my Lord make somewhat towards Mr. Cony ; but more, I cannot say what was done, because Mr. Savage was between my Lord and me. When I was out of the room, I found my sword gone, and my hat and periwig ; I then made a noise at the door, and would not go away, until I had recovered my things ; the man of the house, who was in bed, it seems (for he was then undressed, and in his night-gown), came and asked me what was the matter ? I told him I had been in the room with my Lord of Pembroke, where I had received some ill-usage, and had lost my hat and periwig, and they had broken a piece off my sword, and had taken it from me, which I had desired to have again ; and, said I, Mr. Cony, I doubt, is in danger, for there is quarrelling within ; and I desired to come in, to see what they did with him.

Att. Gen.—Well, Sir, when you came in, what then ?

Goring.—Upon this, the master of the house did desire me to go into a room, and a gentlewoman, his sister, as I after understood, did also press me to go into another room, and promised they would bring Mr. Cony to me ; upon which, I went into a room thereby, but it was long before I heard from them ; and, being under some impatience, they at last came and told me, " Now, Sir, you may go in, if you please." When I came in, I found a gentleman lying along upon the chairs, and nobody else in the room ; I began to be suspicious, for I was then, as I thought, somewhat soberer, that he had some wound, and took the candle, and walked about him, and would fain have awakened him, but could not, by all my endeavours ; the drawer told me he was only dead drunk, and would, in a little time, come to himself ; upon which, I desired them to

lay some blankets upon him, and some pillows under him, and set some more chairs, to make the place broader, that he might not fall down, and I ordered the drawer to be sure to watch with him till he awaked, and make a good fire, which he promised to do. The next day, Mr. Cony sent to my lodging, to come and see him; but I did not that day, because I did go out early, and did not return till late; but the very next day after (being Tuesday), when I came to him, "Harry," said he, "I was very much abused the other night in my Lord's company." I am sorry for that, said I, with all my heart; and asked him how he came to be abused. "My Lord of Pembroke," said he, "threw me down, and there somebody trod upon me and kicked me, and he shall know that he has abused me, and that I expect satisfaction for it: I hope you will let him know so much, and carry him a challenge from me." Mr. Cony, said I, who did tread upon you? "I know not," said he, "for I was in a swoon; either my Lord of Pembroke, or some of his creatures for him. I never had the honour to know my Lord of Pembroke before, nor above one or two of the gentlemen that were with him then in the company."

Att. Gen.—Sir, had you any discourse with him afterwards?

Goring.—Yes, every day, till Thursday, at night.

Att. Gen.—Did he complain of much pain?

Goring.—Yes, constantly, in his stomach, his sides, and his shoulders.

Att. Gen.—What did he tell you was the cause of his death?

Goring.—He said it was my Lord of Pembroke that had done him the injury, in throwing him down; who trod upon him, or kicked him, he could not tell, but said, my Lord should answer for it to him.

Att. Gen.—Then we desire Mr. Savage may be examined: Mr. Savage, pray do you acquaint his Grace, and my Lords, what you know of this business.

Savage.—May it please your Grace, I was in company with my Lord of Pembroke, at Mr. Long's house, in the Haymarket, when Mr. Cony came in, and making a great noise at the bar, my Lord of Pembroke being in a lower room, looked out at the door, and, seeing who it was, my Lord saluted him very kindly, and told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to walk into his room. Mr. Cony told him he had a friend at the door, and desired his Lordship to admit him, which my Lord embraced very kindly: and then Mr. Cony goes to the door and calls Mr. Goring, desiring him to come in, and they came together into the room; my Lord desired him to sit down, and drink a glass of wine, which they did, and after some time, falling into discourse, Mr. Goring began to make use of some impertinent language to my Lord, and, amongst the rest, told him he was as good, or a better gentleman than he was.

Att. Gen.—Goring did?

Savage.—Yes, Goring did; upon which, my Lord threw a glass of wine in his face, and immediately stepped back, and drew his sword: Mr. Goring was going to draw, but I came up to him, and took his sword from him, and broke a piece off it, and, upon my persuasion, my Lord put up his sword again; but, for fear there might be more words, I took Mr. Goring in my arms, and shoved him out of the room; and, whilst I was thrusting him out of doors, I heard a noise of a bustle behind me, and, leaving the drawer to keep Mr. Goring out, I saw my Lord of Pembroke strike Cony with his right hand, who immediately fell down, and then gave him a kick; and so upon that, finding him not stir, I took

Mr. Cony, being on the ground (I and my Lord together, for I was not strong enough to do it myself), and laid him on the chairs, and covered him up warm, and so left him.

The medical witnesses who were called, and who had attended the unfortunate man in his illness, proved that he had died of the wounds and bruises he had received.

The Earl of Pembroke did not make any address to the jury in answer to the charge, and only called two or three medical men to shew, that Cony had died from natural causes, and not from the injuries he had done to him.

The majority of the peers present, found the Earl guilty of manslaughter; upon which he claimed his privilege of peerage; this was granted, and he was discharged.

The danger he had run on the present occasion,—for he was in some danger, inasmuch as if, instead of manslaughter, he had been found guilty of murder, his peerage would not have saved him—did not cure the Earl of Pembroke of his taste for tavern revelries. Before the expiration of the same year in which he had been tried, he gave his brethren of the peerage some further trouble in a new *escapade*, happily of less tragical issue.—The particulars will be best gathered from the following entries which are found in the Lords' Journals:—

“November, 27.—The House being informed of a quarrel which happened lately between the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Dorset; it is ordered, that the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod do give notice to the Earl of Pembroke, that he attend this House presently; and that Mr. Lloyd and the footman be summoned to appear presently, to give this House an account thereof.

“In the meantime, the Earl of Dorset gave the House an account, that on Wednesday last, late at night, the Earl of Pembroke sent one Mr. Lloyd, who told him, that the Earl of Pembroke desired to speak with him, at Locket's house. The Earl of Dorset asked whether the Earl of Pembroke was sober; and was answered, Yes. And when his Lordship came, he found the Earl of Pembroke in a low room; who told him that he had done him an injury; therefore he would fight him. The Earl of Dorset asked him, Where and when? The Earl of Pembroke told him, Now, in this room: and then laid violent hands upon him. The Earl of Pembroke's footman took away his sword from his side; but Mr. Lloyd closed in and parted them: and so his Lordship got loose from him.

“The Earl of Pembroke being come, standing in his place, the Lord Chancellor told him what an account the Earl of Dorset had given to the House.

“The Earl of Pembroke said, he remembered no such thing; but confessed he desired to speak with the Earl of Dorset about business, but had no intent of fighting; and that the Earl of Dorset had two men with him, and that his own servant took his sword away.

“The House directed the Earl of Dorset to relate again, in the presence of the Earl of Pembroke, what passed between them. Then both these Lords withdrew themselves. The House, taking this business into consideration, and how much the honour of this House was concerned therein, made these orders following:—

“For the better preservation of the peace, and preventing any mischief which may happen between the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Dorset, it is ordered, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament as-

sembled, that the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Dorset be, and are hereby, confined to their respective houses or lodgings, till further order; and that they, or either of them, send not any message or write to the other during their confinement.

"Ordered, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, that Mr. Lloyd, an officer in Sir Charles Wheeler's regiment, and the footman who waited on the Earl of Pembroke, and the two footmen who waited on the Earl of Dorset, at Locket's ordinary on Monday night last, and Robin, the waiter at the said ordinary, be, and are hereby required to attend at the bar of this House to-morrow, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Then the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Dorset were again called to their places. And the Lord Chancery declared to them what the House had ordered; and laid on them the commands of the House, not to resent anything further concerning this business.

"November 28.—This House being moved by the Duke of Bucks on behalf of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Dorset, now under confinement by order of this House, by reason of some difference between them, occasioned by the Earl of Pembroke, who remembered not what he did say or do to the Earl of Dorset on Monday night last, but is very sorry for the provocation then offered, and prays he may be discharged from the confinement he lies under, and have leave to retire to his house at Wilton.

"The Earl of Dorset also declaring that he is satisfied concerning this matter; and prays that he may be no longer under confinement: it is ordered, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, that the confinement the Earl of Dorset is under be taken off; and also the confinement under which the Earl of Pembroke is, who hath hereby leave given him to retire himself to his house at Wilton."

The person with whom the Earl of Pembroke got into collision in his last recorded drunken outbreak was Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the celebrated wit and poet. He had just come to the title of Dorset by the death of his father, but had been a few years before created Earl of Middlesex, upon succeeding to the estates of his uncle, the brother of his mother, who had borne that title.

Whether the Earl took the broad hint to withdraw himself from the temptations of the metropolis does not appear. He died in 1683, when his two earldoms went to a third brother, Thomas, a nobleman who restored the ancient reputation of the family, and, besides the high offices he filled in the state—of Lord High Admiral, and afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—and his distinction in the world of literature and science, which procured him the chair of the Royal Society, is especially memorable as the collector of the assemblage of sculptures and other antiquities, which has ever since given a new celebrity to the fine old seat of Wilton, already renowned for its pictures, and for its having been there that Sidney is believed to have written the greater part of his *Arcadia*. The titles have since descended in his line. Earl Philip, however, by his wife Henrietta de Querouaille, a younger sister of the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth—who survived her husband nearly half a century—left a daughter, who married the second and last Lord Jeffreys, son of the notorious Chancellor, and by him became the mother of Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, the authoress of the *Letters*, and the ancestress of the present noble family of that title.

ANECDOTES OF THE PEERAGE.

Ages of the Peers.—1848.

THE most aged Peers (all born between the years 1760, and 1770) are the following:—

AGED.

- 86. Marquess of Huntly, born 28th June, 1761.
- 85. Lord Berners, born 1st October, 1762.
- 84. Earl of Macclesfield, born, 9th June, 1763.
- 83. Lord Plunket, born in July, 1764.
- 82. Lord Dynevor, born 8th October, 1765.
- 82. Earl of Mayo, born 18th January, 1766,
- 81. Lord Stanley, of Alderley, born 26th November, 1766.
- 81. Lord Talbot of Malahide, born in 1766.
- 80. Viscount Strathallan, born 24th March, 1767.
- 80. Earl of Bantry, born 6th August, 1767.
- 80. Lord Delamere, born 9th August, 1767.
- 80. Duke of Hamilton, born 5th October, 1767.
- 80. Earl of Cork, born 21st October, 1767.
- 80. Lord Dinorben, born 10th November, 1767.
- 80. Earl of Portsmouth, born 18th December, 1767.
- 79. Lord Colvill, born 15th March, 1768.
- 79. Earl of Leitrim, born 9th May, 1768.
- 79. Marquess of Anglesey, born 17th May, 1768.
- 79. Duke of Portland, born 24th June, 1768.]
- 79. Lord Sinclair, born 30th July, 1768.
- 79. Earl of Shaftesbury, born 21st December, 1768.
- 78. Duke of Wellington, born 1st May, 1769.
- 78. Marquess of Bristol, born 2nd October, 1769.

The next in seniority are Viscount Melville, Lord Methuen, Lord de Vesci, Lord Skelmersdale, Lord Stafford, Lord Bagot, Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Strafford, the Earl of Guilford, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Meath, the Marquess of Ailesbury, the Earl Amherst, Lord Beresford, Lord Dunsaney, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl Digby, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Cloncurry, Lord Dacre, Lord Wiltoughby de Broke, and Lord Ashburton, all of whom were born between the years 1770 and 1775.

The youngest Peers (all of whom are minors) are,

AGED.

- 6. Earl of Dunmore, born 24th March, 1841.
- 9. Earl of Coventry, born 9th May, 1838.
- 11. Viscount Powerscourt, born 14th October, 1836.

AGED.

12. Earl of Belmore, born 9th April, 1835.
14. Earl of Granard, born 5th August, 1833.
15. Marquess of Hastings, born 2nd June, 1832.
16. Marquess of Bath, born 1st of March, 1831.
16. Earl of Hopetoun, born 22nd of March, 1831.
16. Lord Lurgan, born 10th April, 1831.
17. Earl of Annesley, born 21st February, 1830.
19. Earl of Durham, born September, 1828.
19. Lord Ribblesdale, born 28th April, 1828.
20. Earl of Darnley, born 16th April, 1827.

Origin of our Most Distinguished Families.

The illustrious House of Norfolk derives in the male line, from William Howard, "a learned and reverend judge," of the reign of Edward I.; and with him the authentic pedigree commences. Dugdale sought in vain, amid the mists of remoter ages, for a clue to the family's earlier origin. The alliance of the judge's descendant, Sir Robert Howard, Knight, with Margaret, elder daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk—was the source whence flowed to after generations,

All the blood of all the Howards.

Margaret de Mowbray, was great granddaughter and heiress of Thomas Plantaganet, surnamed de Brotherton, eldest son of King Edward I., by Margaret, his second wife, daughter of Philip the Hardy of France. This great alliance may be regarded as the foundation stone on which was erected the subsequent grandeur of the House of Norfolk; but the brilliant halo which encircles the coronet of the Howards, owes its splendour to the heroic achievements of the successive chiefs, on whom its honours devolved. John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, fell at Bosworth, manfully adhering to Richard III.; his son, the Earl of Surrey, was the hero of Flodden, and the latter's grandson is ever memorable as the first poet of his age.

"The gentle Surrey loved his lyre.
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire
And his the Bard's immortal name."

In more recent times the hereditary gallantry of the race continued to shine conspicuously forth; and to a Howard was reserved the honour of overthrowing the mighty power of Spain, and crushing the "invincible" Armada. In point of mere antiquity, there are several nobles, who far exceed the Howards; but what other family pervades all our national annals with such frequent mention, and often involved in circumstances of such intense interest? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, state victims to tyranny, and feudal Chiefs, they have been constantly before us for four centuries. "In the drama of life," says an eloquent writer, "they have exhibited every variety of character, good and bad; and the tale of their vices, as well as of their virtues, is full of instruction and anxious sympathy or indignant censure. No story of romance, or tragic drama, can exhibit more incidents to enhance attention

or move the heart than would a comprehensive account of this House, written with eloquence and pathos."

The noble family of CAVENDISH, of which, in the last century, two branches attained Dukedoms, laid the foundations of its greatness, on the share of abbey lands, obtained at the dissolution of the monasteries, by Sir William Cavendish, who had been gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and died in 1557; but its vast wealth may be ascribed to the abilities and the good fortune of Elizabeth, Lady Cavendish, Sir William's widow, who remarried George, Earl of Shrewsbury, and died in 1607, aged eighty-seven. Of this lady, the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick," the notable dabbler in architecture, intrigue, and money-craft, Bishop Kennet, thus speaks:—

"The Lady Cavendish continued in her widowhood some time, rejecting many offers, and then accepted of Sir William St. Loe, of Tormarton in Gloucestershire, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, and Grand Butler of England, and possessor of divers fair lordships in Gloucestershire, which, in articles of marriage, she took care should be settled on her, and her own heirs, in default of issue by him; and accordingly, having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding his former daughters and his brothers.

"In this third widowhood, she had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to terms of the greatest honour and advantage to herself and children, for he not only yielded to a considerable jointure, but to an union of families, by taking Mary, her youngest daughter, to wife of Gilbert his son, and afterwards his heir; and giving the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter, to Henry her eldest son. On November 18, 1590, she was a fourth time left, and to death continued a widow. A change of conditions, that perhaps never fell to any one woman, to be four times a creditable and happy wife; to rise by every husband into greater wealth and higher honours; to have an unanimous issue by one husband only; to have all those children live, and all, by her advice, be honourably and creditably disposed of in her lifetime; and, after all, to live seventeen years a widow, in absolute power and plenty.

"She built three of the most elegant seats that were ever raised by one hand within the same county, beyond example—Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes, all transmitted entire to the first Duke of Devonshire. At Hardwick, she left the ancient seat of her family standing, and at a small distance, still adjoining to her new fabric, as if she had a mind to preserve her cradle, and set it by her bed of state. Which old house has one room in it, of such exact proportion, and such convenient lights, that it has been thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance of a room in the late Duke of Marlborough's noble house at Blenheim. It must not be forgotten, that this Lady had the honour to be Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots, committed prisoner to George Earl of Shrewsbury, for seventeen years. Her chamber, and rooms of state, with her arms and other ensigns, are still remaining at Hardwick; her bed was taken away for plunder in the civil wars. At Chatsworth, the new lodgings, that answer the old, are called the Queen of Scots' apartment, and an island plat at the top of a square tower, built in a large pool, is still called the Queen of Scots' garden; and some of her own royal work is still preserved among the treasures of this family: a carpet embroidered with her needle, and particularly a suit of hangings, now remaining in a chamber at Hardwick, wherein, all the virtues are represented in symbolical figures and allusive mottoes; an ornament, and a lecture. The Earl's own epitaph betrays that he was suspected of familiarity with his royal prisoner, *quod licet a malevolis propter suspectum cum captiva Regina familiaritatem sæpius male audivit*, which is not to be imagined true: however, the rumour of it was, no doubt, an exercise of temper and virtue to the Countess, who carried herself to the Queen, and the Earl her husband, with all becoming respect and duty.

"Yet it was reported of her, that coming to Court, and Queen Elizabeth demanding how the Queen of Scots did, she said, 'Madam, she cannot do ill, while she is with my husband, and I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together.' Whereupon the Queen was ordered into the custody of Sir Amias Paulet, and others. It is probable it was this that induced Camden to tax her with ill conduct, in the character he gives of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"She endowed a noble hospital at Derby, for the subsistence of twelve poor people, who have each of them an allowance of near £10. per annum; and departing this life in the eighty-seventh year of her age, on February 13, 1607, was buried in the south aisle of All-Hallows church in Derby, under a stately monument, which she took care to erect in her own life-time. Her statue, in full proportion, curiously cut in marble, lies at length, and above it is a Latin inscription, setting forth her marriages and issue."

JOHN, seventh EARL of MARR, being a widower, fell desperately in love with Lady Stuart, daughter of the Duke of Lennox, and the King's cousin, but who, seeing that his lordship was twice her age, and had already a son and heir, at first positively refused to take him. Though his lordship had arrived at those years when love is supposed to have no very powerful sway over the human heart, he pined like a lad of seventeen for this scornful beauty, and it was even supposed that his disappointed passion might have a fatal effect. The King, however, soon learnt how matters stood, and, as we are informed by Lady Mary's descendant, the late Earl of Buchan came to him, and said in his hearty way, "I say, Jock, ye sanna die for ony lass in a' the land." To make good his word, he set about the task of conciliating Lady Mary, which he ultimately effected, by a promise to ennoble her eldest son. Hence originated the peerage of Buchan.

JAMES DALRYMPLE, LORD STAIR, married Margaret, eldest daughter of Ross of Ballneil. Of this Margaret, who was a most extraordinary woman, many singular tales are told, amongst others the following is to be found in *Law's Memorial*. "She lived to a great age, and at her death, desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should stand upright on one end of it, promising that while she remained in that situation the Dalrymples should continue to flourish. Certain it is, her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkleston, the burial place of the family; and it is probable that this odd position of her corpse, and the sudden rise of so many of the house of Dalrymple, without any very visible reason, might have given occasion to the vulgar conjecture that she was a witch." From this celebrated lady, Sir Walter Scott is said to have drawn Lady Ashton, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, a beautiful and o'er true a tale.

Numerous indeed are the Peerages that have emanated from the Law; the most conspicuous are those of Manchester, Camden, Shaftesbury, Cowper, Macclesfield, North, Hardwicke, Bathurst, Mansfield, Harrowby, Eldon, Somers, Grantley, Kenyon, Thurlow, Erskine, Manners, Gifford, Lyndhurst, Tenterden, Plunket, Wynford, Brougham, Denman, Abinger, Cottenham, Langdale, and Campbell. Next month we will continue this analysis of the origin of our Peerage Honours.

The Proud Duke of Somerset.

Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, who added to his own princely patrimony, the vast estates of the Percys by his marriage with the heiress of Jocelyn, Duke of Northumberland, is well known in contemporary history

as the *proud* Duke of Somerset. His Grace was of a middle stature, of an elegant form, and dark complexion; he loved music and poetry; had judgment; but an hesitation in speech made him appear wanting in expression. He was noble in sentiment, magnificent in living, a generous enemy, and a firm friend. His foible was an unbounded pride, which carried him to the most absurd lengths. The first peer of the realm being a Roman Catholic, he took precedence on all great occasions. He had attended the funerals of Charles II., Queen Mary, and William III., and at the coronation of James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I., and George II. He seemed little less in his conduct than if vested with regal honours. His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared that he might pass without obstruction or observation. He had two wives; the first was Elizabeth, the sole daughter and heiress of Jocelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, the virgin widow of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, and the relict of Thomas Thynne, Esq., who was shot in his coach by Count Coningsmark, in hopes of obtaining the heiress of the Percys. His second Duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. He made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. The Duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and with an indignant, sour countenance, said, "My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with profound respect; the two youngest daughters had used to stand alternately whilst he slept of an afternoon, Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down; the Duke awaked, and, being displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will, he left her £20,000 less than her sister. The pleasant Sir James Delaval laid a wager of £1,000 that he would make the Duke give him precedence; but that was judged impossible, for his Grace was all eyes and ears upon such an occasion. Delaval, however, having one day obtained information of the precise time when the Duke was to pass a narrow part of the road on his way to town, stationed himself there in a coach emblazoned for the day with the arms, and surrounded by many servants in livery, of the head of the house of Howard, who called out when Somerset appeared, "The Duke of Norfolk." The former, fearful of committing a breach of etiquette, hurried his postilion under a hedge, where he was no sooner safely fixed, than Delaval passed, who, leaning out of the carriage, bowed with a familiar air, and wished his Grace a good morning. He indignantly exclaimed, "Is it you, Sir James? I thought it had been the Duke of Norfolk." The wager, thus fairly won, was paid, and the town made merry with the stratagem to gain it. His Grace died in 1748, at the advanced age of 87, having filled high offices in the courts of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne. His son and successor, Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, left an only daughter Elizabeth, the greatest heiress of her time, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., of Stanwick, county of York, and was mother of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland.

The Duke of Bridgewater.

THE vast expenses incurred during the construction of the Bridgewater Canal, often involved the Duke in perplexing pecuniary struggles. It is well known that at one time his credit was so low, that his bill for £500 could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties, Gilbert,

his man of business, was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers small sums (some of them as low as £10), which, when collected, were sufficient to meet the demands of Saturday night. But, forbearing and persevering, he overcame great difficulties, and realized an immense fortune. When Mr. Pitt imposed an income-tax in 1798, the return made by the man who had been formerly driven to the necessity of sending to his neighbours for assistance in his difficulties, was £110,000 per annum; and to the loyalty loan, asked by the government some years later, he contributed £100,000 at one time, and all in ready money!

GENEALOGICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

To the Editor of The Patrician.

Nafferton Vicarage, Driffield,
January 17, 1848.

SIR,—I have only just seen in "The Patrician" of this month the letter of Mr. Churton, in reply to "Generosus." I shall be most happy to join any such association as that proposed. It would be most useful to all who are fond of genealogical pursuits, and might at the same time evidently be invaluable in the tracing or recovery of property, through the proofs it would afford of relationship, &c.

Independent however of both these grounds, or, rather, with these, on national grounds, it would, in one point of view, be of first-rate importance. I allude to the preservation of our parochial records—than which, few things can be deemed of more consequence.

I beg to say, as a parish clergyman of some experience of several parishes, that the *earlier parish registers* are going fast to decay—those of them which are written on paper; and those of them which are written on parchment are (in many instances,) fast becoming illegible.

I must confess, that I can hardly see, and should be very glad to be informed how they could be printed or copied (on account of their voluminousness) as proposed, (as I understand him,) by "Generosus," much as such a copy is to be desired; but I hesitate not to say, that SOMETHING, and this which he proposes, if possible, should *at once* be done BY THE NATION—and I do trust, that some member of either house of Parliament who may read your entertaining Magazine, will bring the matter before the legislature in the ensuing session.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

F. O. MORRIS.

P.S.—Might they not all be preserved together at the General Register Office in London, and if possible, copied, then, alphabetically?

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND.

Groby and Bradgate, co. Leicester.

O Charnwood, be thou called the choicest of thy kind :
 The like, in any place, what flood hath hapt to find ?
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let it be,
 Can shew a sylvan Nymph in beauty like to thee—
 The Satyrs and the Fauns, by Dian set to keep
 Rough Hills and Forest Holts were sadly seen to weep,
 When thy high-palmed harts—the sport of boors and hounds—
 By grapple Borderers' hands were banished thy grounds.

GROBY, so long the designation of the illustrious families of Ferrars and Grey, forms part of Charnwood, itself a portion of the ancient Celtic forest of Arden, "Rosalind's favoured haunt," which extended from the Avon to the Trent, and it now includes a considerable portion of the triangle defined by the towns of Leicester, Loughborough, and Ashby de la Zouch. An elegantly written description of "Charnwood's ancient Chase," has been given to the public by Mr. T. R. Potter, of Wymeswold, in which, profound antiquarian knowledge is so combined with historic anecdote and picturesque narration, that the general reader cannot fail to journey, a delighted traveller, along the unfrequented paths of local history, gathering as he goes, many an attractive flower, and reposing on many a verdant spot.

Groby is, indeed, associated with historical recollections, and these, combined with its antiquity, impart to it peculiar interest. Tracing it from the time of Edward the Confessor, when it was held at the annual value of twenty shillings, we find it registered in Domesday-book at sixty, erected into a barony by William Rufus, and eventually identified with the extraordinary Elizabeth Widvile, or Woodville—with one exception, the most illustrious name connected with the house of Grey.

From Hugo de Grentesmeisnell, the Domesday proprietor, Groby passed to Robert Blanchmaines, in marriage with Hugo's daughter, Petronella; and again, through the alliance of this lady's descendant with William, Earl of Derby, it was conveyed to the noble House of Ferrars, in which the manor vested until the middle of the fifteenth

century, when the male line of the Lords Ferrars becoming extinct, Elizabeth, grand daughter and heiress of the last Baron, wedded Sir Edward Grey, son of Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and thus associated the inheritance of her family with a name from which it derives its chief historic celebrity. Her son and successor, Sir John Grey, Knt., a devoted adherent of the House of Lancaster, was slain at the Battle of St. Albans. His wife, the celebrated Elizabeth Widvile, deserves more than a passing word: it was her singular fate to be allied to one English monarch, Edward IV., and addressed or cajoled by another, still more memorable, Richard III. Brilliant, however, as was the diadem which eventually graced her brow, her first marriage appears to have been far more congenial with her feelings; and, if an inference can be drawn from the following passage in her Diary, we cannot refrain from thinking, with her happiness. This Diary presents such a curious picture of the times, and so *naively* describes the youthful maiden's own feelings, as well as the extraordinary laws then in vogue, and the pursuits (so different from ours,) of fashionable ladies in those days, that we make no apology for giving the following extract:—

“THURSDAY MORNING (May 10, 1451).—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Katherine to milk the cows: Rachael, the other dairy-maid, having scalded one of her hands in a very sad manner last night. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's. Six o'clock.—Breakfasted. The buttock of beef rather too much boiled, and the ale a little the stalest. Memorandum—to tell the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly. Seven o'clock.—Went out with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the court-yard; fed five and thirty men and women; chid Roger very severely for expressing some dissatisfaction in attending us with the broken meat. Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maiden Dorothy: caught Stump, the little black pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without either saddle or bridle. Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey one of our visitants—a most comely youth—but what's that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate very little—stole a great many tender looks at me—said a woman never could be handsome, in his opinion, who was not good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and Roger is the most disorderly serving man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth—my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it—and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion. Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot say I should have any aversion to John Grey: he plays prison-bars as well as any gentleman in the country, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, and never misses church of a Sunday. Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company; and gave a matter of no less than five pound himself to this benevolent intention. Mem. Never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four o'clock.—Went to prayers. Six o'clock.—Fed the poultry and hogs. Seven o'clock.—Supper at the table; delayed on account of farmer Robinson's fire and misfortune. The goose pie too much baked, and the loin of pork almost roasted to rags. Nine o'clock.—The company almost all asleep. These late hours are very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey disturbing my thoughts too much the first. Fell asleep about ten, and dreamt that John had come to demand me of my father.”

The union—the foundations of which were thus early laid—was, we need not add, duly consummated ; and no period of the chequered life of Elizabeth Widvile seems so free from care as the years she passed at Groby. Brief, however, was her span of happiness. The fatal battle of St. Albans proved the last field on which the gallant Sir John Grey fought, and the forfeiture of his estates reduced his young and lovely widow, with her two infant sons, to a situation of such privation, that, on the untimely death of her husband, she was forced to retire for refuge to her father, Sir Richard Widvile's house at Grafton ; and here it was that Edward IV., chancing to visit that demesne, was especially struck by her beauty and distress. A hint consequently was quickly given, that the boon she solicited might be granted, and the forfeited estates of the husband returned to her lovely boys, who stood weeping by her side ; but conditions were annexed, which modern delicacy might shrink to name, though it is equally honourable to herself and an age which the present is too apt to term barbarous, to add that she rejected them with scorn. Moved by the sight of so much beauty and virtue in tears, the monarch consequently became the suppliant in turn ; and the same evening saw him offer her his throne and his person, in the courtly terms that “ the Red Rose was again victorious.”

Elizabeth was destined, we need not add, to experience the vicissitudes—the alternations of splendour and misery—which occasionally accompany a crown. The wife of one monarch for nineteen years, she became, on his death, the object of persecution and of love, or cajolery, to another ; but the murder of her sons, the young King and Duke of York, in the Tower, the assassination of all her relatives, and the subsequent professions of devotion to herself, by Richard the Third, are too glowingly detailed by Shakespeare, to be recapitulated here ; and after she had given another child, a daughter, to a throne, by an alliance with Henry the Seventh, and thus for ever closed those long dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster, which deluged the plains of England with blood, and struck down, it is calculated, three fourths of the ancient nobility of England, she became the subject of this penurious tyrant's suspicions in her turn, and ultimately died, in little other than the condition of his prisoner, at the Monastery of Bermondsey, in the year 1492. This unhappy lady's son by her first husband, Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, became a staunch adherent of the Earl of Richmond, and obtained, after the successful issue of the Battle of Bosworth, full restitution of his hereditary possessions. He returned to his Lordship of Groby, and there resided till his death in 1501. His Lordship was the last of his race who made Groby the family seat. His son and successor, Henry Grey, third Marquess of Dorset, and first Duke of Suffolk, preferring the situation of the neighbouring Manor of Bradgate, fixed his chief residence there. The alliance he formed was the most illustrious in the kingdom, his wife, Frances, being daughter and coheir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and neice of King Henry VIII. His issue consisted of three daughters—of these the eldest was the lovely and ever interesting Lady Jane Grey, with whose birth BRADGATE is for ever identified in posterity's recollection. Her accomplishments were so great, that they seem almost incredible ; and her misfortunes so co-equal, that they transcend the conceptions of romance. But, before entering on

her story, we cannot refrain from copying the following singular agreement between one of the early barons and King John, proving the antiquity of the barony of Bradgate.

“ This is the Agreement made at Leicester on the day of St. Vincent the Martyr, in the 31st year of the reign of king Henry, the son of king John (before sir Roger de Turkilby, master Simon de Walton, sir Gilbert de Preston, and sir John de Cobham, justices then there itinerant), between Roger de Quincy, earl of Winton, and Roger Somery : To wit : that the aforesaid Roger de Somery hath granted for him and his heirs, that the aforesaid earl and his heirs may have and hold his park of Bradgate so inclosed as it was inclosed in the Octaves of St. Hilary, in the 31st year of the aforesaid king Henry, with the deer-leaps [saltatoriis] then in it made. And for this agreement and grant, the same earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that the same Roger de Somery and his heirs may enter at any hour on the forest of him the earl, to chase in it [ad bersandum] with nine bows and six hounds, according to the form of a cyrograph before made, between the aforesaid Roger earl of Winton and Hugh de Albiniaco earl of Arundel, in the court of the lord the king at Leicester. And if any wild beast, wounded by any of the aforesaid bows, shall enter the aforesaid park by any deer-leap or otherwise, it shall be lawful for the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs to send one man or two of his, who shall follow the aforesaid wild beast, with the dogs pursuing that wild beast within the aforesaid park, without bow and arrows, and may take it on that day whereon it was wounded, without hurt of other wild beasts in the aforesaid park abiding ; so that, if they be footmen, they shall enter by some deer-leap or hedge ; and if they be horsemen, they shall enter by the gate, if it shall be open ; and otherwise shall not enter before they wind their horn for the keeper, if he will come. And farther, the same earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall every year cause to be taken a brace of bucks in the buck-season, and a brace of does in the doe-season, and them cause to be delivered at the gate of the aforesaid park to any one of the men of the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs, bringing their letters patents for the aforesaid deer. The aforesaid earl hath also granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall make no park, nor augment the park beyond the bounds of the hunting-ground of the aforesaid Roger and his heirs, besides the antient enclosures of the aforesaid forest. And the aforesaid Roger de Somery hath granted for him and his heirs, that they for the future shall never enter the aforesaid forest to chase, save with nine bows and six hounds ; and that their forestry shall not carry in the wood of the aforesaid Roger de Somery and their heirs, barbed arrows, but [sagittas barbatus, sed pilettas]. And that his men of Barwe and foresters, within the Octaves of St. Michael, at the Park ford, shall do fealty every year to the bailiffs of the aforesaid earl and his heirs and other things which to the aforesaid forest belong, according to the purport of the cyrograph between the aforesaid earls of Winchester and Arundel before made. And this agreement is made between the aforesaid earl and the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs, all the articles in the aforesaid cyrograph made between the aforesaid earls of Winchester and Arundel contained. And farther, the said earl hath granted for him and his heirs, that the one or two of the men of the aforesaid Roger

de Somery and his heirs, who shall follow the aforesaid wild beast wounded, with the dogs pursuing it into the aforesaid park, with the aforesaid wild beast, whether they shall have taken it or not, may, with the aforesaid dogs, freely and without hindrance, go out through the gate of the aforesaid park. And the aforesaid earl and his heirs shall cause some one of their servants to give notice to the aforesaid Roger de Somery and his heirs at Barwe, on what day he shall send for the abovesaid deer to the aforesaid place at the aforesaid times; and this notice they shall cause to be given to them six days before the aforesaid day. In witness whereof each to the others writing hath put to his seal. And it is to be observed, that the time of buck-season [tempus penguedinis] here is computed between the feast of St. Peter ad vincula [August 1st] and the exaltation of the Holy Cross [Sep. 14th]; and the time of doe-season [tempus firmationis] between the feast of St. Martin and the purification of the Blessed Virgin."

Associated in common ideas with the name of Lady Jane Grey, is the supposition that her pretensions to the throne were altogether unfounded; but the following pedigree (derived from Mr. Potter's work) will prove that Lady Jane Grey stood in a position not far removed from the throne.

Sir John Grey, succeeded as Lord Ferrars of Groby, 1458; and was slain at the battle of St. Albans, Feb. 17, 1460-61—first husband. Elizabeth Widvile, eldest dau. = Edw. IV.; and co-heir of Sir Richard Widvile, afterwards Earl Rivers. second husband

Anne, only dau. of Henry Holland, Earl of Exeter; died s. p.—first wife. = Sir Thomas Grey, succeeded as Lord Ferrars of Groby, 1461; created Earl of Huntingdon August 24, 1471, and first Marquis of Dorset of the family of Grey, April 18, 1475; K.G. and a Privy Counsellor to Henry VII. Died April 10, 1501; bur. at Astley. Cicely, dau. and heir of William Lord Bonville and Harrington—second wife. Sir Richard Grey, beheaded at Pontefract Castle, 1483. 4 Elizabeth = Henry VII. 1. Edward V., smothered 1483. 2. Richard. 3. George. 5. Catherine. 6. Cicely. 7. Ann. 8. Bridget. 9. Mary. 10. Margaret.

Eleanor, dau. of Oliver St. John, died s. p.—first wife. = Thomas Grey, succeeded as second Marquis of Dorset, &c., 1501—Chief Justice of all the King's forests, 1524, K.G.—died 1530—bur. at Astley. Margaret, dau. of Sir Robert Wotton of Bocton, in Kent, and widow of William Medley—second wife. Arthur, mar. to Catharine of Arragon. Henry VIII. Margaret, married James IV. of Scotland, in 1502. Louis XII. = Mary = Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk—second husband

Catherine, daughter of William FitzAlan, Earl of Arundel; died s. p.—first wife. = Henry Grey, succeeded as third Marquis of Dorset, &c., 1530; Constable of England, 1547; Justice of the King's Forests, 1550; Warden of the East, West, and Middle Marches, 1551; created Duke of Suffolk, Oct. 5, 1551; K.G.; attainted and beheaded Feb. 22, 1553-4. Frances, eldest daughter and co-heir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; died Nov. 21, 1559; buried in Westminster Abbey—second wife.

Lady Jane Grey, married Guilford Dudley, fourth son of John, Duke of Northumberland; was proclaimed Queen on the death of Edward VI., and beheaded Feb. 12, 1553-4. Catherine, mar. 1st, Henry Herbert, eldest son of William, Earl of Pembroke—divorced; 2dly, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, by whom she had three sons and a daughter, and died a prisoner in the Tower, Jan. 26, 1567. Mary, married Martin Keys, of Kent; died 1578.

One of the chief beauties of Mr. Potter's History of Charnwood in our estimation, is, that instead of overloading it with his own descriptions, he, whenever the narrative admits, trusts to unfolding it by means of quotations from old and contemporary authors, who depict incidents with a minuteness and an air of truth with which modern writers would vainly attempt to cope. He thus, for instance, details the mournful circumstances of her execution, chiefly from chroniclers who lived near the era, or, possibly, witnessed the tragic scene.

The night before her execution, after having long been engaged in her devotions, she took up a Greek Testament, and having attentively perused it for some time, she wrote, on some blank pages at the end, that "most godly and learned exhortation" to her sister, Lady Katherine, which has justly been admired as one of the most surprising epistles ever penned by a person on the very verge of eternity. She also wrote a letter to her father, full of tenderness, respect, and affection, and having performed this last sisterly and filial duty, she again knelt in prayer, and then sank into a tranquil sleep.

Heylin thus describes her conduct on the last morrow:—"The fatal morning being come, the Lord Guilford earnestly desired the officers that he might take his farewell of her: which, though they willingly permitted, yet upon notice of it she advised the contrary, assuring him that such a meeting would rather add to his afflictions than increase that quiet wherewith they had possessed their souls for the stroke of death, * * * that it was to be feared her presence would rather weaken than strengthen him; that he ought to take courage from his reason and derive constancy from his own heart; that if his soul were not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words; that he should do well to remit this interview to the other world; that there, indeed, friendships were happy and unions undissolvable. * * * All she could do was to give him a farewell out of a window as he passed towards the place of his dissolution."

This farewell—the spectacle of her husband's headless body, and all the other most mournful trials of that hour, were endured with a serenity and fortitude which Christian hope alone could impart. "She knew," she said, "she was upon the point of meeting with him in a better conjuncture, where they should never find the like intermission of their joys."

Another writer thus depicts her closing scene:—"The Lady Jane, whose lodging was in Master Partridge's house, did see his [her husband's] dead carcassee taken out of the cart as well as she did see him before alive going to his death—a sight, as might be supposed, to her worse than death. By this time was there a scaffold made upon the greene over against the White Tower, for the Ladie Jane to die upon, who being nothing at all abashed, neither with fear of hir own death, which then approached, neither with the sight of the dead carcassee of her husband when he was brought to the chappell, come forth, the lieutenant leading hir, with countenance nothing abashed, neither hir eies any thing moistened with teares, with a booke in her hand wherein she praied untill she came to the said scaffold, whereon she was mounted: this noble young ladie, as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge so was she as mild and patient as anie lamb at hir execution, and a little be-

fore her death uttered these words : ‘ Goode people, I come hether to die, and by lawe I am condemned to the same. The facte, indeede, against the Quene’s highnes was unlawful and the consenting thereunto by me : but touching the *procurement and desyne* thereof by me, or on my halfe, I doo wash my hands thereof in innocencie before God and the face of you good Christian people this day.’ (And therewith she wrung hir hands in which she had hir booke.) Then she sayd, ‘ I pray you all, good Christian people, to bere me wytness that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other mene, but only by the mercy of God in the merites of the bloud of his only sonne Jesus Christ : and I confessed when I dyd know the word of God I neglected the same, and loved myselfe and the world, and therefore this plage and punyshment is happely and worthely happened unto me for my sinnes. And yet I thank God of his goodness that he hath thus given me a tyme and respect to repent. And now, good people, while I am alyve I praie you to assyst me with your praiers.’ And then she knelyug down she turned to Fecknam, saying, ‘ Shall I say this psalm ?’ And he said ‘ Yes.’ Then she said the psalm of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in the most devout manner to the ende. Then she stooode up and gave hir mayde, Mistress Tylney, hir gloves and handkercher : and hir booke to Maister Thomas Bridges, the lyvetenante’s brother. Forthwith she untyed hir gownc. The hangman went to hir to have helped her of therewith, then she desyred him to let her alone ; turning towardes hir two gentlewomen who helped hir of therwith, and also hir frose paste and neckercher, geving to her a faire handkercher to knytte about hir eies. Then the hangman kneeled down and asked hir forgeveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed hir to stand upon the strawe, which doing she sawe the block. Then she said, ‘ I pray you dispatche me quickly.’ Then she kneeled down, saying, ‘ Wil you take it of before I lay me down ?’ And the hangman answered her, ‘ No, Madame.’ She tyed the kercher about hir eies ; then, *feeling for the blocke*, said, ‘ What shall I do ? Where is it ?’ One of the standers-by guyding hir therunto, she layde hir head downe upon the blocke and stretched forth hir body, and sayde, ‘ Lord, into thy handes I commend my spirite.’ Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, this most amiable and gifted lady—on the 12th of February, 1544.

The deaths on the seaffold of the Duke of Suffolk, and of his brother the Lord Thomas Grey, were the closing scene of this mournful tragedy. One brother, Lord John Grey, obtained pardon, and from him descended the subsequent Lords Grey of Groby—Earls of Stamford—in whose representative, the present Earl, Groby and Bradgate now vest. The latter ancient hall continued to be the family seat, until the early part of the last century, when it was destroyed by fire, and left in the state in which it now stands. The conflagration is thus described by Throsby :—“ It is said of the wife of the Earl of Stamford, who last inhabited Bradgate Hall, that she set it on fire at the instigation of her sister, who then lived in London. The story is thus told :—Some time after the Earl had married, he brought his lady to his seat at Bradgate : her sister wrote to her, desiring to know how she liked her habitation, and the country she was in : the Countess wrote for answer, ‘ that the house was tolerable, that the country was a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes.’ The sister, in consequence, by letter, desired her to set fire to the house,

and run away by the light of it : the former part of the request, it is said, she immediately put in practice, and thus this celebrated and interesting mansion was consigned to the flames." In addition to the honour of being the birth-place of Lady Jane Grey, Bradgate could boast of a royal visit from King William III., who was entertained at its hospitable hall for several days.

Connected with the noble house of Grey and their stately possessions, it may be by no means inappropriate to conclude with the following ballad, for which we are indebted to Mr. Potter :—

LEGEND OF THE HOLY WELL.

THE oaks of the Forest were autumn-tinged,
And the winds were at sport with their leaves,
When a Maiden traversed the rugged rocks
That Frown over Woodhouse Eaves.

The rain fell fast—she heeded it not—
Though no hut or home appears ;
She scarcely knew if the falling drops
Were rain-drops or her tears.

Onward she hied through the Outwoods dark—
(And the Outwoods were darker then :)
She feared not the Forest's deep'ning gloom—
She feared unholy men.

Lord Comyn's scouts were in close pursuit,
For Lord Comyn the maid had seen,
And had marked her mother's only child
For his paramour, I ween.

A whistle, a whoop, from the BUYK HYLL's side
Told Agnes her foes were nigh :
And screened by the cleft of an aged oak
She heard quick steps pass by.

Dark and dread fell that Autumn night :
The wind gusts fitful blew :
The thunder rattled :—the lightning's glare
Shewed Beacon's crags to view

The thunder neared—the lightning played
Around that sheltering oak ;
But Agnes, of men, not God afraid,
Shrank not at the lightning's stroke !

The thunder passed—the silvery moon
Burst forth from her cave of cloud,
And shewed in the glen "red Comyn's" men,
And she breathed a prayer aloud :—

"Maiden mother of God! look down—
List to a maiden's prayer:
Keep undefiled my mother's sole child—
The spotless are thy care." * * * * *

The sun had not glinted on Beacon's Hill
Ere the Hermit of Holy Well
Went forth to pray, as his wont each day,
At the Cross in Fayre-oak dell.

Ten steps had he gone from the green grassy mound
Still hemming the Holy Well Haw,
When stretched on the grass—by the path he must pass
A statue-like form he saw!

He crossed himself once, he crossed himself twice,
And he knelt by the corse in prayer:
"Jesu Maria! cold as ice—
Cold—Cold—but still how fair!"

The hermit upraised the stiffened form,
And he bore to the holy well:
Three Paters or more he muttered o'er,
And he filled his scallop shell.

He sprinkled the lymph on the maiden's face,
And he knelt and he prayed at her side—
Not a minute's space had he gazed on her face
Ere signs of life he spied. * * * *

Spring had invested the Charnwood oaks
With their robe of glist'ning green,
When on palfreys borne, one smiling morn,
At the Holy Well Haw was seen

A youth and a lady, passing fair,
Who asked for the scallop shell:
A sparkling draught each freely quaffed,
And they blessed the Holy Well.

They blessed that well, and they fervently blessed
The holy Hermit too;
To that and to him they filled to the brim
The scallop, and drank anew.

"Thanks, Father thanks to this Well and thee,"
Said the youth, "but to Heav'n most,
I owe the life of the fairest wife
That Charnwood's bounds can boast.

"The blushing bride thou seest at my side,
(Three hours ago made mine)
Is she who from death was restored to breath
By Heaven's own hand and thine.

" The Prior of Ulverscroft made us one,
And we hastened here to tell
How much we owe to kind Heav'n and thee,
For the gift of the Holy Well.

" In proof of which—to the Holy Well Haw
I give, as a votive gift,
From year to year three fallow deer,
And the right of the challenge drift.

" I give, besides, of land two hides,
To be marked from the Breedon Brand :
To be held while men draw from the Well in this Haw
A draught with the hollow hand."

The Hermit knelt, and the Hermit rose,
And breathed " Benedecite—"
" And tell me," he said, with a hand on each head,
" What heav'n-sent pair I see ? "

" This is the lost De Ferrars' child,
Who dwelt at the Steward's Hay ;
And, Father, my name—yet unknown to fame,
Is simply EDWARD GREY."

THEATRES.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. M. BOCAGE AND ANTIGONE.

M. BOCAGE, one of the great actors of Paris, and an author to boot, is evidently a man of much ability and taste. His performances of the haughty but sagacious Spaniard, in "Echec et Mat," and of the honest man in "Jarvis ou l'Honnête Homme," prove his high melo-dramatic power. His acting in "Diogene" and "Tartuffe" evince his capabilities for the superior drama. Under his superintendence, the tragedy of *Antigone* has been produced with classic and musical splendour. A charming combination has been formed by it, between the language of Sophocles and the harmony of Mendelssohn. Strange is it thus to see the meeting of genius. The man who has delighted the intellectual world for more than two thousand years, and he whom, dead before his prime, Europe just now mourns, come here in their works to the public, with equal freshness, fascination, and grace.

Antigone, from its recent representation on the English stage, is familiar to many unlearned in classic lore. The play, however, is not represented precisely the same at the St. James's Theatre as at Covent Garden. *Antigone*, instead of proceeding along the artificial stage to the place of death, rushes among the chorus, and continues her supplications during a greater part of the choral song, until she is literally dragged away. At the end, Hæmon is not brought in on a bier, as at Covent Garden, but is carried in his father's arms. This has a picturesque effect, to which M. Fechter's perfect representation of the corpse did not a little contribute. The appearance of death could not have been more completely assumed. Madame Rabut Fechter played *Antigone* very gracefully; and the acting of M. Bocage, as Creon, was truly fine. The last and great scene, where the base tyrant is utterly undone by his own cruelty and impiety, was represented by Bocage with terrible effect. The wild fixed glassy eye, the aspect of despair, the complete prostration of a haughty spirit, were rendered with fearful impressiveness. The scene we allude to is that masterpiece of horror, which in English runs thus:

CHO. But, lo! the king himself; and in his arms
See his dead son, the monument accursed
Of his sad fate, which, may we say unblamed,
Sprang not from other's guilt, but from his own.

Enter CREON, bearing the body of Hæmon.

CRE. Ah me ! what deadly woes from the bad mind
Perpetual flow ! Thus in one wretched house
Have you beheld the slayer and the slain.
O fatal counsels ! O unhappy son !
Thus with thy youthful bride to sink in death !
Thou diest, my child ; and I alone have kill'd thee !

CHO. O king ! thy justice comes too late.

CRE. It doth ;

I know it well, unhappy as I am :
For, oh ! the god this heavy weight of woe
Hath cast upon me, and his fiercest wrath
Torments me now, changing my joyful state
To keenest anguish. Oh ! the fruitless toils
Of wretched mortals !

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. Thus oppress'd, my lord,
With bitterest misfortune, more affliction
Awaits thee still, which thou wilt find within.

CRE. And can there be more woes ? Is aught to come
More horrible than this ?

MES. The queen is dead,
Her wounds yet fresh : eager, alas ! to show
A mother's love, she follow'd her lost child.

CRE. O Death insatiate ! how dost thou afflict me !
What cruel news, thou messenger of ill !
Hast thou brought now ?

CHO. A wretch already dead
With grief, thy horrid tale once more hath slain.

CRE. Didst thou not say a fresh calamity
Had fallen upon me ? Didst not say, my wife
Was dead, alas ! for grief of Hæmon's fate ?

[Scene opens, and discovers the body of Eurydice.]

MES. Behold her there.

CRE. Oh me ! another blow !
What now remains ? What can I suffer more,
Thus bearing in these arms my breathless son ?
My wife too dead ! Oh most unhappy mother !
And, Oh, thou wretched child !

MES. Close by the altar
She drew the sword, and closed her eyes in death,
Lamenting first her lost Megareus' fate
And Hæmon's death, with imprecations dire
Still pour'd on thee, the murderer of thy son.

CRE. I shudder at it. Will no friendly hand
Destroy me quick ? for, oh ! I am most wretched ;
Beset with miseries !

MES. She accused thee oft,
And said the guilt of both their deaths was thine.

CRE. Alas ! I only am to blame ; 'twas I
Who kill'd thee, Hæmon ! I confess my crime.

Bear me, my servants ! bear me far from hence,
For I am——nothing.

CHO. If in ills like these
Aught can be well, thou hast determined right :
When least we see our woes, we feel them least.

CRE. Quick, let my last, my happiest hour appear :
Would it were come, the period of my woes !
Oh, that I might not see another day !

CHO. Time must determine that : the present hour
Demands our care ; the rest be left to Heaven.

CRE. But I have wish'd and pray'd for 't

CHO. Pray for nothing ;
There 's no reversing the decrees of fate.

CRE. Take hence this useless load, this guilty wretch
Who slew his child, who slew ev'n thee, my wife !
I know not whither to betake me, where
To turn my eyes ; for all is dreadful round me,
And fate hath weigh'd me down on every side.

CHO. Wisdom alone is man's true happiness.
We are not to dispute the will of Heaven :
For ever are the boastings of the proud
By the just gods repaid, and man at last
Is taught to fear their anger and be wise.

We must now say a few words of Mendelssohn's music, and its performance here. A compact and efficient band, under the conduct of Benedict, filled the small orchestra of the theatre. The two divisions of an effective choir were at either wing, amounting altogether to about forty. The overture was played with feeling and correctness, the delicate passages for the wind instruments being executed with nice perfection. The choruses—which, in accordance with the severe simplicity of the subject, are all formed upon the same unaffected model—were generally performed with spirit and intelligence. The first chorus, an imprecation against the memory of Polynices, went off well. Those beautiful strophes where Antigone is taunted, and the brilliant and magnificent "Hymn to Bacchus," in which the vocal and instrumental orchestra were equally worthy of praise. The two grand scenes, illustrative of the despair of Antigone, and the agony of Creon, which are treated by Mendelssohn with the highest poetical feeling, and a perfection of art that no composer has ever surpassed, went admirably ; the difficult points for the wind instruments, involving such capricious variations of time, being all accomplished without error, in obedience to Mr. Benedict's experienced guidance. The final chorus, recommending obedience to the gods, as the surest road to happiness, was also exceedingly well delivered, and, indeed, the performance was highly creditable to all concerned. Previous to the play, the fine symphony, Mendelssohn's own favourite, the result of his recollections of a summer's tour in the Highlands of Scotland, was given by the band with great spirit. It is needless to say that this theatre is always well attended, for it is the favourite resort of royalty and aristocracy, and, as far as its size will permit, generally presents as brilliant a display of fashion as at that most splendid of all dramatic temples, Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—THE WIFE'S SECRET.

WITH a plot in some measure similar to that of Sir Walter Scott's Woodstock, and with language now and then recalling Shakespeare's Othello, this play is in itself sufficiently novel and pleasing to have deserved the success it enjoys. The very resemblance we allude to may be perfectly unintentional on the part of the author, though another proof of the greatness of Scott and Shakespeare, whose capacious imaginations embraced such change of circumstances, and such variety of thought, that few can strike out a course entirely new and different from them. The play of "The Wife's Secret," is a Cavalier and Roundhead story, and the plot is very simple.

Sir Walter Amyot, a Colonel in Cromwell's service, has married the Lady Eveline, the daughter of a Royalist. This lady's brother, Lord Arden, a stanch soldier of King Charles, is present at a last and vain struggle for the crown near Salisbury. He escapes with his life, and flies to his sister's house for refuge. She receives him in the absence of her husband, shelters him, and assures him that Amyot will secure his safety on his return. The Cavalier indignantly rejects the husband's protection; his reply to his sister is this:—

Sister,
Hear what I say—and do not after think
To change my resolution. When I first
Learned you had wedded Walter Amyot,
My rage, that any prick-eared cur should dare
To marry with *my sister*, knew no bounds—
I heaped upon him insults—public ones—
Challenged him—called his temper cowardice
That would not meet me with as blind a hate—
Outraged him as I thought no man could bear,
Though for *your* sake he *did* endure it still;
And having done this, think you I would now
Crouch down and ask for service from him?—bid him
Who comes here in authority and trust
Give shelter to his master's enemy?
Rise war between his pity and his duty?
Assault his *conscience*!—for these gentlemen,
You know, have very tender *consciences*—
Nay, do not interrupt me—Eveline,
Promise me—swear to me no word, no hint,
Shall ever reach to Walter Amyot's ear
I am so much as debtor to his walls
For shelter from the sky—promise me this,
Or on the instant I'll resume my flight
And dare all consequence.

The lady takes the oath, and conceals her brother in her own "bower chamber." Sir Amyot returns, and hence arise the distress and difficulties that occur. Jabez Sneed, an old sanctified Roundhead sinner, the steward of Sir Walter, partly discovers the secret, and bearing spite to his mistress, excites his master's jealousy, by making him believe that it is a lover that lies hid. Jabez is at first foiled in his malice, by the

cleverness of Maud, Lady Eveline's maid ; but the sight through a window at night, of his wife and her brother in converse together, raises Sir Walter's jealousy to fury. Scenes of high tragic interest ensue, until the whole ends happily, by the discovery of the stranger being the wife's brother, and by the consequent reconciliation between her and her husband, she, at the conclusion, giving this advice :—

But oh ! let too the woman well beware
Of thought or deed her husband may not share.
Love's flower, that braves the fiercest storm *without*,
Drops withered by the canker of a doubt.
Implicit trust, its sacred spring of life,
Brooks no reserve—no secret in a Wife !

At the Haymarket Theatre, the cast is as follows :—

Sir Walter Amyot	Charles Kean.
Lord Arden	Howe.
Jabez Sneed,	Webster.
Neville, (a page)	Miss Reynolds.
Lady Eveline Amyot,	Mrs. Charles Kean.
Maud,	Mrs. Keeley.

Kean, who, with his wife, has just returned from America, and has been loudly and gladly welcomed back, played the jealous husband with vigour and spirit. He infuses into the character that manly and chivalrous tone which is peculiar to his style of acting, and which just suits parts of this description. His delivery of the following lines was animated and impressive :—

Eveline—

When I took arms there was no selfish thought
In my heart's purpose—no exciting dream
Of interest or glory urged me on.
I rose in answer to the holiest call
That ever sounded in a freeman's ear—
My faith, my country, asked their children's aid.
Such as I could, I gave. I would not boast,
But thou hast something known that private wrong
Falls dully on my nature. To the foe
Who slanders me—abuses my forbearance—
And undermines the fabric of my peace,
I still can give—*have* given—the hand of pardon.
But should one, born and nursed my country's child,
Still plot against her freedom—should he, now
That she has won her liberty, still seek
To pour in poison to her yet green wounds—
Then I would reckon such my deadliest foe—
Would own no tie of kin—no link of love.

The following beautiful language was also gracefully uttered.

My home ! my home ;—Oh ! what a wordless joy
To be in thy familiar clasp again !

In absence, it seemed almost too much bliss
 For hope to picture. My returning foot,
 Paused on the threshold—doubting still, lest change,
 Like a Spring frost, had nipt some bud away—
 But not a leaf is wanting! All's the same—
 Love, peace, and joy, flutter in every breeze!
 And my full heart, too small for its great wealth,
 Flows over with rapture.

* * * * *

I worship not! I love!

A nearer, dearer word—whose human fondness,
 Encloses in its warm and holy clasp,
 Affection, tenderness, esteem, devotion,
 Whatever Heaven has left its creatures free
 Unblamed, to consecrate to one another!

One of the best points made by Kean, was, when heart-riven with jealousy, he, in reply to the remark of Jabez, that there still remains revenge, replies, mournfully,

No, not for *me*! The *bruised* worm may *turn*;
 The *crushed* one suffers motionless.

Mrs. Kean's portraiture of the affectionate sister, and loving wife, void of all selfishness, and proud in her own innocence, was finely conceived, and feelingly done. The gentle confidence of her devotion, in the earlier scenes, and her indignant astonishment in the latter, when accused, were alike excellently expressed. One answer to her husband, she gave with startling energy:

The woman once suspected, from that hour
 Is never safe again—the sacred fence
 That hedged her in, when once a doubt has entered,
 Is broken down; another doubt will follow
 With less obstruction—easier still the next—
 Till they have worn themselves a beaten track,
 And Trust dwells there no more.

That finished artist, Mrs. Keeley, was perfection, as Lady Eveline's maid, Maud. The part in itself slight, became a masterpiece in her hands. Howe played the cavalier Lord, gallantly; and Miss Reynolds looked the page, elegantly.

Mr. Lovell, who has written the "Provost of Bruges," and other dramas, is the praiseworthy author of "The Wife's Secret," which has thus proved eminently successful.

THE TABLEAU OF LADY GODIVA.—This curious representation, by Madame Wharton, presents an exquisitely beautiful imagery of the heroic dame, whose impersonation in unadorned majesty, the ancient city of Coventry still exhibits on festal occasions.

LITERATURE

THE LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS. BY LORD CAMPBELL.
Third Series. 2 vols.

Lord Campbell, by the publication of these two volumes, has, at last, brought his long and laborious work to a close. The series just issued from the press, brings down the narrative from the birth of Lord Loughborough, in 1733, till the death of Lord Eldon, in 1838, and is solely occupied with their extensive biographies; his Lordship having very wisely avoided the debateable ground of sketching other occupants of the Woolsack, while they are yet alive: he has, with equal delicacy and good taste, left this task to future biographers.

The present volumes are, if possible, of greater interest than the former, being relative to men more connected with our own times. In his preface to the volumes, now before us, Lord Campbell deprecates the censure which he says has been frequently cast upon the levity of his style "as sometimes too familiar and colloquial. If I err," he adds, "it is on principle, and by design. The felicity of my subject consists in the great variety of topics which it embraces. My endeavour has been to treat them all appropriately. If in analyzing the philosophy of Bacon, or expounding the judgments of Hardwicke, or drawing the character of Clarendon, I have forgotten the gravity and severity of diction suitable to the ideas to be expressed, I acknowledge myself liable to the severest censure; but, in my opinion, the skilful biographer, when he has to narrate a ludicrous incident, will rather try to imitate the phrases of Mercutio than of Ancient Pistol."

The volumes before us commence with an illustration of this remark, in the account of Lord Loughborough's early career. "When," says Lord Campbell, "he was between three and four years old, having provoked a fierce turkey cock, by hollowing to him

"'Bubbly Jock your wife is a witch,
And she is going to be burned with a barrel of pitch,'"

the animal flew at the child, laid him flat on the ground, and seemed disposed to peck his eyes out, when he was saved by his nurse, who rushed in to the rescue with a broom in her hand. A young lad, then acting in the family as assistant to the gardener, having witnessed this scene, and many years afterwards, when passing through London, having been carried into the Court of Chancery to see Lord Loughborough in all his glory, instead of being, as was expected, overwhelmed with admiration and awe, after he had coolly contemplated him for some time, at length exclaimed, "'Weel! weel! he may be a great man noo, but I mind fine he was aince sair hadden doon by this mither's bubbly jock!'"

Lord Loughborough was certainly not one of the most amiable or estimable individuals who ever graced the Woolsack : still his biography is interesting, and Lord Campbell has in many places contrived to render it highly amusing. The following is an instance of an attempt, more praiseworthy than successful, made by a number of aspiring gentlemen in the northern metropolis "to catch," as Grattan phrased it, "the English accent."

"At this period," says Lord Campbell, "there existed in Edinburgh a society called 'The Select Society,' the objects of which may be easily surmised, when it is stated that it numbered among its members, Dugal Stuart, Dr. Robertson, and David Hume. Wedderburne was also a member. The Scotch, in these days, deplored the bar placed upon their advancement in England by their incompetence to speak the English language ; and Wedderburne, who always seems to have had an eye to the fat pastures of the South, was perhaps the most anxious among the *literati* of his native land to remedy that defect which, however, they could never hope entirely to surmount. The famous Charles Townsend, connected with Scotland by having married the Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh, had been admitted a member of the Select Society, and had spoken once with great brilliancy ; but he could never be prevailed upon a second time to take part in the debate, and he threw out a number of gibes against the dialect in which the members expressed themselves—doubting whether he could be intelligible to the audience—hinting that he was often unable to follow their reasoning or fully to apprehend their rhetorical figures. He jestingly asked them 'Why they did not learn to speak as well as to write the English language ?' and proposed that, in the meantime, an interpreter should be employed. Eager for the national honour, and blind to the lurking malice of the southron wit, they really thought it was in their power all of a sudden to rival Hardwicke, Chesterfield, and Pitt, in oratory, by attending to the just power of the letters of the alphabet, and to pauses and cadencies in their discourse. It so happened, by a strange coincidence, that at this very time old Sheridan (the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan) came to Edinburgh to deliver lectures on elocution, and speaking with a strong Irish brogue, undertook to teach all the delicacies of English intonation. This was too good a chance to be thrown away, and accordingly, The Select Society, seeing only the desirableness of the object, overlooked entirely the difficulties and impossibilities which opposed it, such as the want of models of correct pronounciation for the great mass of the inhabitants, the rigidity of the organs of speech of adults, and the succession of persons from the lower orders, and from the remote provinces, who must have accents as much as the features of their parents. The Select Society, therefore, plunged in *mediâs res*, with the view to make short work of the matter. They resolved unanimously, "That it would be of great advantage to this country, if a proper number of persons from England, duly qualified to instruct gentlemen in the knowledge of the English tongue, the manner of pronouncing it with purity, and the art of public speaking, were settled in Edinburgh ; and, if at the same time, a proper number of masters from the same country, duly qualified for teaching children the reading of English, should open schools in Edinburgh." The issue of this notable scheme may be easily imagined : and though the names of such 'potent, grave, and reverend signors' figure among the fools who acted in this folly, one cannot suppress a laugh at its absurdity. To benefit the nation by their example, they resolved that, from and after

a given day, they themselves would all begin to speak English, according to the rules of grammar, and Sheridan's scale of progression, '*ti-tum or tum-ti tum-ti.*' According to all accounts, never since the confusion of tongues at Babel was there such an exhibition. Few persevered in the attempt more than twenty-four hours, and it was soon discovered that they might as well have petitioned Parliament for a law forbidding red hair or high cheek-bones in any part of Scotland ! ”

This Select Society, *malgré* some great names it contained, soon, in consequence, became ridiculous, and shortly afterwards expired, notwithstanding all Middlestone's efforts to prolong its existence. A scheme to establish an Edinburgh Review, a half yearly publication, of which he also was editor, or principal contributor, had no better fate ; the publication ceasing with its second number ; and he soon quitted the northern metropolis for London—not however, apparently, without a cause and a scene. The following is Lord Campbell's description of the event :—

“ In the very end of July, or beginning of August, 1757 (the exact day I have not been able to ascertain), Wedderburne was opposed in the inner house as counsel to Lockhart, and was called by him a ‘presumptuous boy,’ experiencing from him even more than his wonted rudeness and superciliousness. When the presumptuous boy came to reply, he delivered such a furious personal invective as never was before or since heard at the Scottish bar. A lively impression still remains of its character ; but newspaper reporting was then unknown in Edinburgh, and oral tradition has preserved only one sentence of that which probably was the meditated part of the harangue :—‘The learned dean has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation ; I do not say that he is capable of *reasoning*, but if *tears* would have answered his purpose, I am sure tears would not have been wanting.’ Lockhart here started up and threatened him with vengeance.—Wedderburne : I care little, my lords, for what may be said or done by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed.’ Lord President Craigie, being afterwards asked why he had not sooner interfered, answered, ‘Because Wedderburne made all the flesh creep on my bones.’ But at last his lordship declared, in a firm tone, that ‘this was language unbecoming an advocate and a gentleman’ Wedderburne, now in such a state of excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed, that ‘his lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman.’ The President appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done, who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburne should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden Wedderburne seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness, when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hand before the judges, he said, ‘My lords, I neither *retract* nor *apologise*, but I will save you the trouble of *deprivation* ; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more ; *virtute me involvo.*’ He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement, he left the court, which he never again entered.”

The career of Wedderburne at the English bar was more unscrupulous than praiseworthy. Though his early principles were opposed to him, he at once, seeing the tide of promotion lay in that direction, espoused the part of his countryman, Lord Bute, then ruling minister of George the Third ; and having attracted attention by some bold speeches in one or two of the numerous clubs then prevalent, he was shortly afterwards brought into Parliament, and rewarded with a silk gown, which, at an unusually early period, and before he had yet much distinguished himself,

gave him precedence at the bar, and paved the way for his future advancement.

He was in due course made Solicitor-General, and knighted, but he did not escape with impunity. Macklin, on the stage, held him up to scorn in the parts of Sir Archy MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant; and Churchill anathematized him in verse still more crushing, as one

"To mischief trained e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom.

* * * * *

A pert prim proser of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face."

Yet he advanced, and survived it all.

Thurlow—the savage, scowling Thurlow—was Attorney to Wedderburne as Solicitor-General, and he seems to have viewed him with a jealous eye. Nor was it without foundation: no man appears to have been a bolder intriguer than Wedderburne, at this period so fertile in intrigues; though we are rather startled to find him described as one of the main causes of the American War. The following is the narrative given of the incident, and most assuredly is it strikingly illustrative of the remark that

"Great events from little causes flow."

"More, perhaps, than any other individual in the empire—Wedderburne, in his capacity of second law officer to the Crown, was the proximate cause of the falling off of the British North-American colonies from the mother country, by his furious invective against Franklin, then their agent, before the committee of the privy council. There is no oration on record more charged with venom than this—not even the philippic of Cicero against Verres; the hard-mouthed Scotchman sparing no terms of vituperation that the English tongue could furnish in denouncing the printer of Boston. It is recorded on the conjoint testimony of Jeremy Bentham and Dr. Priestly that his speech was a most scathing composition. But *cui bono*? The North-American sage stood impassive as one of the red men of the primeval forests of his native land—unwincing, unmoved. The lords of the council enjoyed the cruel jokes, and the still more cruel inuendos cast out by him who, ostensibly the advocate for the Crown, was in reality the counsel for the prejudices of the judges; and the largest colonial dominion ever possessed by a modern power faded like a phantom from the grasp of the people of England, in consequence of the inplacable feelings engendered in the breast of Benjamin Franklin by that bitter oration."

Yet smaller objects at some time engaged his attention. Having acquired a country residence—that object for which all Scotch lawyers so long—he became extremely fond, says Lord Campbell, of "prosecuting poachers, and making orders of bastardy." Not contented with the glory to be acquired at petty sessions, he got himself elected chairman of the quarter sessions, and there he tried appeals respecting poor-rates and orders of removal. On these occasions it is said he was almost always wrong, and the Court of King's Bench had great delight in upsetting his decisions. He seems, however, himself to have had a high opinion of his capacity for "justice business." Thus he writes to Lord Auckland:—"Your letter found me in Yorkshire employed very eagerly in a manner you would very little expect. I was attending the quarter sessions at Pomfret, having not only become a country squire but an active justice of peace. If I could conveniently indulge my present disposition, I should

never see the inside of any court but a quarter sessions, and be very well contented to be *relegue* beyond the Trent."

But he at last attained the great object of his ambition; Pitt, in return for the service he rendered in bringing over the Duke of Portland to the ministerial party, elevated him to the long coveted post of Lord High Chancellor of England, so soon as he himself attained to supreme power by the lamentable imbecility which then characterized the policy of his opponents.

Loughborough's intriguing disposition, however, soon hurled him from the dignity he had spent so many anxious years, and made so many political sacrifices, to attain. On the second insanity of George the Third, the Chancellor, surmising it final, veered round and supported the pretensions of the heir apparent as warmly as previously he had opposed them. The following is a summary of the event.

"The insanity of George III. produced the regency question; and in the intrigues which ushered in that measure, known as the Regency Bill, Lord Loughborough advocated the hereditary right of the Prince of Wales to the regency of the empire. The recovery of the King, pending the discussion of the point, was the signal for a general discomfiture of the intriguers; among them that of the Chancellor, who was shortly after deprived of the Great Seal. On the 10th of March, 1801, that nobleman was shelved, with a step in the peerage—an earldom—and £4,000 a year; and from thenceforward to his death, which occurred within four years afterwards (January 1, 1805), his political life was little better than an absolute blank. His epitaph was spoken by the King (George III.); and it was substantially the same as the description given of him by Churchill, forty years preceding. When intelligence reached the monarch of the sudden death of his old friend, he exclaimed, '*Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions.*'"

Personally, for his convivial and sacred qualities, Loughborough was highly esteemed; but his judgments did not afford satisfaction to his contemporaries, and they have been still less admired by posterity; a circumstance, says Lord Campbell—himself no mean authority—which may perhaps be attributed to the imperfect condition of stenography at that period.

"He was unlucky," states his Lordship, "in his reporter. I knew this gentleman well. When near eighty, he was still called 'Vesey junior,' to distinguish him from his father, 'Vesey senior,' the historiographer of Lord Hardwick. He was a very good-natured fellow, and very honest and painstaking, but very dull. He wrote his notes in short-hand, which never will produce good reporting. He has succeeded much better with Sir William Grant, whose judgments, when delivered, were perfect in thought and expression; but he was quite unequal to the task of abridging, arranging, and giving the spirit of any discourse which he heard."

We have devoted so much space to this extract of Lord Loughborough's career, that we have not limits to allow any corresponding one of Lord ELDON's with which Lord Campbell's seventh and last volume is occupied; but this is the less to be regretted, as the public are already familiar with the subject, by means of its more recent occurrence; the voluminous work of Mr. Twiss, and the able and interesting outline by Mr. Surtees, a surviving relative of the late Lady Eldon's. To this latter sketch, replete as it is with the most curious anecdote and the most authentic information of the Chancellor, Lord Campbell pays a justly merited compliment.

A BOOKE OF THE FOUNDATION AND ANTIQUITYE OF THE TOWNE OF GREATE YERMOUTHE : FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX. Edited by CHARLES JOHN PALMER, F.S.A. Great-Yarmouth : printed for the editor, by Charles Sloman, King Street, 1847.

This work is the publication of a very valuable manuscript relating to the history of Yarmouth; the manuscript is, as may be supposed, somewhat dry in itself; but this objection to its perusal is entirely removed, by the admirable notes of the present learned and tasteful editor, Mr. Palmer, which occupy the greater portion of the volume, and which throw light and brilliancy on the subject. Indeed, the original manuscript becomes a mere text for Mr. Palmer to dilate upon, as he has done, most interestingly and amusingly. He calls history, literature, and romance in aid to add attraction to his theme; and the reader is led from note to note with all the satisfaction of agreeable instruction. The very first note is of a romantic tone.

"Sir Henry Spelman, in his *Icenia*, relates the romantic story of Lothbroc, the Royal Dane, who, by a sudden storm, was driven in his boat from the coast of Denmark, across the sea, and entering in at this estuary or 'mouthe of the fludd,' was landed at Reedham. He met with so much favour from Edmund, King of the East Angles, then residing at Caister in East Flegg, as to excite the envy of Bern, the King's Falconer, who privately murdered the noble stranger in a wood; but the crime having been discovered by the fidelity of a dog, who watched the dead body of his master, Bern was put into the same vessel and committed to the mercy of the winds and waves. The boat having been marvellously carried back to the Danish coast, was recognised, and inquiry being made as to the fate of Lothbroc, it was asserted by Bern that he had been put to death by King Edmund. The enraged Danes invaded England with a powerful army, and defeated King Edmund near Thetford, in 870, and having obtained possession of the Royal Person, they gratified their thirst for vengeance by barbarously murdering the King, who had refused to treat with such 'cruel and perfidious *pagans*.' The body of this 'Royal Saint' and 'Holy Martyr,' as he was afterwards designated, was found guarded by a wolf, and the corpse having subsequently acquired a reputation for 'incorruptibility,' was removed to Beodrichesworth, afterwards called St. Edmund's Bury, where it was buried, and a magnificent Abbey erected over the Tomb. Jocelin of Brakeland, one of the monks of this abbey, in his '*Chronicle*,' now in the *Harleian Collection*, affirms that, on the 20th November, 1198, the tomb was opened, and the uncorrupted body of the Saint seen and touched by Abbot Sampson and many of the brethren."

Mr. Palmer's account of the family of Fastolfe, (one of the Fastolfe's, as well as Falstaff, is mentioned by Shakspeare) has so much of fluent narrative, that we make no apology for its extraction here.

"The Fastolfes were a powerful family in Yarmouth at a very early period. Alexander Fastolfe was Bailiff in 1280, and during the succeeding century the name frequently occurs in the list of Bailiffs, and in the roll of Burgesses in Parliament.

"In 1295, Sir John Boteturte, Admiral of the North Fleet, whose rendezvous was at Yarmouth, granted to Thomas Fastolfe 'to remain in the town of Yarmouth for keeping his Bailiwick and the passage of the said town in the name of the King, and that he should not go over sea in the Yarmouth fleet.'

"Thomas Fastolfe was one of the founders of the Dominican Priory, and of the Hospital of St. Mary, at Yarmouth.

"Richard Fastolfe, by his will made in 1350, desired to be buried in St.

Katherine's Chapel, in the Church of St. Nicholas, in Yarmouth, and he bequeathed five shillings annually out of certain rents to the 'light' in that chapel, besides bequests to the High Altar and 'St. Mary's Light.' He was also a benefactor to the Benedictine Priory. By this will, we learn that there were then three Chaplains, a Deacon, and three Parish Clerks, as they all had legacies. He was also a benefactor to St. Mary's Hospital, founded by Thomas Fastolfe.

"In 1373, William Nevill, Lord Admiral of the North, appointed Hugh Fastolfe, of Great Yarmouth, his deputy.

"This family acquired large possessions in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk.

"John Fastolfe was Lord of Caister in 1356, having purchased the Manor of Vaux and Bozoun, formerly held by the Lords Bardolf, who had it by marriage with an heiress of the Gournays or Gurneys.

"John Fastolfe, Lord of Vaux, and Reedhams, and Castor Manors, was buried in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Yarmouth Church, where his obit was yearly celebrated. He was succeeded by his son and heir, Sir John Fastolfe, K.G. This distinguished soldier, (whose fame has unjustly suffered from the stigma and cowardice affixed to it by our great Dramatist, in the first part of his play King Henry VI.) commenced his military career as Esquire to the Duke of Clarence, second son to King Henry IV., when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was one of the Knights who attended King Henry V. in his first expedition into France, and bore a distinguished part in the campaigns of that monarch, and of the Regent Duke of Bedford. He was at the taking of Harfleur, of which place he was made Lieutenant Governor. He fought at Agincourt; was at the siege of Rouen, and at the capture of Caen, Valaise, and Scy. For these important services he was appointed Governor of Anjou and Maine. He was made a Banneret on the field of Verneuil, at which battle, assisted by Lord Willoughby, he took the Duke d'Alençon prisoner. He also greatly distinguished himself in the engagement called 'The Battle of the Herrings,' where, with a very inferior force, he cut off and destroyed a detachment of three thousand men, bearing supplies to the city of Orleans, then besieged by the English army. At the battle of Patay the incident occurred, which alone served as some slight foundation for the character drawn of him by Shakespeare. The body of the troops which Sir John Fastolfe commanded fled panic-struck before the 'Maid of Orleans,' and the Knight was borne away with them. What amount of blame may justly be attributed to Fastolfe for the dishonor of his troops on this occasion, cannot well be ascertained; but it is certain that he was not degraded by tearing the garter from his leg, nor could King Henry VI. have said—

'Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death,'

for the very next year he was appointed Lieutenant of Caen, and was employed in the important and delicate mission of concluding peace with France.

"On retiring from the active service of the state, he obtained permission from King Henry VI. to build a castle at Caister, near Yarmouth, where he resided in great state till his death, enjoying the friendship and esteem of his most distinguished contemporaries. The picturesque ruins of this once sumptuous castellated mansion still remain.

"He died in 1459, aged eighty years, and was buried within the precincts of the abbey church of St. Bennet's at Holme.

"By his will he bequeathed one hundred marks towards the repairs and support of the Haven of Great Yarmouth, and the maintenance of the walls.

"He had 'a very fine house' in Yarmouth, the site of which is not now known, and the name of Fastolfe is utterly extinct.

"On removing the 'Alderman's Gallery' from the south aisle of St. Nicholas' church, a few months since, the remains of a tomb were discovered, with a piscina on the east side. It is recessed beneath an oggee arch, formerly richly crocketed, the mouldings still bearing traces of gilding and colour. A shield, within a quatrefoil in the apex of the arch, emblazoned with a bend over a quar-

terly coat, leads to the conjecture, that it belonged to the Fastolfe family. All the projecting stone mouldings and crocket work have been cut away, to make a smooth surface for the accommodation of the gallery.

"The Sir John Fastolfe mentioned in Shakspeare's play of Henry VI. and his prototype of Caister, are not to be confounded (as has often been the case) with the 'fat old knight,' Sir John Falstaff, who figures in the plays of Henry VI. and Henry V., and who, as the readers of Shakspeare will recollect, was banished from court on the accession of 'sweet Prince Hal' to the throne.

"In the 'Paston Correspondence' there are several letters to and from Sir John Fastolfe; but the following, addressed by him to Sir John Paston, and now in possession of the Editor, has, he believes, never been published.

"'Worshypfull and ryghte welbelovyd cosyn I comaund me to you. Please you to hear, that the Pryore and Convent of Norwyche have withhalden certeyn rent for landes, that they halden of me wythynne my maner of Haylysdon, and ye ij tapers of wax of ij lbs. wyghte by the space of xvij yere, that mountyth xxj. o. valued in money. And the Lordes of the seyd maner beyng before me and y yn my tyme, have been seised and possessed of the sayd rent Pyng you to speke with the Pryore, or comaundyng me unto hym. And that yc lyke to move hym to make me paym't as his dewtee ys, so as y have no cause to gowe further, and to doo as justice requyrh. He hahyth xxx acres lande or more by the seyd rent, and whyht ought to pay me othyr rent more by myne evidense—More over y pr'y you cosen, that I may speke with you, or (before) y ryde, and that on Thursday by the ferthest, and then y shall tell you tydyngs off the Parlem't, and that ye fayle not, as my trust ys yn you. I pray God have you in hys goud'nce.

Wreten at Castor the x day off Julie, 1449,

'Yr. cosen, JOHN FASTOLFE.

'To the Worshypfull Sr, and my^rryght well beloved cosen, John Paston.'

"For a very interesting account of the family of Fastolfe, and of the castle, which, after the death of Sir John, was besieged and taken by the Duke of Norfolk, without any legal warrant or title, see, *The History of Caister Castle*, by Dawson Turner, Esq., F.S.A."

The relation of those remarkable risings of the "Levellers" in 1381, is also graphically given. In the preface, Mr. Palmer presents a biographical notice of Manship, the supposed author of the manuscript, and of his son Manship the younger, the historian of Yarmouth, who was removed from being one of the forty-eight (or Common Councilmen) in 1604, for saying, that "Mr. Damer and Mr. Wheeler, the Burgesses in Parliament, had behaved themselves in Parliament like sheep, and were both dunces." In conclusion, we must not fail to observe, that the book is beautifully printed and brought out; it does high honour to the typographical capabilities of the ancient and honourable town of Great Yarmouth.

ORLANDINO. BY MARIA EDGEWORTH. Author of *Early Lessons*, &c. Forming Vol I. of Chambers' Library for Young People. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, 1848.

Maria Edgeworth! The very name brings with it the recollection of some of the sweetest pleasures of boyhood and youth—the remembrance of those beautiful tales, fascinating both in fancy and sense—tales, of which some so charmed our childhood, and the rest gave such delight to maturer life. Though she has for a long time rested from the fatigues of the pen, Miss Edgeworth, we are happy to say, still lives in health,

and in the full enjoyment of her great intellect. Her reappearance now, is evidently, merely to foster the Messrs. Chambers' praiseworthy new undertaking—"A Library for Young People." Miss Edgeworth commences the series with this pretty tale of Orlandino, oh! so like the writing in "Frank," and "The Parent's Assistant," that years for ever past, and for ever to be regretted, roll back again with her language—aye, years gone by, which to many of us may recall a fond mother, now no more, who would preside at such readings as these of Maria Edgeworth. From her present story, we make but one extract; it would be unfair to do more, as the book, at the cost of one shilling, is in every one's reach. The portion, too, we give, is not part of the narrative, but it is Miss Edgeworth's valuable opinion of Father Matthew's labours, the redeeming light that, praise to God! still shines brightly amid the darkness of miserable Ireland:

"Father Mathew's PLEDGE having been alluded to, I here give a fac-simile of the medal which has in Ireland obtained this appellation. This medal has been given by Father Mathew to multitudes in every part of Ireland, generally after a short exhortation, remarkable for perfect simplicity, for the absence of all attempt at eloquence, forbearance from all that could touch the imagination, or rouse passions, excite enthusiasm, or even produce what is called SENSATION. His words were simple and forcible as truth itself. When hundreds of thousands stood around him, listening to what he said, on the first address to the people in Dublin, his expressions were calm, unimpassioned, and modest, as if he had not effected one of the mightiest revolutions for good that ever has been accomplished in the annals of the world.

"It has been prophesied by those incredulous of good—it has been feared by those most hopeful—that this reformation cannot be lasting. It has lasted, however, above NINE years: and though instances of broken vows, of recurring intemperance, and of the declining influence of the pledge, are reported to have occurred, yet whatever may be the frailties of individuals, this great consoling fact remains—the vice of intemperance has lost its impudent grace, that jovial *permit* of conviviality which in this country it formerly enjoyed, and in which it revelled, to the destruction of health, domestic happiness, and social order. Now, intemperance is no longer tolerated in good society. In the middle classes it is shamed and discountenanced; and even among the lowest grades of the people in Ireland it is looked upon as a brutal and *unfashionable* vice. This conquest at once over the sensual propensities and vicious habits of a nation is unparalleled in the history of human nature. This mighty moral reform, this vast step gained in civilization for this whole country, has been effected by the energy, zeal, and perseverance of one private individual, without the aid of legislation, without appeal to force, without disturbance, danger, or injury to any human being. Since the time of the Crusades, never has one single voice awakened such moral energies; never was the call of one man so universally, so promptly, so long obeyed. Never, since the world began, were countless multitudes so influenced and so successfully directed by one mind to one peaceful purpose. Never were noble ends by nobler means attained.

"MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"Edgeworth Town, September, 1847."

The design of this juvenile library is thus detailed by the Messrs. Chambers.

"MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—My brother and I have often been asked to publish some small books for your special instruction and amusement; but for a number of years, we have had so many other things to do, that we have never yet been able to comply with the request. We now intend, however, to issue a few books of this kind. The subjects of some of the volumes will be of

an instructive nature ; one, at least, will be poetry ; but the greater number will consist of moral and religious tales, written for your entertainment and benefit. The first which appears will be a story by Miss EDGEWORTH, a lady who has written many tales for youth, and who has kindly assisted in the present undertaking. MRS. HALL and some other ladies have also promised to write for these books ; and from the French of MADAME GUIZOT, EUGENIE FOA, and others, will be procured some interesting new translations. It may be agreeable to your parents to know, that the subjects will be designed to influence the conduct and feelings, and that the general aim will be to make you better and happier.

"You will probably be anxious to know what is to be the appearance of these books. It is to be something different from that of children's books generally. I remember, when a boy, being much pleased with a variety of little volumes published by 'the good MR. NEWBERRY, at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard.' I intend to revive MR. NEWBERRY's style of publication. His books were not thin soft-covered things, but real volumes with hard boards, brilliantly ornamented with figures in colour and gold. These are the sort of books which I am going to prepare ; only they will be much more beautiful ; and each will be illustrated with a frontispiece. It is proposed to publish only a small number ; one to come out every month till all are issued. The price of each will be a shilling. The first book will appear towards the end of December, so as to be adapted for a Christmas and New-Year's gift. Perhaps your papa or mamma may present you with a copy, and also order a volume to be afterwards sent home every month ; by this means a row of elegant little books, at a small expense, will be procured for the nursery library.

"W. C.

"Edinburgh, October 15, 1847."

May this elegant little volume be not the last by Miss Edgeworth. She has the mind and the power ; our fervent hope is, that she may have the will to write again and again.

FABLES FOR CHILDREN (YOUNG AND OLD). BY W. EDWARDS STAILE, Esq., Author of the "Lays and Legends of Normandy," &c. &c. E. Churton, Holles Street.

WE have been much entertained with this clever little work, which, by the bye, is equally as amusing and instructive to the old as to the young. The Fables are on original subjects, in humorous verse, and each conveys a moral, quaintly and tersely written, calculated to impress the minds of children of all ages. The coloured illustrations are spirited and full of point. As a fair specimen of the author's style, we subjoin the following :—

THE HUNGRY SPIDER.

In a dark dingy hole sat A SPIDER one day,
Where as fierce as an ogre he watch'd for his prey—
Very hungry, quite famish'd, he waited a prize,
While his mouth watered, thinking of tender young flies.
A BLUEBOTTLE chanced to be out for a stroll,
And a better drest fly was ne'er seen on the whole.
"What a glorious feast !" cried the SPIDER, "if I
Can by any means catch that great BLUEBOTTLE-FLY."
So he nodded and winked, and then said, "How d'ye do ?"
Just to scrape an acquaintance, the Fly nodded too.

"'Tis remarkably hot," said the SPIDER, "and yet
We should always be thankful—'tis better than wet ;
Wont you step in and rest yourself out of the heat,
'Tis so pleasant when friends and acquaintances meet ?"
"It wont do," said the BLUEBOTTLE, looking quite wise,
"Your manœuvres may answer with *very* young flies ;
But I'm not to be caught by soft speeches, you see,
So I wish you good day—you don't dine upon *me* "
The world's full of SPIDERS, who watch for their prey,
And thoughtless young FLIES often fall in their way :
But if all were BLUEBOTTLES, I'll answer for this,
The world would be wiser by far than it is.

We cordially recommend this little volume as a suitable present to young people at this season, and we predict for it an extended popularity.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Adams, The Rev. William, M.A., Fell. of Merton Coll., Oxford, and second son of Mr. Sergeant Adams, 17th Jan.
- Adamthwaite, Mrs. John Allen, of Peckham Rye, 13th Jan.
- Ailsa, The Marchioness Dowager, 5th Jan., aged 76. Her Ladyship was youngest dau. of John Erskine, of Dun, co. Forfar.
- Ainger, Eliza Letitia, eldest dau. of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, of St. Bees, Cumberland, 1st Jan.
- Alston, Justinian, Esq., of Odell Castle, co. Bedford, 11th Jan., aged 68.
- Anders, Mrs. James, of Newark, Notts, 10th Jan.
- Annesley, Sir James, late President of the Medical Board, Madras, 14th Dec., at Florence. This gentleman was born in 1782; entered the medical service of the East India Company, in 1799; served in the expedition to Java, and was at the head of the Medical Staff, in the Dekkan, under General Hislop. Sir James gained considerable reputation by his well-known work on the Diseases of India.
- Babington, Lieut.-Colonel John, late of the 14th Light-Dragoons, 1st Jan. Lieut.-Colonel John Babington, a distinguished officer of the Peninsular War, entered the 14th Dragoons at an early age; and, from that period until March, 1814, when he was taken prisoner at a skirmish in France he was in active and indefatigable service, and was present at most of the brilliant actions of our armies in Spain. Col. Babington recently held the office of Barrack-Master to the Regent's Park, St. John's Wood, and Portman-street Barracks. His death occurred at his residence, Gloucester-road, Regent's Park.
- Baker, Maria, wife of Capt. Thomas Baker, E.I.C.S., 27th Dec., aged 52.
- Barclay, Robert Wildman, Esq., of Wandsworth, 13th Jan., aged 54.
- Barnes, John Samuel, Esq., late of St. Petersburg, 15th Dec., at Keynsham Bank, Cheltenham, aged 72.
- Barton, Elizabeth, relict of the late, and mother of the present, Nathaniel Barton, Esq., of Corsley House, Wilts, 27th Dec., aged 61.
- Bath, Lady Alice Thynne, second dau. of the late, and sister of the present, Marquis of Bath, 16th Dec.
- Batt, Thomas, Esq., late Surgeon of the Royal Fusileers, and Coroner of Brecon, 13th Jan.
- Bayley, John, Esq., eldest surviving son of the late T. B. Bayley, Esq., of Hope Hall, near Manchester, 6th Jan., aged 74.
- Beadnell, Althea Mary, wife of Lieut. Beadnell, 37th Bengal N.I., and dau. of the Rev. J. W. Trevor, of Llanfaelog, Anglesey, 23rd Oct., at Bengal.
- Becher, The Rev. Thomas, M.A., Rector of Barnborough, co. York, &c., 3rd Jan.
- Benton, Samuel, Esq., of North Shoebury, Essex, 29th Dec., aged 77.
- Beresford, Martin John, Esq., of Quarry-place, Boughton Monchelsea, Kent, 18th Oct., at his residence, near Uttenpage, Cape of Good Hope.
- Bowker, Commander, R.N., 2nd Jan., aged 55.
- Braddyll, Frances, wife of T. N. G. Braddyll, Esq., of Conishead Priory, 8th Jan.
- Brady, Anthony, Esq., 19th Dec., at Plymouth, aged 71.
- Breeze, Edward, Esq., of Kensington, 2nd Jan.
- Briggs, Charlotte, wife of the Rev. T. B. W. Briggs, and youngest dau. of the late Rev. William Moon, of Deptford, 18th Dec.
- Brodrick, Emma Albinia, second dau. of Charles Brodrick, Esq., of Bath, 8th Jan., aged 20.
- Bromhead, Benjamin, Esq., of the Minster Yard, Lincoln, D.L. for the shire, and formerly Captain in 28th Light Dragoons, aged 75.
- Broster, Mrs. John, of Fulham, 19th Dec.
- Brouncker, Mrs. John, of Batheaston, co. Somerset, 11th Jan.
- Brown, Dorothea, the last survivor of the late Patrick Brown, Esq., of Gategill and Barharrow, co. Kirkcudbright, 12th Jan.
- Browne, Isabella Grace, relict of Robert

Browne, Esq., of the Elms, Streatham, 9th Jan.

Burke, Caroline Jane, youngest dau. of William M. Burke, Esq., of Ballydugan, co. Galway, 14th Jan., at Dublin.

Burrell, The Hon. Lindsey, of Stoke Park, Suffolk, 1st Jan., aged 61.

Bushley, William Peat, Esq., of Lankfield, Toxeth Park, Liverpool, 3rd Jan., aged 61.

Butler, John Laforey, Esq., of Clifton-place, Sussex-square, 5th Jan., aged 61.

By, Henry, Esq., only son of Henry By, Esq., of Selsfield Lodge, Sussex, 15th Jan., aged 27.

Byrne, Anne, last surviving dau. of the late Henry Byrne, Esq., of Seatown, co. Louth, 18th Dec., at Bath, aged 67.

Byron, Mrs., of Leamington, 9th Jan.

Bonham, Capt., late of the 16th Lancers, eldest son of General Bonham, of Worley-place, Essex, 7th Jan.

Bowdon, Joseph, Esq., of Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, 13th Jan., aged 54.

Bowley, Devereux, Esq., of Chesterton House, co. Gloucester, aged 83.

Cannon, Thomas, Esq., at Woodbank, Bucks., 18th Dec., aged 88.

Case, Georgina Ellen, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Geo. A. Case, of Shrewsbury, 8th Jan.

Cates, John Esq., at Westgate Court, Canterbury, aged 80.

Causton, Henry Kent, Esq., of Charlwood, Surrey, 8th Jan., aged 77.

Cherry, George Henry, Esq., of Denford, co. Berks., 6th Jan., aged 55.

Christie, William Helder, Esq., I.N., second son of Robert Christie, Esq., of Brixton, 5th Aug., of Cholera, in the Persian Gulf, aged 17.

Clarke, Charles, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 31st Dec.

Cockshott, Caroline L., wife of John Cockshott, Esq., of H. M.'s customs, and youngest dau. of the late Lieut-Colonel Rudd, C.B., 1st Jan.

Commerell, John William, Esq., at Strood Park, Sussex, 22nd Dec., aged 93.

Compton, Ambrose, youngest son of the late Pim Nevis, Esq., of Larchfield, co. York, 18th Jan., aged 29.

Corry, Elizabeth, relict of Nicholas Corry, Esq., of St. Mawes, 11th Jan.

Corry, Mr. James Corry was formerly a politician of some note in Ireland. He was of the liberal party, but, though uncompromising in his public views, he enjoyed general popularity from both friends and opponents. In the Irish House of Commons, Mr. Corry had filled the offices of Secretary to the Board of Ways and Means,

and of Clerk of the Journals, in both of which he had succeeded his father: he subsequently had been Secretary to the Linen Board, and a Commissioner of Fisheries. His eldest sister, Mrs. Connellan, who survives him, is mother of Mr. Connellan, of Coolmore, a Deputy Lieutenant of the co. Kilkenny, and of Mr. Corry Connellan, Private-Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. James Corry died on the 11th Jan., at Spa-buildings, Cheltenham.

Creighton, Abraham, Esq., late Major of the 55th Regiment, 25th Dec., aged 67.

Crespigny, Julia Eliza, eldest dau. of Charles Fox Champion Crespigny, Esq., 2nd. Jan.

Crotch, Dr., 29th Dec. This famous professor of harmony, born at Norwich, in 1775, was a musician almost from his birth. At the early age of three years, he performed on the organ with wonderful power. He possessed a most acute ear, and could name any note struck on the pianoforte, without seeing it. In course of time, Crotch became a profound theorist, and at the age of twenty-two (just fifty years ago), he was appointed Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, which conferred the degree of Doctor upon him. In 1822, he was named Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Dr. Crotch composed a vast deal of music for the organ and pianoforte; also several charming vocal pieces, among which was his fine ode, "Mona on Snowdon calls." Among his productions was the celebrated oratorio of "Palestine." He likewise wrote several didactic works, one of which was his "Elements of Musical Composition and Thorough Bass." The last time this eminent Doctor performed in public, was during the Royal Festival, in Westminster Abbey, in 1834, when he presided at the organ on the third day. Dr. Crotch, for some time past, resided at Taunton, where his son, the Rev. W. R. Crotch, was Master of the Grammar School. The Doctor died there, suddenly, and leaves behind him the reputation of having been one of England's greatest musicians.

Crook, John Esq., of Marlborough, 31st Dec., aged 79.

Cunningham, James, Esq., R.N., of Bat-tramsley lodge, Hants., 24th Dec.

Cuppae, General, Madras Army, 7th Jan.; near Dublin, aged 72.

Dalrymple, George Wemyss, son of the late Lieut.-Col. James Dalrymple, and grandson of the late Sir William Dalrymple, Bart., 1st Jan.

- Darwin, Robert Alvey, Esq., of Elston Hall, Notts., 7th Dec., at Madeira, aged 22.
- Davies, Mrs. Anne, of Tollington Park, 27th Dec.
- Dawson, Mrs., wife of Right Hon. George R. Dawson, dau. of the late and sister of the present Sir Robert Peel, Bart., 15th Jan.
- De Castro, Mrs., relict of Daniel De Castro, of Warfield, Berks, 6th Jan. at Hammersmith.
- Deighton, Alice, relict of the Rev. William Deighton, B. A., rector of Whinberg, &c., 21st Dec.
- Dempster, George, Esq., of Brighton, 24th Dec., aged 37.
- Despencer, Elizabeth, Dowager-Lady, 3rd Jan., aged 81.
- Digby, George Walsh, Esq., eldest son of the late Capt. Digby, R. N., and nephew of Sir John Walsh, Bart., M. P., aged 24.
- Dickenson, Mary, dau. of Henry Dickenson, Esq., Madras Civil Service, 23rd Dec. aged 15.
- Dimsdale, Finnetta, relict of the late Baron Dimsdale, 16th Jan., aged 86.
- Disraeli, Benj, Esq., the celebrated author of "The Curiosities of Literature," father of Mr. Disraeli, M.P. for Bucks.
- Dobson, Maria, relict of Admiral Dobson, 30th Dec.
- Downe, T. J., Esq., of Brompton, 16th Dec., aged 63.
- Drummond, Isabella Elizabeth, only child of Hugh Mackleraithe Drummond, Esq., 21st Dec., aged 11.
- Dudley, Samuel, Esq., formerly Capt. 16th Lancers, 7th Jan., at Oxford, aged 78.
- Dufaur, Sarah, relict of C. Dufaur, Esq., formerly of Woodlands, Hants, 23rd Dec., aged 74.
- Dutton, Frederick Hugh Hampden, Esq., 22nd Dec., at Rotterdam, aged 79.
- Dyer, Charles, Esq., of Guildford-street, 13th Jan., aged 50.
- Edmonds, George Maxwell, Esq., 18th Dec., at Spalding, co. Lincoln, aged 76.
- Elkin, Benjamin, Esq., of Up. Redford-place, 2nd Jan., aged 65.
- Elmes, Harvey Lonsdale, Esq., architect, of Gordon-street, only son of James Elmes, Esq., Surveyor of the Port of London, 26th Nov., aged 38, at Jamaica. Mr. Elmes was the son of the late Surveyor of the Port of London: his uncle is an eminent builder in the metropolis. He himself, though but a young man, was one of England's most accomplished architects. Those magnificent buildings, the Collegiate Institution, and St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, are from his designs. His fame had latterly spread far and wide. At the time of his lamented death, he was engaged in various works—among others, in erecting mansions for Hugh Hornby, Esq., and Hardman Earle, Esq., near Woolton; and for the late Mayor of Liverpool, George Laurence, Esq., at New Brighton. "Few events," says the "Liverpool Chronicle," have excited more general regret. A brilliant genius has been for ever extinguished. Enduring monuments of his fine taste will live in the buildings we have named. His loss is a national one. A career so bright in its commencement must, had it been prolonged, have been glorious at its close." He had gone to Jamaica for the benefit of his health: his complaint was consumption. Mr. Elmes has left a widow and one child to deplore his irreparable loss. Prince Albert was so delighted with St. George's Hall, during his visit to Liverpool in the July of 1846, that he sent the architect a gold medal, as a mark of how he appreciated and esteemed the author of that noble edifice.
- Ethelston, Hannah, relict of the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, 24th Dec.
- Falconer, Anna Maria, wife of R. Wilbraham Falconer, Esq., M. D., 24th Dec., at Tenby.
- Finch, Dr., F. R. M. C. S., F. L. S. and proprietor of Laverstock House Asylum, Salisbury, 7th Jan.
- Fletcher, Dorothea, relict of Edward Fletcher, Esq., and dau. of Sir Charles Wm. Blunt, Bart., 9th Jan.
- Forbes, Mrs., of Sloane-street, 27th Dec.
- Ford, the Rev. George John, M. A., curate of St. Mary's, Hastings, eldest son of George Samuel Ford Esq., of Brighton, 12th Jan., aged 30.
- Fordham, Edward King, Esq., 29th Dec., at Royston, aged 98.
- Forty, Mrs. James, of Stomley House, Chelsea, 11th Jan.
- Fowles, Mrs. Thomas, of Guildford-street, 15th Jan.
- Fraser, Jane, relict of Edward Satchwell Fraser, Esq., of Reelick, co. Inverness, 20th Dec.
- Fryer, John, Esq., of Kingslow, Salop, 18th Jan., aged 73.
- Garnham, Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Garnham, Esq., of Helsham Hall, Suffolk.
- Gay, Charles Leaman, Esq., of Shefford, Beds, 4th Jan., aged 73.
- George, Annette Cartwright, youngest dau. of Josiah George, Esq., of Romsey, Hants, 1st Jan.
- Gilmore, James Fairlie, Esq., Lieut. Bengal Artillery, 8th Nov., aged 24.
- Ginckel, The Right Hon. Lady Christine de Reede, youngest dau. of Frederick Fifth Earl of Athlone, 27th Dec.

Granville, Elizabeth, relict of Francis Granville, Esq., of Catchfrensh, Cornwall, 21st Dec., aged 76.

Glennie, Lieut. and Adjutant, Edgar, of 25th Bombay Native Infantry, 14th Nov., at Mulliguan.

Gordon, Mrs. Patrick, of Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, 12th Jan.

Gore, Mrs. Edmund John, of Clifton place, Sussex-sq., 26th Jan., aged 33.

Gosling, William, Esq., of Leamington, 25th Dec., aged 89.

Granger, William, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Red, 2nd Jan., aged 79.

Green, Andrew, Esq., of Coekermouth, 22nd Dec., aged 73.

Grosvenor, Firenees Alexander, twin son of Lord Robert Grosvenor, aged 18 months, 12th Jan.

Guthrie, the Rev. Lowry, M. A., 2nd Jan., aged 33, at Cambridge.

Gwatkin, Octavia, relict of Edward Gwatkin, Esq., 1st Jan., aged 75.

Haffenden, Mrs. Thomas, Jun., Caley Hamwell, 8th Nov., at Jamaica.

Halcombe, Catherine Margaret, only dau. of Mr. Sergeant Halcombe, 10th Dec., aged 19.

Hales, Alfred, Esq., at Morton Green, co. Stafford, 30th Dec., aged 44.

Hallewell, Martha, wife of Edward Gilling Hallewell, Esq., of Hill House, near Stroud, 25th Dec.

Hamilton, Joseph, Esq., M.D., sixth son of the late Hon. Robert Hamilton, of Queen's-town, Canada West, 15th Nov., at Toronto, aged 51.

Hanbury, Mrs. Robert, of Stamford Hill, 25th Dec., aged 51.

Hancock, Susannah, relict of Booth Hancock, Esq., late of Arlefore, 10th Jan.

Hankey, Mary, third dau. of Thomas Hankey, Esq., at Brighton, 30th Dec.

Harrison, Edward, Esq., of Berkeley-street, 10th Jan., aged 52.

Harrowby, Earl of Dudley, 26th Dec. His Lordship, who had just completed his 85th year, was the eldest son of Nathaniel, first Lord Harrowby, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and co-heir of Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London; and grandson of Sir Dudley Ryder, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after attaining his majority, the noble Lord, whose decease we record, entered on public life, and obtained a seat in Parliament. In 1800, he became Treasurer of the Navy; and in 1804, on the return of Mr. Pitt to power, was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1812, he received, in Lord Liverpool's Administration, the dignified appointment of Lord President of the Council, which he

continued to hold for the unprecedented period of fifteen years. During recent political struggles, Lord Harrowby abstained from all interference. At the period of his decease, he was a Governor of the Charter House, a Docteur of Civil Law, a Trustee of the British Museum, High Steward of Tiverton, &c. He married, in 1795, Lady Susan Leveson Gower, dau. of Granville, first Marquiss of Stafford, and by her, (who died in 1838), had four sons and five daughters, viz., Dudley, Lord Sandon, now second Earl of Harrowby; Granville Dudley, R.N., late M.P. for Herts; Frederick Dudley, of the Foreign Office; Susan, late Viscountess Ebrington; Mary, wife of Captain Edward Saurin, R.N.; Georgiana Elizabeth, Lady Wharnccliffe; Harriet, married to Lord Charles Hervey; and Louisa, married to the Hon. George Fortescue.

Hartley, Abraham, Esq., of Muswell Hill, Hornsey, 13th Jan., aged 49.

Harvey, Lester, eldest son of the late W. G. Harvey, Esq., 25th Dec.

Hayes, Lady, relict of Sir John M. Hayes, Bart., 18th July.

Haygarth, the Rev. Richard, Vicar of Stapleford, Notts, 26th Dec., aged 64.

Headley, Katherine, youngest dau. of Henry Headley, Esq., at Gloucester-place, 6th Jan.

Hearsey, Harriet, wife of Lieut. Col. J. B. Hearsey, 10th Bengal Cavalry, 27th Dec.

Herwick, Henry Baldwin, Esq., of Bombay, Barrister-at-Law, 2nd Oct., at the Cape of Good Hope.

Herschel, Caroline Lucretia, sister of the late Sir William Herschel, 9th Jan.

Heyman, Maria, third dau. of the late Capt. Henry Heyman, 13th Light Dragoons. 18th Jan.

Hill, James Alms, Esq., many years Secretary to the Portsmouth Dockyard Commission, 14th Dec., aged 78.

Hillhouse, Miss, of Clifton, 14th July.

Hore, Waller, Esq., of Westmorland, co. Wieklow, 5th Jan., aged 87.

Horsford, Henry Maddison, only child of Sir Robert Horsford, 17th Jan., aged 4 years and 9 months.

Houghton, Charles Evelyn, Esq., Com. R. N., 1st Jan., aged 63.

Huish, Margaret Jane, wife of Marcus Huish, Esq., of Castle Donnington, co. Leicester, 23rd Dec.

Jackson, John Robert Henry, Esq., of Swallowfield-place, near Wellington, 31st Dec. aged 56.

Jardine, Helen, dau. of the late Sir Alexander Jardine, Bart., 9th Jan., aged 7.

- Jemmett, William, Esq., at Ashford, Kent, 23rd Dec., aged 62.
- Jopling, Charles, Esq., of Pelham Crescent, Brompton, 14th Jan.
- Joy, John Stanley, Esq., of Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, 17th Dec.
- Joynes, Catherine Leigh, younger dau. of the late Rev. Richard Symonds Joynes, D.D., 11th Jan.
- Judd, Robert Hayley, Esq., Capt. R.N. —On 29th Dec., at his residence, 1 Keynsham-parade, Cheltenham, Capt. Judd, many years commanding a Post Office packet at Holyhead, and agent for the Post Office establishment there. He had been in eleven general actions with the enemy's fleet, besides cutting out vessels and fighting ashore with the army; he was the last known survivor of the battle of Bunker's-hill, and one of the few survivors of the glorious 1st of June. In that brilliant victory he was a midshipman in the Queen, Admiral Lord Gardiner; her Captain (Hutt) fell mortally wounded. His grandfather, a Captain in the 2nd Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden.
- King, Emmeline, relict of John King, Esq., Surgeon, of Clifton, second dau. of the late R. L. Edgeworth, Esq., of Edgeworths-town, 31st Dec., aged 77.
- King, Thomas, third surviving son of James King, Esq., of Tavistock-place, 14th Jan., aged 14.
- Kirwan, Patrick, Esq., of Cregg, co. Galway, 31st Dec., aged 61.
- Lambert, Frances, relict of the Rev. Edward Lambert, incumbent of Freshford, and sister of the Rev. William Bowles, 29th Dec.
- Langley, Capt. Frederick, 21st Dec., aged 64.
- Lapage, Frederick, Esq., of Everton, New Liverpool, 22nd Dec., aged 47.
- Lara, Benjamin, Esq., M.D., of Portsmouth, 28th Dec., aged 79.
- Lawrie, Admiral Sir Robert, Bart., K. C. B., 7th Jan., aged 84.
- Lawrie, Margaret, wife of Sir Peter Lawrie, Kt., in Park-square, 6th Jan.
- Leaves, Emily, third dau. of the late Rev. Henry D. Leaves, Chaplain at Athens, 8th Dec., at Malta.
- Leese, Lewis, Esq., M.D., of Norwood, 15th Jan., aged 82.
- Levinge, Richard Hastings, Esq., son of the late Richard Levinge, Esq., of Beloune, co. Kilkenny, 3rd Jan., aged 33.
- Lewis, the Rev. William Price, of New House, co. Glamorgan, 9th Jan., aged 66.
- Liston, Robert, eldest son of the late Surgeon Liston, aged 15, Dec., 19.
- Lackwood, Thomas, Esq., 29th Dec., aged 78.
- Long, Mrs. George, of Clapham Park, 20th Dec., aged 45.
- Lorimer, William, Esq., of Islington, 10th Jan., aged 84.
- Luard, Major George, late of the 7th Lancers, 19th Dec., aged 59.
- Lucas, the Rev. Gibson, Rector of Filby and Stokesby, Norfolk, 8th Jan., aged 81.
- Lucas, Matthias Prime, Esq., 2nd Jan., at Watlingbury-place, Kent, aged 86. This venerable and highly respectable member of the Corporation of London has been connected with the City, and the administration of its public affairs, for a very great length of time. Matthias Prime Lucas was born in 1762, and, by dint of industry and intelligence, realized a large fortune in business. He was elected Alderman for the Ward of the Tower in 1821, and in 1828 he was chosen Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Lucas resided latterly in Kent, preserving, however, his faculties and his activity until the period of his last illness. He was frequently on the Magisterial Bench, and was generally present at all civic festivities, and meetings of importance. Mr. Lucas died of influenza, at his seat, Watlingbury-place, in Kent. He leaves no son, but he is succeeded in his property at Watlingbury by his grandson, Mr. Lancaster, the son of his eldest daughter, a widow.
- Lys, Margaret, only dau. of the late Caleb James Lys, R. N., 19th July.
- Macleay, Mrs., wife of Alex. Macleay, Esq., F.R.S., &c., 13th August, at Sydney.
- Madam, Mrs. Anna Maria, of Brompton, 16th Dec.
- Major, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mc Redy Major, Esq., of Eastbourne-terrace, 18th Dec., aged 15.
- Manning, Edward, Esq., of Wonford House, Exeter, 1st Jan.
- Maples, Henrietta, wife of Wm. Maples, Esq., and daughter of Henry Westmacott, Esq., 24th Oct., at Calcutta, aged 27.
- Marlow, Mary Jane, relict of the Rev. M. Marlow, D.D., and dau. of the Rev. Thomas Clare, D.D., of Rugby, 1st Jan.
- Marshall, The Rev. William, 29th Dec. at Weston Zoyland, co. Somerset, aged 70.
- Mason, Mrs. Henry Bence, of the White House, Wereham, only dau. of the late Jonathan Baxter, Esq., 9th Jan.
- Maud, The Rev. John Primatt, of Swanswick, co. Somerset, 24th Dec., and on the 22nd, his dau. Isabella.

Maurice, Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Pryce Maurice, rector of Clynn, &c., 20th Jan.

Mc Lennan, Capt. Donald, 10th Jan., at Dingwell, aged 70.

McLeod, Swinton, Esq., Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, and late of the 42nd Highlanders, 27th Dec., aged 72.

Mercer, Col. Edward Smyth, Commandant of the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marines, 24th Dec.

Merricks, Richard, Esq., second son of the late R. Merricks, Esq., of Runciton House, Essex, 14th Jan.

Mildmay, Sir H. C. St. John, Bart. The death of this gentleman, by his own hand, under temporary insanity, occurred at his residence, Halkin-terrace, Belgrave-square, early on Monday morning, the 17th of Jan. For several days previous, Sir Henry's valet had noticed his master's depression of spirits, but, on Sunday, this seemed, in some measure, to have decreased. On that evening Sir Harry retired to rest between eleven and twelve, and, on the following morning, was found in his chamber, lifeless and weltering in his blood, his head shattered to atoms, and a small double-barrelled pistol lying close to his right hand. Sir Henry was eldest son of the late Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Bart., who, having married Jane, eldest daughter and co-heir of Carew Mildmay, Esq., of Shawwood House, Hants, assumed the surname and arms of Mildmay, in pursuance of the testamentary injunction of Carew Hervey Mildmay, Esq., of Hale Grove, co. Somerset. Both paternally and maternally, the deceased Baronet derived from families of great antiquity; the St. Johns, descended from William de St. John, a distinguished companion in arms of William the Conqueror; and the Mildmays, tracing their pedigree to Hugo de Mildne, living A. D. 1147. Sir Henry, who succeeded his father in 1808, as fourth Baronet, married, first, in 1809, Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie, and, by her, who died the following year, had a son, Henry Bouverie Paulet, Captain in the Queen's Bays, who succeeds to the Baronetcy. Sir Henry married, secondly, at Stuttgart, by special license of the King of Wurtemberg, in 1815, Harriet, second dau. of Hon. B. Bouverie (by Mary his wife, sister of Everard Lord Arundel, of Wardour), her Ladyship's former marriage with the Earl of Roseberry having been dissolved by Act of Parliament. By this lady

Sir Henry had three sons, all officers in the Austrian army.

Milner, Elizabeth, relict of John Milner, Esq., 6th Jan.

Mitford, Robert, Esq., of Gately Hall, Norfolk, 6th Jan.

Moray, Earl of. The demise of this nobleman took place at Darnaway Castle, in Eglinschire, on the 12th Jan. His lordship had nearly completed his seventy-seventh year. He married, first, in 1795, Lucy, second daughter of General John Scott, of Balcomie, and sister of the Duchess of Portland, and of the late Viscountess Canning. By this lady, who survived her marriage only three years, he had two sons—Francis his successor, and present Earl, and John, Captain in the army. His lordship married, secondly, in 1801, his cousin, Margaret Jane, dau. of Sir Philip Ainslie, Knight, of Pilton, and leaves by her two surviving sons and four daughters. The founder of the noble house of Moray was James Stuart, Prior of St. Andrews', illegitimate son of King James the Fifth, famous in history as the "Regent Moray." The deceased Peer was Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Elgin, in which shire he resided, at the Castle of Darnaway. He also possessed the Castles of Dumbrisal, in Fifeshire; of Doune, in Perthshire; and of Stuart, in Invernesshire.

Morgans, George, Esq., of Beddleston Park, Bucks and Abereothy, co. Carmarthen, 24th Dec.

Morison, Henry Montague, Esq., 24th Dec., at Bentley Green, Hants, aged 40.

Morris, John, Esq., of Brighton, late of the Alders-office, J.C.C., 11th Jan., aged 71.

Mundy, Frederick Clinton, Esq., third son of Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Mundy, 25th Dec., aged 39.

Mundy, Edith Caroline, eldest dau. of Capt. Fitzroy Miller Mundy, 34th N.I., 5th Nov., in India.

Murray, Isabella Strange, relict of the Hon. James Wolfe Murray, Lord Cringletis, Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 25th Dec., at Paris.

Muter, Fanny, wife of Major Muter, Canadian Rifles, 5th Dec., at Toronto.

Nettleship, Catharine, relict of the Rev. William Nettleship, late Rector of Churchill, co. Worcester, &c., 28th Dec.

Nicholson, Lieut. Louis Henry, of 53 Bengal N. I., 22nd Dec., aged 27.

Nicholay, the Rev. G. F. L. M.A., Rector of St. Michael Royal, College Hill, and St. Martin's, Vintry, 13th Dec., aged 83.

Osborne, George, Esq., at Old Brentford, 18 Dec., aged 72.

Oswell, Amelia, relict of William Oswell, Esq., and third dan. of the late Joseph Cotton, Esq., 7th Jan.

Pain, Mary, relict of Joseph Pain, Esq., of Banbury, and previously relict of W. R. Wykham, Esq., of Thame Park and Swatcliffe House, 9th Jan.

Parker, Sir George, K.C.B., Admiral of the Red, 24th Dec., aged 81. This distinguished naval veteran died at his residence, near Great Yarmouth, of a severe attack of influenza, in the 81st year of his age, and after seventy years' devotion to his country's service. He entered the navy, under his uncle, Sir Peter Parker, and was early employed in the *Phoenix*, on the Malabar coast. In 1791, he participated as Lieutenant of that vessel, in the capture of the French frigate, *La Resolve*. He next served under Duncan, in the North seas, and made several captures, when in the *Santa Margareta*. In 1808, he sailed in command of a squadron to the Baltic, and was frozen in for some time at Gottenburg. In the same year, in company with the *Nassau*, he captured and destroyed the Danish 74-gun ship, the *Prince Christian Frederick*. On his return home, he was appointed to the *Aboukir*, and proceeded with it to Walcheren. Sir George was born in 1767, the son of George Parker, Esq. His grandfather, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Parker, gained naval distinction in the early part of the eighteenth century; and his uncle, Sir Peter Parker, Admiral of the Fleet, was created a Baronet, 28th Dec., 1782, in requital of his gallant services, more particularly in an attack on Charlestown. The action was one of the most sanguinary fought during the American war. The quarter-deck of the *Bristol* (Parker's ship) was cleared of every man but himself.

Parker, Francis Henry, eldest surviving son of Henry I. Neil Parker, 29th Dec., aged 8.

Parma, Duchess of, Maria Louisa. Accounts from Italy announce the death, on the 9th Dec., of Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla;

The still pale shadow of the loftiest Queen
That earth has yet to see or e'er hath seen.

Maria Louisa had lived to be very nearly the longest reigning sovereign of Europe, thirty-four years having elapsed since she exchanged, for the portion of an Archduchess, her share in the Throne of the French Empire. Her Highness was born at Vienna,

12th December, 1791, the eldest dan. of Francis II., Emperor of Austria, by Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of Sicily. Her marriage to Napoleon took place on the 2nd April, 1810—the most brilliant epoch in the career of that illustrious soldier. Paris was then the capital of an European Empire. The spoils of all nations, save one, were collected in her halls; the Princes of all nations, save one, formed the circle of the Imperial Court. And yet, within four brief years, this mighty power passed away, like a meteoric splendour. The Emperor departed an exile from France, and his Austrian bride became Sovereign of the little Duchy of Parma:

Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne was in Napoleon's grave!

The only child of Maria Louisa, by Bonaparte, was a son, the late Duke of Reichstadt, born 20th March, 1811, who died unmarried, at the Palace of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, 22nd July, 1832.

Parr, Mrs., widow of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr, of Hatton, 13th Jan.

Parry, Gertrude Trevor, third dan. of the late Dr. Caleb Hillier Parry, of Bath, 2nd Jan.

Parson, P. S. Esq., Lieut. R.N., fourth son of the late Capt. Parson, of Teignmouth, Devon, 7th Jan., aged 25.

Pattisson, William Henry, Esq., of Witham, Essex, J.P., 8th Jan.

Paul, Georgina, wife of John Dean Paul, Esq., of Parson's Green, and the Strand, Banker, 25th Dec.

Pavin, John, Esq., of Bath, formerly of Milford Haven, and once of Bombay, 11th Jan, aged 80.

Peacock, Sandford, Esq., of Chelsea, 9th Jan.

Peebles, Col. Thomas, Royal Marines, 3rd Jan. Colonel Thomas Peebles, who had recently succeeded to be second in command of the Woolwich Division of Royal Marines, was an officer of high military reputation. The course of his active service extended from 1799 to 1831. Within that period, he was present at many hard-fought engagements. In 1800, he commanded the Marines in the attack on Finale; and, in 1801, he was on board the *Minotaur* when it captured the Spanish ships *Le Pax* and *Emeralda*, under the batteries of Barcelona. He was twice wounded, once at a sea-fight off Iwica, and again in 1805, in the West Indies. He was appointed a full Colonel the 7th Dec., 1846. Colonel Peebles served for several years on the Staff as Adjutant and Deputy Judge Advocate, and had the gratifi-

cation of receiving a reward from the Patriotic Fund. The gallant Colonel died at his residence in the New Royal Marine Barracks, Woolwich.

Pemberton, Mrs., of Hay, South Wales, 9th Jan., aged 83.

Penn, William, youngest son of the late Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, Bucks, 7th Jan., aged 37.

Pennyman, Elizabeth, dan. of the late Sir James Pennyman, of Ormsby, co. York, 31st Dec.

Philips, John Burton, Esq., of the Heath House, co. Stafford, 25th Dec., aged 63.

Pinder, Elizabeth, wife of Richard Pinder, Esq., at Cheltenham, 7th Jan.

Plasket, Maria, youngest dan. of the late Thomas Plasket, Esq., of Clifford-street, 17th Jan.

Pollock, Mary, relict of William Pollock, Esq., of Dublin, 24th Dec., at Emmott Hall, co. Lancaster, aged 83.

Poole, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. John Poole, of Enmore Parsonage, 3rd Jan.

Portugal, Frederick H. Esq., Surgeon, of Portugal-street, 25th Dec., aged 48.

Powell, George, Esq., of Islington, 13th Jan., aged 78.

Powis, Earl of. His Lordship has fallen a victim to the unfortunate accident he met with while out shooting on the 7th inst, when, by the accidental discharge of his son the Honourable Robert Herbert's fowling-piece, the contents lodged in his Lordship's thigh, and caused a wound, superinducing mortification, and resulting in the Earl's death on Monday morning last. The deceased, Edward Herbert, second Earl of Powis, was born 22nd of March 1785, the elder son of the late peer, by Henrietta Antonia, his wife, sister and heir of the last Earl of Powis of the family of Herbert. His grandfather was the celebrated Robert Lord Clive, so preeminently distinguished by his gallant achievements as a military commander in India; and his ancestors were the Clives of Styche, a family of considerable antiquity, in the county of Salop. Maternally, Lord Powis derived, in a direct descent, from the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Lord Powis was educated at the University of Cambridge, where he gained considerable distinction, and where he subsequently stood the famous contest with Prince Albert, for the Chancellorship of the University. Previous to his succession to the peerage, he represented the borough of Ludlow in ten successive Parliaments. At the period of his decease he was Lord Lieutenant of

Montgomeryshire, Knight of the Garter, and Recorder of Shrewsbury. His Lordship married, 9th Feb., 1818, Lady Lucy Graham, third dau. of James, third Duke of Montrose; and leaves issue five sons, viz., Edward James, now Earl of Powis, born in 1818; Percy Egerton, Captain in the army, born in 1822; George, born in 1825; Robert Charles, born in 1827; and William Henry, born in 1834; and three daughters, of whom the eldest, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Clive, married, 20th October, 1846, Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Gray Abbey, county Down. The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland is the only surviving sister of the deceased Earl.

Pratt, Maria Frances, eldest dau. of the Rev. John Pratt, Rector of Seddlescomb, Sussex, 31st Dec.

Proctor, the Dowager Lady, relict of Sir Thomas Beauchamp Proctor, Bart., 25th Dec., aged 89.

Prowse, John Williams, Esq., of Northfleet, 3rd Jan., aged 24.

Pye, Mrs. Henry, 29th Dec., at Louth.

Randall, William, Esq., of Milton, Gravesend, 16th Jan., aged 76.

Rawson, Thomas, Esq., of Rose Hill, nr. Liverpool, J. P., 10th Dec. aged 72.

Raynsford, John, Esq., 25th Dec., at Henlow Grange, co. Bedford, aged 63.

Reid, Anna Ivanua, dau. of the late Capt. Reid, of the Royal Artillery, 22d Dec., aged 72.

Rhodes, Mrs. of Cumberland-street, Hyde Park, 8th Dec., aged 79.

Richards, Mary, relict of Wm. Richards, Esq., of Marlborough House, Peckham, 26th Dec.

Ricketts, Elizabeth, relict of Rear-Admiral Ricketts, 19th Dec., aged 68.

Rippon, Sackville, Esq., at Acorn Bank, Temple Sowerby, 9th Jan., aged 44.

Rix, Mary, relict of Nathaniel Rix, Esq., of Blundeston, Suffolk, and Chessledone Grange, Essex, 27th Dec.

Robertson, Anne, wife of Henry Robertson, Esq., M.D., 4th Jan., at Boulogne.

Robinson, Mowld, Esq., formerly of Beverly, co. York, 12th Jan., aged 79.

Romney, the Dowager Countess, 25th Dec., aged 53.

Rowland, Mrs. John Henry, of Upper Gower-street, 9th Jan.

Salter, David, Esq., at Watford, Herts, 6th Jan.

Sauby, Mrs. William, of Kensington, 25th Dec., aged 89.

Sandys, Richard, Esq., of Slade Lodge, near Stroud, 6th Jan., aged 75.

Seawell, Harriet, youngest dau. of the late Henry Seawell, Esq., 13th Jan., at Pendhill, Bletchingley.

Sedgwick, Mrs. James, of Kensington, 1st Jan.

Sercombe, Mrs. Eliza, last surviving sister of the late Bayer Otto Bayer, Esq., of Bertinek-street, 1st Jan.

Seaward, Henry Hake, Esq., of South Audley-street, 19th Jan.

Seymour, Frederica Georgiana, eldest dau. of Col. and Lady Emily Seymour, 12th Jan., aged 7.

Shepherd, W. C. Esq., eldest son of the late Julius Shepherd, Esq., of Faversham, 13 Jan. aged 83.

Sherlock, Col. Francis, K.H., late of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons, and J. P., for co. Notts, 15th Jan., aged 71.

Sidworth, the Hon. Mary Anne Ursula Addington, eldest child of Henry, Viscount Sidworth, 24th Dec., aged 65.

Silk, William Henry, Esq., of Cherries-street, 7th Jan.

Smith, William, Esq., of Connaught-square, 22d Dec., aged 71.

Smith, William, Esq., of Twickenham Park, 21st Dec., aged 73.

Smith, Mrs. Edward James, of Brixton, 27th Dec.

Smith, James, Esq., Com. R.N., 5th Jan.

Socket, Henry, Esq., one of the Senior Benchers of Gray's Inn, 26th Dec., aged 82.

Somerville, James Craig, Esq., M.D., of Pangborne, Berks, 26th Dec.

Souper, Woodford Crowe, eldest son of Philip D. Souper, Esq., of Bedford, 17th Jan., aged 14.

Spiers, Graham, Esq., Advocate Sheriff of Edinburghshire, 24th Dec. at Gran-ton House

Staunton, Major John, of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, 18th Jan., aged 71.

Stirling, Mary, wife of Thomas J. Graham Stirling, Esq., of Strowan, N.B., 23d Dec.

Stuart, Lady Frances, relict of Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., and eldest dau. of the last Earl of Carhampton, 4th Jan.

St. Lo, Laurence Edward, Esq., 14th Dec., at Little Fontinell House, Dorset, Aged 88.

Swaine, Rear Admiral Spelman Swaine, 14th Jan. Admiral Swaine was the second son of Spelman Swaine, Esq., of Leverington, Cambridgeshire, the descendant of an ancient and highly respectable family formerly residing in Dorsetshire. He entered the naval service as Midshipman, in April, 1782, at the early age of fourteen, under the charge of Captain Albermarle Bertie, of the Crocodile, then engaged in the Channel service; and afterwards on board of the Champion, on the re-

commendation of Lord Howe, the First Lord of the Admiralty. In January, 1791, he accompanied Vancouver on board of the Endeavour, on his voyage of discovery, as first Midshipman. He was actively engaged in the arduous boat service during that expedition on the shores of North America, where his name is recorded, as appears by the charts of that celebrated circumnavigator; and having completed the voyage round the world, returned to England in September, 1795. He then served as Lieutenant on board the Spitfire and Princess Charlotte, successfully; and, afterwards, as Commander of the Raven frigate, which was ordered to the Mediterranean, and was wrecked off the coast of Sicily, in 1804. He was subsequently appointed to the Helicon and Statira, having obtained his Captain's commission in 1810. In consequence of the arrangements at the Admiralty, in 1846, he was promoted to the high rank of Rear-Admiral on the retired list of naval officers. On the death of Colonel Watson, in 1835, Admiral Swaine was appointed by the Bishop of Ely, to the ancient and honourable office of Chief Bailiff of the Isle of Ely, which he held at the time of his death. We have sketched an outline of his public appointments, but it was not in these alone that his character was developed. During the last thirty years he has lived in the quietude and happiness of domestic life, and there exemplified in all things the sterling qualities of a gentleman and a Christian. By his friends and acquaintances he was universally respected; and by his family his loss will be deeply lamented.

Tane, Lient.-Col. Waldegrave, Royal Marines, aged 88.

Tebbs, John, Esq., formerly of Gilmorton, co. Leicester, 9th Jan., aged 61.

Thompson, F. F., Esq., late of the E. I. C. S., and of the 1st Somerset Regiment of Militia, 3d Jan.

Thornton, Anne Christian, relict of Thomas Thornton, Esq., late of Springfield-grove, Horsham, 5th Jan.

Tinling, Mary Anne, relict of Major-Gen. Tinling, Grenadier Guards.

Tompkins, Sarah Savill, eldest dau. of Benjamin Tompkins, Esq., of Goshing-hill, 12th Jan., aged 17.

Trench, Anna Marria, relict of Charles Trench, Esq., and eldest dau. of the late Luke White, Esq., 19th Dec.

Trounce, Eliza, eldest dau. of the late S. Trounce, Esq., R.N., of Blackheath, 12th Jan.

Truman, Mrs. Christopher, of West-

bourn-street, Hyde Park Gardens, 9th Jan.

Trye, Mary, relict of Charles Brandon Trye, Esq., of Leckhampton Court, 14th Jan.

Turner, Mrs. Thomas, of Wingham, Kent, 11th Jan., aged 58.

Twining, Mrs. George, of Kew, 16th Jan.

Tyson, Lucy Elizabeth, relict of William Tyson, Esq., 13th Jan., at Bradley Hall, co. Derby.

Usher, Rear Admiral Sir Thos., K.C.B., K.C.H., Commander-in-Chief on the Irish Station, 6th Jan., aged 69. The name of Ussher, one of the most gallant of our naval officers, will have record in history, not for its fame alone, but for its connection with that of Napoleon on a memorable occasion. Thomas Ussher was the scion of a highly respectable Irish family, which went to the sister country with King John, when their chief changed his name of Neville for that of the office which he filled under the monarch. Ussher counted among his ancestors the celebrated Archbishop Ussher. His father was the Rev. Henry Ussher; and he himself was born in 1779. He entered the British Navy early in life, and was a midshipman on board the *Invincible*, in Howe's action, in 1794. He was Acting Lieutenant of the *Minotaur*, and served on shore with a division of seamen, at the reduction of St. Lucia. He was subsequently Acting Lieut. of the *Pelican*, in the action with the French frigate *Medea*, in 1796; at the sinking of the French 16-gun privateer *Frompeur*, in 1797; and at the capture of Trinidad. He commanded the boats of the *Pelican* in twenty-five actions, and was twice badly wounded. When Commander of the *Redwing*, in 1806 and 1807, he drove on shore a Spanish flotilla at Tariffa; and another at Callasel, Valencia; and he afterwards destroyed three privateers, and attacked a flotilla off Cape Trafalgar, sinking four, and capturing eight vessels. He was captain of the *Lewden*, in the expedition to Waleheren; and of the *Hyacinth*, in 1811. While in command of the boats of the latter ship, in conjunction with those of the *Goshawk* and *Resolute*, he entered the harbour of Malaga, spiked the guns on the Mole-head battery, and boarded and brought out two privateers. In 1812 Ussher was captain of the *Undaunted*; and, after some brilliant actions on board of her—among them, the capture of the town of Cassis—he and his vessel were employed to convey Napoleon to Elba. This difficult task

he performed most gracefully, in a manner highly creditable to the chivalrous and triumphant nation whom he served. The Emperor felt so pleased with his conduct, that he presented him with his snuff-box, of great value. An anecdote recorded of this momentous journey illustrates the classic taste and courteous readiness of Ussher. The Emperor, one day during the passage, expressed himself a little apprehensive of the apparent roughness of the weather. "Fear nothing, Sire," replied Ussher, "I have more confidence than Cæsar's pilot." Captain Ussher was created a C.B. in 1818, and a K.C.H. in 1831. In the latter year he was also appointed Commissioner of Bermuda and Halifax dockyards; he was subsequently made a Commodore, and was second in command of the fleet in the West Indies. He received the nomination of Rear-Admiral of the White, and as such hoisted his flag on board of the *Crocodile*, only a few days before his death. Sir Thomas Ussher married a daughter of Thomas Foster, Esq., of the Grove, Buckinghamshire, by whom he leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son is a Post Captain in the Navy, the second a Captain of Marines, and the third, we believe, is in the Commissary Department serving at Canada. Sir Thomas Ussher, who was Chief of the Irish Station, died at the Admiralty House, Cove Cork, on the 6th instant, in his 69th year. Sir Thomas had a pension of £250 per annum for wounds received in the service, and another £150 for merit, he was, indeed, in every respect, an ornament to the British Navy. He was remarkable on all occasions, even among the bravest of his companions in arms, for his determination and daring against the enemy; and yet how brightly does his treatment of his Imperial captive contrast with the conduct of others who forgot our national chivalry when the Emperor was at St. Helena.

Vales, the Rev. Edward, of Feltham Vicarage, 2d Jan., aged 70.

Vaughan, John, Esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service, 21st Dec., aged 65.

Vere, Mrs., relict of P. Vere, Esq., of Grosvenor-place, 7th Jan.

Verner, Elizabeth, wife of Lieut. Col. Verner, and only sister of the Dowager Duchess of Donegal, 15th Jan.

Vincent, Henry David, Esq., of Kennington, 8th Jan., aged 63.

Waddilove, Henry Jesse, Esq., of Doctor's Commons, aged 43.

- Wainwright, Arnold Francis, only son of Arnold Wainwright, Esq., of Grafton Manor, co. Oxford, 9th Dec., at New York.
- Wakeham, Jane, relict of the Rev. Henry Wakeham, and dau. of the late Josiah Wattidge, Esq., of Bocking, Essex, 6th Jan.
- Walker, Charles, Esq., of Ashford-court, Ludlow, J. P., and D. L., 23rd Dec., aged 75.
- Wall, Harriett, eld. dau. of the late Rev. Gilman Wall, 1st Jan., aged 72.
- Warner, Edward, Esq., 17th Dec., at Walthamstow, aged 77.
- Watkins, Susanna Eleanora, relict of the Rev. Thomas Watkins, of Pennoyre, and only dau. of the late Richard Vaughan, Esq., of Golden-grove, 25th Dec., aged 81. This amiable lady was the widow of the late Rev. Thomas Watkins, of Pennoyre, co. Brecknock, A.M., F. R. S., only dau. of the late Richard Vaughan, and sister of the late John Vaughan, of Golden grove, Carmarthenshire, Esqrs., Lord Lieutenant and M. P. for that co. for many years. By her demise, the claims of the ancient barony of Elmyr, are vested in Col. Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, M. P., the Lord Lieut. and Custos Rotulorum, for the co. of Brecknock. The remains of this excellent lady were, on Thursday, deposited in the family mausoleum at Llandeavillog, Brecknockshire.
- Watson, Thomas, Esq., of Staplehurst, Kent, 7th Jan., aged 87.
- Webster, Sarah, wife of John Webster, Esq., of Whitchurch, Oxon, and late of Kensington, 17th Dec.
- Wetenhall, Edmund, eldest son of the late James Wetenhall, Esq., 13th Jan., aged 34.
- Wharton, Miss Ann, 13th Jan., at Gainford, Durham, aged 81
- Whatley, Elizabeth Kemble, eldest dau. of the late Rev. George K. Whatley, 6th Jan.
- Whceler, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Montague-place, 16th Jan.
- Wickham Christiana St. Barbe, wife of the Rev. Edward Wickham, of Hammersmith, 19th Dec.
- Wigney, George, eldest son of the late George Wigney, Esq., of Brighton, 17th Jan., aged 33.
- Wilde, Henry Frederick, son of Edward A. Wilde, Esq., of Duke-street, 13th Dec., at Madeira.
- Wilkinson, Mrs. Martha, of St. John's Wood, 30th Dec., aged 77.
- Willes, Francis, Esq., at Hanger Hill, Horne, 26th Dec., aged 70.
- Williams, Willis, Esq., half-pay of H. M. 13th Lt. Infantry, 18th Dec., aged 25.
- Williamson, Lady, relict of the late and mother of the present Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., 19th Jan.
- Willis, Henrietta Susanna, eld. dau. of the late Hen. Norton Willis, Esq., of Kensington, 25th Dec.
- Wolf, The Hon Charles Godfrey, Baron and Knight Banneret of the Holy Roman Empire, 19th Dec., aged 98.
- Wood Clarissa, second dau. of the Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., 22nd Dec.
- Wood, John Loveday, youngest dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. Edw. Munday Wood, 13th Jan., aged 9.
- Woolls, Mary Martha, relict of the late Rev. John Aubrey Woolls, of Fareham, 7th Jan.
- Worth, W. H., Esq., of Stamford Hill, 28th Dec., aged 75.
- Young, Anna Maria,² relict of Capt. T. B. Young, R. N., 14th Jan.
- Young Mrs. I., 8th Jan., at York-terrace, Regent's Park, aged 60.

THE PATRICIAN.

DIALOGUES AMONG THE DEAD.

FROM AN ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE
SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

DIALOGUE I.

SIR THOMAS WYAT, SAMUEL DANIEL, DR. SNEYD DAVIES, AND THOMAS WARTON.

Warton.—Do not shun me, Sir Thomas ; I do not intrude upon you from earthly courts and brawling politics !

Wyat.—Fate cast me into the fevers and bad passions of courts, but they were my abhorrence.

Daniel.—You enjoyed only the fields and the woods, as I did ; and was never happy but in contemplation on the banks of your own Medway.

Davies.—It was so that I wiled away my solitary life under the Herefordshire hills ; yet, I was sometimes sick of thought.

Warton.—The shades of our college gardens were sufficient for me, except when I could escape to the pastoral hedgerows of my quiet Wynslade.

Daniel.—Whenever I could think most, and moralize upon human fate and human frailties, I was most content.

Warton.—Books were my delight,—I could not live without amplitude of curious books.

Daniel.—Books but furnish us with subjects of sorrow ; yet, I also loved books.

Wyat.—When I escaped from the court, I devoured them in the silence of my own fire-side.

Davies.—Yes, in these dear retirements from irritating passion,

“ The Muse would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to scenes romantic ! ”

There I could pore over the lovely fictions of my boyish days ; the dreams and the ambitions of my youth, and the hopes that have been so cruelly disappointed.

Wyat.—Fate did not allow me to know the feelings and thoughts of age.

Daniel.—I knew the comforts of its mental fulness, and I knew also its dejections.

Wyat.—Something of the experience of active life is necessary to give a depth and a realization to our moralities.

Daniel.—Perhaps so, but mine was principally the life of a recluse scholar, and yet I think that no one will say that the sincere depth of moral sentiment was wanting in my compositions.

Warton.—They abound with them in the most eloquent and impressive manner; yet they never overflow. No writings exhibit more fulness of heart, and fulness of thought.

Davies.—Mine was sometimes said to descend to querulousness, as far as they were known (for I passed my life little noticed). I admit that I was subject to low spirits and the spleen; and that I had indulged prospects, of which I had not at all times the magnanimity to bear the disappointment. I thought that my friend Lord Chancellor Camden did not do all for me which he ought to have done.

Warton.—You were an Etonian, and you had contracted some of the Etonian expectations of fame. Did you never know Gray?

Davies.—He was just sufficiently junior to me not to have known him. We should have suited each other in melancholy, and in our love of Latin verses.

Warton.—I never was personally acquainted with him: I should have thought his manners too finical.

Wyat.—The divine morality of his plaintive poems has reached us here. I have trembled over them, and shed over them tears like human tears.

Daniel.—He had a most noble and spiritual train of tender and virtuous reflections, associated to all those poetical images, which emblazon the mind. It was said to be art—no art ever reaches such materials, or is conversant of such emotions.

Warton.—I sincerely admit all these praises. The course of my own life may perhaps be assimilated to Gray's, but they were different in their origin; and the domestic affliction which Gray saw in his childhood, gave him a sombreness and dejection from which I was free. Probably my sensibility was not naturally quick, morbid, and indignant, like his. I would therefore rather sympathize with this depth of colouring in his poetry, than imitate it. It was exquisitely just, chaste, pure, and perfect.

Wyat.—The circumstances of life may suppress genius, but can never give a spark of it. "Flowers may blush unseen," or they may never come into bloom, and tens of thousands do so: but no hot-bed can produce them, where there is not the true seed. Numbers have died without knowing their own innate powers of mind, which have perished for want of encouragement.

Davies.—Exercise and warm stimulants are necessary before one arrives at his strength; I grievously found the want of these things, and fell into a miserable languor and ennui.

Daniel.—But you said that you loved solitude and contemplation?

Davies.—So I did, but not without going occasionally into the world to furnish materials to meditate upon. Almost all the most affecting reflections we find in books, have flowed from men, who have returned from the world, after having been sated with its vanities and disappointments. Sir Thomas Wyatt's moralizations derive a double force from the active affairs in which he had been engaged.

Wyat.—I never wrote but from my heart, I never conjured up factitious sentiments for the occasion.

Daniel.—He must be a very stupid reader who cannot distinguish the sincere from the factitious. All in composition that is factitious ought to be cleared away as waste paper.

Warton.—There are those who pretend that it is not so easy to make this distinction. It might as well be said that it is difficult to distinguish the paper rose of a flower-maker from the living one just plucked from the stem.

Davies.—What is this moral sensitiveness, so acute and copious in some ; so faint and acid in others ?

Daniel.—There is an innate consciousness of right and wrong—of the fair and the ugly—dispensed in different degrees to mankind at their birth, and a sympathy, of a stronger or weaker kind, with the sorrows or misfortunes of others. When this is combined with a powerful and active intellect, it breaks out in moral reflections ; the internal emotions are relieved by this vent.

Wyat.—Lord Surry had more passion and imagery than I had, my pathos was more intellectual. Indeed, there was a great deal of moral and didactic thought in the fashionable poetry of the day, as Tottel's Miscellany shews.

Warton.—My taste rather led me to imagery.' I was willing to enjoy all that was tranquil and beautiful in the material world ; and have as little as possible to do with mental distresses.

Davies.—Our feelings are not at our command. What nature has fitted our minds to be impressed with, will have its operation.

Warton.—Then I am grateful that I was made as I was. Lamentation over human evils will not lessen them ; we may be allowed to escape from what we cannot cure or soften.

Daniel.—Yes, but does not this lead us sometimes to escape from what we can cure or soften ?

Wyat.—And do we not lose the great sources of the sublime, and pathetic, in which literary genius exhibits itself most powerfully ? Is it not thus that we are best enabled

“To ope the source of sympathetic tears ?”

Warton.—Perhaps you will say then that I tended a little too much to the factitious ; for the fables and manners of Chivalry and Romance can hardly be said to be otherwise than factitious.

Daniel.—Whatever you brought forward and dilated upon, was done with so much loveliness, classicality, condition, and elegance, that we cannot pronounce it factitious ; but you did not deal much with the general passions of mankind. In a state of ease and seclusion you knew no violent tempests and dangers,

Wyat.—This state, however, has its inconveniences and evils ; tempests sometimes are necessary to purify the heavy air. Ease collects morbid humours ; and men often become stupified, and then die from stagnated blood. None know the pleasure of rest, but those who have laboured hard ; nor of security, but those who have been in peril.

Davies.—I too well know by my own experience, that nothing is more destructive to enjoyment than indolence. Adventures, exertion, and variety, give spirits to the mind, and health to the body.

Warton.—Luckily my temper was tranquil, and my literary curiosity and the opportunity of gratifying it, always kept me upon the alert.

Daniel.—I saw something of greatness in its interior, and saw enough of unhappiness, to load my heart with melancholy. I saw lustre of birth, loftiness of heart, beauty of person, nobleness of intellect, and grandeur of possession, afflicted in the youthful face of Lady Anne Clifford, and I said to myself, how empty then is human prosperity, and the favour of a splendid lot.

Warton.—Why did you not then retire, shut out the world, and spend your life tranquilly in literature, as I did?

Daniel.—The stings of regret were upon me; remembrances, which I could not efface, haunted me. There were barbed arrows fixed in my heart.

Warton.—Would not your moral philosophy have healed your wounds?

Daniel.—I learned from a sight of the misery of greatness, to melt still more deeply at the sorrows of all. But yet, in the composition of my Moral Epistles, I found a charm which did, in some degree, mellow and sooth my grief. We teach the bosom to swell with an enduring courage, by lofty reflections and eloquent appeals to the best sympathies of others.

Davies.—When days and years pass over us, without having brought forward and embodied our early visions, we grow discontented with ourselves, and lose our self-complacence.

Warton.—I must appeal again to the varieties dispensed by nature; the discipline will do something. A country rectory might be made a happy life to a literary man, though not as it is generally managed. He must not have his wishes always pining after preferment; he must resolutely abandon all regard to the show of life; he must lift his mind above any notice of the petty airs of rural rank, wealth, and impertinence; he must resolutely refuse association with those whose fuller purses enable them to indulge in greater luxuries; he must avoid those whose unpolished minds cause irritation and disgust; and he must keep up the dignity of his profession and his mental acquirements.

Davies.—This advice is easy to be given, but not easy to be followed. Our little human passions, and frailties, and weaknesses, may be conquered, but the struggle will be severe, and the success uncertain. Literature is apt to increase our sensibilities, even to disease, and it requires a stubborn magnanimity to put up with all the impertinences of vulgar wealth or rank, when the multitude are sure to take part with "might against right." Then, what is more difficult to endure, than to be sinking from the rank and companions among whom one was born?

Daniel.—These are difficulties and mortifications; but what station of life, or lot of fortune in humanity, is free from severe sorrows and evils?

Warton.—I was always surprised that so few of the clergy betook themselves to literature, when the necessary course of their lives gave them so many hours of leisure and quiet. This led me to suppose that the qualifications for authorship, if not for reading, were more rarely bestowed, than at first appeared probable. The apprehension which receives, and the memory which repeats, are common; but the fructifying power which adds, and the imagination which combines anew, are rare.

In drawing from nature, common minds have not the talent of selecting features so as to form a picture; then, their own emotions are too unmarked, and the visions that flit before them are too dim to be embodied and reflected. But persons thus educated might at least learn, if they could not teach. They might make themselves masters of what books could convey.

Wyat.—Books have been multiplied since my time to an innumerable extent; but we had then a sufficiency. I believe that sound knowledge has not much increased with the increase of volumes.

Daniel.—You had not then the rich and diversified fictions of Spenser, nor the unrivalled inventions of Shakespeare.

Davies.—Nor the divine poem of Milton.

Warton.—But you had Dante and Petrarch, who were sufficient to set light to the genius of any poetical mind. But I am speaking of the modern clergy; books enough are certainly at their command. If they have not fire enough to enter into the fields of poetry, the fields of laborious erudition are open to them.

Davies.—Literature was my consolation in a remote obscurity: but till George Hardinge, with the ardour with which he embraced whatever he engaged in, undertook to revive my memory, literature had failed to bear me abroad on the wings of fame. Hardinge's father, Nicholas, was my intimate and early friend; but I need not speak of one, whose own merits were so well appreciated, and whose elegant classicality was rarely surpassed.

Daniel.—I hear that my name has been honoured and praised by the flattering notice of Wordsworth and Southey.

Warton.—What they have said of you has reached me. It is worthy of their great taste, and your solid, instructive, and affecting genius.

Davies.—And Mr. Dyce has reprinted your poems, Sir Thomas, in his elegant Aldine edition.

Wyat.—My name is now forgotten in a country where it flourished for so many ages, and which no longer respects literature as it used to do; where the glorious male lines of Sackville, Sydney, Sandys, and Digges, have, with most of their property, departed, as mine has done. A country once so marked in history, to be now so obscure and dispirited! The fragments of my old castle remain, but they are fallen, fallen, fallen, and neglected.

Warton.—I hope that I have not failed to do you justice in my History of English Poetry. I lament that I did not compose, at least, a sonnet on your venerable Castle of Allington, on the Medway. You know that nothing delighted my imagination like those feudal ruins. I had arrayed in my mind all the pictures, and all the memorials of castellated, chivalrous, and ecclesiastical plunder; I was a master of all the rich ornaments, and all the details of Gothic and Baronial Architecture. Never was any other mode of building so calculated to strike the fancy. The painted windows, the blaze of heraldry, the pennons, the shields, the spears, the swords, the tombs, the recumbent figures in their gorgeous coats of mail, what legends they told, with what feats they filled the busy imagination.

Daniel.—I saw those days passing away before my eyes, but not gone. I saw Essex, and Sydney, and Cumberland, and Devonshire, go to their graves; and I saw a Monarch who shrunk from a drawn sword, which a woman had waved in glory. I saw Spenser perish in poverty, and

broken-hearted ; and I saw Raleigh imprisoned, tried for his life, and attainted. The character of the poetry, and whole national literature, changed with the character of the court.

Warton.—So it will too commonly happen. George III. had no feeling for poetry ; and thus, poetry had little encouragement to blaze out while I lived. Little attention was paid to my Laureate Odes ; and thus, I produced them lazily, unwillingly, and languidly.

Daniel.—Neglect did not oppress me ; I wrote as vigorously as I could, to the last.

Wyat.—And naked vigour was the character of your Moral Epistles.

DIALOGUE II.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, EDWARD VERE EARL OF OXFORD, LORD FALKLAND, LORD BOLINBROKE, AND LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Sydney.—Why do you look so fierce and insolent at me, as you did formerly on earth ?

Oxford.—I cannot efface the remembrance how you braved me !

Sydney.—The insult came from you. I respected high birth, and the dignity of the ancient peerage ; and I respected your talents and accomplishments ; but your treatment of me forced me to look into myself—my own character, and my own blood.

Oxford.—You threw your feathers in my face.

Sydney.—The greatest man on earth should not have trod upon me.

Oxford.—You were puffed up with flattery and glory.

Sydney.—Any small reputation I might have gained, was won by labour and perils.

Oxford.—And were these undergone by none but yourself ?

Sydney.—By many :—It was for the public to judge in what degrees !

Oxford.—The Queen took it into her capricious head to favour you.

Sydney.—I had served her Majesty with devotion, and my father and grandfather had served her family before me !

Oxford.—For many centuries had my ancestors served royalty in the highest stations.

Sydney.—I am not calling in question the splendour of your lordship's venerable lineage. I was not attacking you ; I was only defending myself.

Oxford.—I was not used to be braved ; and I am conscious of a haughty temper.

Sydney.—I cultivated mildness and courtesy with the sincerest endeavours ; and the public gave me credit for not having been unsuccessful : but it was a part of the character instilled into me both by nature and education, firmly to resist all unmerited affronts. You alluded, with contempt, to my descent : I lived in an age when this could not be borne, if my blood was not obscure ; and I could not but be conscious that it was the reverse. The Sydneys were an ancient and honourable race, though not noble like the Veres : and my mother's blood was of the very highest. The Dudleys, the Beauchamps, and the Talbots, involved all the old peerage, besides intermarriages with the Royal House of Plantagenet.

Oxford.—I allowed of no comparison as fair, unless it was confined to the male line.

Falkland.—This was an idle dispute, and an ungenerous insult on your Lordship's part. You ought to have known that greatness must be tried by mind and heart.

Oxford.—Lord Falkland, I know your amiable character, great accomplishments, devoted bravery, and lamented fate, and shall be unwilling to controvert any opinion you may express.

Falkland.—I was used to controversy, and would ask nothing to be admitted that did not stand upon reason.

Oxford.—But there are opinions which must merely rest on sentiment.

Falkland.—Then Sydney was the spirit of glorious sentiment personified!

Oxford.—I know not by what magic this rival has enchanted all hearts and eyes.

Falkland.—It is magic of which the force can only be derived from truth.

Sydney.—I would not have this earthly contest between us kept up here. It was soon forgotten by me, though it seems to have cankered in the mind of Lord Oxford. We ought to be spirits personified here.

Oxford.—Providence did not give me easy temper, nor gentle passions. My fortunes went wrong and embittered my feelings.

Falkland.—It was not all smooth with Sydney in his earlier days. His father, Sir Henry, knew the perplexity of state-affairs, and the painful embarrassments of pecuniary scantiness; and his mother's house had suffered attainder and death on the scaffold. Do not, therefore, attribute the sweetness of his temper to a prosperous fortune!

Sydney.—I was naturally melancholy, and difficult in pleasing my own conscience; whatever may have gained the world's applause, resulted from an earnest desire to do my duty, and fearless self-devotion. I loved fame—perhaps too fondly;—but I sought fame only from good actions.

Oxford.—He who wishes to please all, must dilate many of his most virtuous energies.

Sydney.—I knew firmness and indignation in their proper places.

Bolinbroke.—You were not happy, after all?

Sydney.—It was not intended that we should be happy;—but I think I was often comparatively so.

Bolinbroke.—There are many false enthusiasms which lead us to sacrifice ourselves unnecessarily.

Falkland.—How are we to determine what is a false enthusiasm; and what is an unnecessary sacrifice? No sacrifice in a good cause is unnecessary; nor the enthusiasm that prompts to it, false.

Bolinbroke.—It is all a delusion; and he who plays his game with most art, does best.

Falkland.—These are ungenerous and ignoble opinions.

Bolinbroke.—“Qui vult decipi decipiatur?”—We had a right to feed the folly of mankind for our own advantage. If they choose to be caught by bells and feathers, let them be caught! I enjoyed fame, because it gave me power; and power, because it enabled me to indulge my own appetites. The world is too ungrateful to make any return for benefits, which shall counterbalance sufferings and privations.

Falkland.—Yet you incurred these in the discharge of your political functions!

Bolinbroke.—I did not mean to do so. Affairs turned out contrary to my calculations. We had made arrangements, by which I had expected to secure power and profit.

Falkland.—I am surprised and horrified to hear an open declaration of these doctrines.

Bolinbroke.—It was a part of my nature to break from all prejudices, and think for myself. I was, in the plain sense of the word, a freethinker.

Sydney.—So it seems!—You had a conscience which put no restraint upon itself. Yet, in point of mere worldly enjoyment, I cannot think that it could answer. If you was willing to deceive others, you must expect that others were willing to deceive you. Without trust you never could be at your ease.

Bolinbroke.—One must trust to his own superior sagacity.

Sydney.—This superior sagacity must in its very essence be confined to a few. What a system then for the grand happiness!

Bolinbroke.—We must not consider what ought to be, but what is!

Sydney.—On this theory you would make Falkland and me very foolish fellows.

Falkland.—An ingenious head, and witty imagination, not under the guidance of a pure conscience and sensitive heart, may flourish a little while on earth, but are deluding mischiefs which will not succeed here. You do not seem to have thrown off your human impurities in this new region of trial.

Sydney.—How short is the longest life compared with eternity! Why not then early end our earthly existence in glory, to commence our future being with better hopes? To live without fear, and die with prospects of brightness, cheer all around us, when we depart.

Oxford.—I found life wearisome, alliances useless, and friendships frail.

Falkland.—These were the results of a haughty, ungenerous, and selfish spirit. The measure you gave out was returned to you.

Oxford.—I cultivated the Muses, like Sydney; and I sought the honours of chivalry, like him.

Falkland.—Your fire was false, and it was detected; the glitter of your genius was artificial, and it was seen through.

Sydney.—Praise not me, Falkland;—you died for a nobler cause than I did; you rushed into the field with a wish to die, in the midst of the veneration of the learned and the devotion of the good!

Castlereagh.—Love, honour, and respect in return for the anxious labours of the state; for weary days, and sleepless nights,—these I would have had as my reward, and could not. I was covered with obloquy by a cruel and malignant party; and my worn-out spirits at last sunk into despondence under it!

Bolinbroke.—I only of you all lived in peace and luxury, and died in the honours of a ripe old age. I was immortalized by Pope; and critics threw upon me the incense of their abundant praise. It was thought an honour to be admitted to my society; and wits encircled me, throwing a blaze around, which dazzled all eyes.

Castlereagh.—The ways of Providence on earth were mysterious and dark; doubts and difficulties met me whithersoever I moved; the successes

of Napoleon puzzled my faith in the success of virtue and benevolence of Heaven ; I saw daring disregard of principle everywhere applauded ; and the purest intention misrepresented and covered with calumny. Neither my courtesy nor my courage availed me : if I was candid, I was thought deceitful ; if I was bold, I was thought insolent, audacious, and unfeeling. Canning, by his rhetorical flourishes and gaudy poetical figures, endeavoured to depress me, and by his art of working on the imaginations of light minds, established a most unjust reputation for sagacity and solidity at my expense. I, at least, was consistent in my principles ; he

“ Was everything by fits, and nothing long.”

Bolinbroke.—You deny imagination : you would have found it avail you as a charm against all these causes of complaint. It was the spell by which I led the public in my chains—I mean a pliant and adroit imagination,—not a melancholy one :—such as throws flowers over every thing, and places the tints so as to catch the prevailing humour of the moment. You talked too much like a man of business, and too little like an orator. The mind of man is formed to see things in partial points of view, and no advocate should attempt too wide and comprehensive support or defence. You should have done as Canning did,

“ Play round the head, but come not to the heart.”

While you was listened to with impatience, Tierney, by his laconic jests, and colloquient raillery, won the ear of the house ; yet what principle did he develope, what great point did he touch ?

Sydney.—The times are so changed from those in which I lived, that I do not easily enter into their habits, characteristics, or feelings. There was then a respect for great names, and ancient glory, and the wisdom of state experience ; rank carried its authority, and vulgar opinions were under awe. Now all principles are set afloat, and every one is a legislator and statesman, according to his own individual notions. If no data are granted—if no first principles are assumed, it is a Babel of tongues and wranglings. Then if all love of generous fame is taken to be empty pretence—if rank and honours are considered to be usurpations—if nothing is to be valued but material gratification—if the refinements of intellectual luxury—if the splendours of high society, lofty manners, and gallant modes of living, are to be treated as the mischievous follies of less philosophy and less enlightened ages, I must have formed my whole being anew, to fit me for entering on the arena of public contention.

Bolinbroke.—But Europe was not in an undisturbed state, when you threw yourself into the heat of affairs.

Sydney.—It was then, principally, a contest of governments ;—not of the governed.

Bolinbroke.—Not so—puritanism was working and throwing out its sparks from its furnace shop of Geneva, with the spirit of Calvin at its head.

Sydney.—At least it worked under ground ; it did not shew its hydra-head in the open places.

Bolinbroke.—I do not deny that the change has been nearly as great since my time. The election of statesmen, and even of representatives in parliament, from the ancient aristocracy, was a wise usage. It is absurd to suppose, that elevated notions are not contracted by the

impressions made in infancy; and that persons early engaged in mean occupations will not have contracted minds.

Falkland.—I could not approve the principles or conduct of the court in my time; but I soon saw that those who had taken up arms against the king, meant to go far beyond the original cause of opposition; that their doctrines were destructive of a wise government; that few of the leaders were honest; and that they were mean-minded men, actuated by private ambition, private interest, and malignant passions. I withdrew myself, therefore, and threw myself into the forlorn hope of a battle for the king's cause, where I fell, and ended a life then clouded by despondence.

Castlereagh.—How much more miserable was the end to which the despair of a harassed and conscientious spirit, over-plied in a just cause, brought me! The age has not yet done me 'justice:—it will do so, for truth will prevail at last!

Bolinbroke.—Had you had my levity and agility of mind, you would not have sunk.

Castlereagh.—In my time, the rulers of affairs was not of the order of wits, except Canning; and if fancy make the spirits light, it did not save him, for after a tempestuous struggle, he followed me in five years to the grave.

Oxford.—If I was unhappy, it was not from the turmoil of state affairs.

Falkland.—I loved poetry, like Sydney, but not of the same cast. My studies were more metaphysical and theological; my vicinage to Oxford university gave me all the conversation of the learned; and the moral stores of my mind were more abundant than the imaginative. As the habits of my life had been studious, so the bustle and fatigue of a soldier's occupation were only to be endured as a duty. Tilts and tournaments, and all the rough exercises of chivalry had ceased ere my first manhood; and nothing was less warlike than the court. But I always made my conscience have dominion over my will; and knew no pleasure but in discharging the high duties which the occasion put upon me.

Sydney.—If the evils of human life are deeply afflicting, its pleasures are intensely high. In the solitude of the groves of Penshurst, where I could give free vent to my imagination, and contrasted these visions with the irritating glitter of a court, and the noises of a camp, a march, and a battle, I had hours of enjoyment, which no expression can exaggerate. Ideal heroism then overcame all the alloys of reality. I remembered the heroism of our magnanimous Elizabeth, and forgot all her frailties and humours. I expelled from my recollection all the cold policies of Burleigh; and threw into oblivion all the little jealousies and petty passions of the court; its tiresome ceremonials, and its whimsical servilities; the coquetry of its faithless beauties; and the treacherous flatteries of its intriguing hangers-on. I listened to the divine fictions of Spenser, and lost myself in transports among the visions of fairy groves, fairy castles, and fairy halls; then I felt myself pure and unearthly; I cherished every glowing thought and sentiment; and I anticipated the glory of dying in the field, covered with laurels of everlasting fame.

Falkland.—What a divine enthusiasm! I broke but from academic bowers into the field of banners and of blood. My roses were less heroic than the head of your spear. My feeble person could not contend with your knightly form; but my mind was raised also by high contemplations

to life-devoted deeds. Yet how I grieved to be torn from such society as that of the virtuous and eloquent Sir Edward Hyde, and his learned friends ! I foresaw what would be the future blaze of that great statesman and historian ! and I foresaw that it would end in the ingratitude and desertion of his heartless sovereign, after a life of honourable services, and in his death, an exile in a foreign land, the victim of sorrow and regret for his corrupt and profligate country.

Bolinfroke.—Thus then ends a useless and delusive enthusiasm. See how you yourselves verify all my opinions and sentiments. My motto was, “catch pleasure while you may ; wear glory as a feather, for which you would pay no solid sacrifice, and use high thoughts as ornament, but not as food.”

Oxford.—Life with me was a folly, but not a jest.

Sydney, Falkland, and Castlereagh.—Let us spread our wings, and fly away from such ungenerous and degrading associates.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES RESPECTING THE LIFE AND FAMILY OF JOHN DYER, THE POET.

BY W. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE.

No. V.—FROM 1750.

THE end of all draws nigh, and while I collect the memorials of the poet's last years, and view his mind, calm and cheerful and industrious, yet withal grave in its outpourings, mid suffering, and pain, and weakness, leaving its legacy to succeeding generations, although he had no profit of all he did beneath the sun, I cannot keep out of my mind his own beautiful lines :—

“There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies ;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!”

But to proceed. Dyer remained at Catthorpe ten years, quitting in 1751 for a small living of £75, called Belchford, ten miles from Coningsby, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, which was given him by the Lord Chancellor, through the interest of Daniel Wray, Esq., one of the deputy tellers of the Exchequer, and “a friend to virtue and the muses.”

“ TO MR. WRAY.

“I wonder much at those in lonely cells,
And distant shades, who shun the means of good,
While all the busy world around them rolls,
Whose vice contends with virtue, and each street
The preacher's voice invokes ; though the fell wolf
Pursues the lamb, and the fall'n struggling ox
Dies in the ditch, they lend no helping hand,
Yet dream, by contemplation best to serve
Omnipotence and wisdom. Who shall teach
Their gloomy souls to spell the prophet's words,
Our goodness reacheth not to thee, O Lord,
But to thy Saints on Earth.—You judge the point
With better sense and heart : You walk in crowds

And all your glorious moments ever use
 'To aid your various neighbours : did your hours
 In soft retirement steal away through life,
 What kind good deeds, what virtues had been lost !
 Elgen had sunk in penury and pined ;
 And Melibæus of his guerdon fail'd ;
 Alexis had not reached the muse's bowers ;
 Nor Damon fed his flocks on Wildmoor fen ;
 His little children could not round his knees
 Have chirp'd such sprightly notes as now they make,
 His wife with more than simple household cares
 Would have continued labouring ; and himself
 Among the furrows striving with hard toil,
 Could seldom have acquired a vacant hour
 'To brighten up his thoughts and sing the Fleece.'—*MSS.*

“O WRAY ! if thou
 Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
 The lark-winged muse, about the grassy vale,
 And hills, and woods, shall singing, soar aloft.”

Fleece, book 2.

“A NIGHT PROSPECT, WRITTEN ON LINCOLN HEATH, 1751.

“Nigh are the rising spires of Lamplugh's fane,
 Stateliest of Gothic fabrics ; and the craggs
 Of ruins glimmer, every zephyr brings
 Into my years the slow deep-swelling toll
 Of the great curfew. So the traveller
 On Lindum's heath secure may bate his pace,
 Pleased with the mild descent of purple Night.
 High o'er the circles of her solemn youth
 Eternal Wisdom with Almighty hand
 Rolls worlds and worlds. Behold those glittering stars,
 And open all thy mind to think the space
 Hence to each orb, that makes such glorious suns
 So small appear : their moons and earths, like ours,
 Which round them move, are lost to ardent sight,
 So vast extends the distance ! yet on those
 Planets, to us invisible, are spread
 Europes and Asias, regions not unlike
 To those we act on. Hark, ye things of pride !
 God, ever gracious, sends his suns abroad
 To light and cheer and bless more realms and worlds
 Than Folly's narrow thought can reach to damn.”—*MSS.*

The following must relate to the fenny, low, retired country he had wandered to :—

“Dec. 20. 1751. Some verses found, as it were, in my thoughts in the morning between sleeping and waking.—

“At length 'mong reeds and mud my bark sticks fast ;
 So Fate thinks proper, who can now sustain
 My tribe with delicacies, frogs and eels,
 'Mong reeds and mud ; begirt with dead brown lakes,
 Whose, perhaps pleasant, shores lie far unseen :
 Nor will their habitants the decent face
 Of civil man or woman deign approach :
 Ev'n Rumour comes not HERE ! Oh, ever bless'd

Be Avarice, who sends his desp'rate post
 Into these squalid regions. Write, my friend,
 Speed, write upon his wings: how goes the world?
 What's done? what's doing? what's the song of Fame?"—*MSS.*

In the same spirit he writes to Mr. Duncombe in 1756, from Coningsby. "I have read none of the Connoisseurs; no papers reach this lonely place; I know not how the world goes." And in 1757, in excusing the faults which might be in "The Fleece," he says they must be imputed "to the air of a fenny country, where I have been for the most part, above these five years, without health, without books, and without proper conversation. I say not this in an arrogant sense—for, God knows, I am far from despising either the peasant or the country parson." And again, "We, in the country, who see nothing but earth and sky, who hear nothing but the inarticulate voices of beasts and birds, cannot correspond with you in town upon an equal footing."

1751, July 21. Mandate from the king by "Holdernesse," to the university of Cambridge, to confer on John Dyer, Clerk, the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Dated at Kensington.

In 1752, also through Mr. Wray's interest, Sir John Heathcote presented him to Coningsby of £120. In "The Fleece" are mentioned,

"The clover'd lawns
 And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,*
 Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
 Of HEATHCOTE's leisure."

And from the patron's seat to the patron's self, proceeding at the commencement of the 3rd book, he sings:—

"So thou, the friend of ev'ry virtuous deed
 And aim, though feeble, shall these rural lays
 Approve. Oh, HEATHCOTE! whose benevolence
 Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,
 And where the bramble; and would justly act
 True charity, by teaching idle want
 And vice the inclination to do good,
 Good to themselves, and in themselves, to all,
 Through grateful toil."

A regular correspondence now beginning between the poet and his friend Dr. Mackenzie, of Drumsugh, I shall give some extracts of Mackenzie's letters, for they form a good key to this part of Dyer's life.

"Drumsugh, near Edinburgh, 26th Dec. 1754.—Your returning health, the gaiety of your spirits, and the prospect of recovering a good constitution, were all very agreeable news. * * * Before I had the pleasure of your last, I was much solicited to make a visit next summer to Lord Seaforth and some of my old companions in the North; and not dreaming of a visit from you, I'm afraid that I gave them a faint promise, and that they will not release me. * * * Your picture hangs near a large window in my bed-chamber, which commands the most extensive view, &c., but I generally ask, how will Mr. Dyer bear this? 'Just as I do,' my wife answers, 'over a roasting fire.' * * * My wife joins with me in wishing you and bouncing Sally and all your fireside a happy new year."

* Sir John's Seat in Rutlandshire.

In another letter, Mrs. Mackenzie asks how her god-daughter is, and from the selection out of the other children, doubtless "bouncing Sally" was the honoured one. Dyer answered the above, by the following letter, which I have copied from the draft :—

"Coningsby, Jan. 28, 1755.—Dear Sir, I cannot indeed give you the same account of myself in this as in my last letter—but 'tis winter. I am however better than I was last winter—that's somewhat—and 'tis somewhat not to be cast down though I totter a little under the weight of snows which cover all the borders and parterres of my garden and peep in at my windows—but what then? I sit down with pleasure and cheer myself in reading your most agreeable letter, and with the thoughts that as soon as the warm sun appears I shall be well, and ride out upon our spacious common; but we have no prospects like those of Drumsugh—why will you paint so well since I know not when I shall see them?—and yet methinks I have a kind of sight of them, by the side of my scrub picture (to which too much honour is due). I see, methinks, the charming prospect of woods, villas, fields, sea, and mountains—and I see and hear, whom all love and respect, Mrs. Mackenzie answering you very truly 'Just as I do, over a roasting fire.' * * * And though coals are not so cheap here as at Drumsugh, yet we have enough (if you were here) to roast an ox for you, and an ortolan into the bargain for Mrs. Mackenzie.

"I can't allow you to treat your book as a mere amusement, and to make it wait on you as the servant of your pleasures during your whole life, which God grant may be very long. Pray give it speedy liberty—consider how many are in need of its directions and how the health of thousands will perish before its precepts will come abroad. Even the work of my little *Fleece* I regard as a part of my business; it generally accompanies my sermon, and takes up at least half my pocket. And I can inform you that I am almost got to the end of my warp; I begin to see it plainly and with the pleasure that Zenophon and his soldiers had when they gained the sight of the Euxine, and cried out 'The Sea! The Sea!'

"We are all of us indifferently well except my eldest daughter, who has an aguish disorder; our weather has been unhealthy and much alike (I believe) over the whole island; we have had severe frost and snow—high storms—close, warm, and damp—cold and raw—black frost—sleet—and now snow again. 'Tis time for me to give over; I begin to droop—feeble and various as the weather is my poor machine, yet stoutly and certainly, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged humble servant,
"J. DYER."

The identical book, as I suppose, mentioned in this letter as taking up half his pocket, or at all events one used for the same purpose, I have. It is a little parchment-covered tome, bearing ample evidence of its *docketings*. It contains an immense number of fragments for "The Fleece," hurriedly written down as they passed through the fired mind, curiously intermixed with other matters, plans for agricultural implements, memoranda of "color and camel's hair" he was to buy, and so forth. Sometimes, indeed, it would seem likely that he pulled the wrong book out of his pocket, for in the midst of one of his grave sermons is a *fleecy* extract snatched from Dryden, "the woolly-breed;" and on the back of another certain desiderata, viz. "Wig—Coat—Linen—Book—Chapman's Agreement." There is a still earlier book, containing the agreements, or rough heads of his intended work, which is there called the "Golden Fleece."

"Drumsugh, 15th July, 1755.—I'm glad that you have exchanged Belchford for a more commodious living, and tho' the £30 surplus should be sunk for two or three years in dispensations and fees, I hope you will live long to enjoy it many years without any deduction."

From the amount of surplus this must relate to Kirkby-on-Bane, a living of £110, which was procured for him, as he says in a letter of 1756 to Mr. Duncombe, by Sir John Heathcote, "lately of Lord Chancellor, without my solicitation. I was glad of this on account of its nearness to me; though I think myself a loser by the exchange, through the expenses of the seal, dispensations, journies, &c., and the charge of an old house, half of which I am going to pull down." The Westminster Magazine of 1783, which, however, places this event in 1756, says of Kirkby-on-Bane:—"The house, which is a very good one, though deserted by the present incumbent, owes much of its improvement to Mr. Dyer. His study, a little room with white walls ascended to by two steps, had a handsome window to the churchyard, which he stopped up, and opened a less, that gave him a full view of the fine church and castle at Tateshall, about a mile off, and of the road leading to it. He also improved the now neglected garden."

"Drumsugh, 3rd Nov. 1755.—['Your incurable ear,' mentioned as being very bad in this and a preceding letter.] "I make no doubt that the Fleece will meet with a good reception when it is spread publicly; I shall have a very bad opinion of my own judgment if it should not. By the bye, as you have done me the honour to mention my name in that immortal piece, I desire that you will also put a note, at the bottom of the page, intimating that you mean Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, and now of Drumsugh, near Edinburgh; for there are above half a score of Drs. Mackenzie whom I know, and I would not willingly quit my interest in your friendship to any of them. I had not the vanity (no more than the good qualities) of Cicero, in desiring my friend to be partial in my favour, but since he would be partial, why should his favour be lost in a crowd. My wife as well as myself was charmed with your few lines from Solomon, but you must give your health time to recruit, before you enter upon anything new.

"I have some thought of taking a journey, God willing, into England, next summer. Mrs. Holte, of Sutton, has been very bad, and as there are but she and my wife remaining out of ten brothers and sisters that grew up together, they are very desirous of seeing each other. * * * If you know one Mr. Dyer, a poetical philosophical parson, and can tell me where I could meet him next summer, I would ride some miles to see him."

The note was accordingly added to "The Fleece," Book 1, beneath the mention of the learned Doctor, as

Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her salutary rules entrusts,
BENEVOLENT MACKENZIE.

The lines from Solomon are, I suppose, these:—

"All, all is vanity. The pride of life,
Says Solomon, is folly, folly all.
What is thy gain, thou busy man of cares?
To catch the bubble of thine hopes and die.
As clouds our generations fleet along,
They fleet; another and another comes,
The former ever blotted by the last."—MSS.

"Drumsugh, 17th Dec., 1755.—I'm glad the Fleece is sent abroad, for I was afraid you watched it more intensely than the people of Colchis did theirs, and it is the nature of our composition that the labour of the mind impairs the health of the body; and therefore I insist upon it, that you shall not consider

husbandry in a political light, nor indeed anything else that requires intense thinking, until your strength and spirits are quite restored and sound. I shall not fail to give you any light that may be necessary at a proper time, but not yet."

In 1756 occurs the following :—

"Verses, made in a dream or slumber, for I was turning them in my thoughts, when I found myself awake" :—

"ON THE DESTRUCTION OF LISBON, &c.

"One moment overturns the toils of man,
And humbles greatness : Lisbon sinks in dust.
Earthquakes, and Floods, and Fires, and falling Tow'rs,
Thunder among the scattered crowds ! Rich, Poor,
Young, Old, Slave, Peasant, Prince, unheeded, fly
From the swift rage of Death, and strive to grasp
At wretchedness ! When I consider these ;
When I consider scenes of antient times ;
Ruins on ruins, thrones on buried thrones ;
And walk on earth as on a globe of graves :
When the high heavens I view, and there behold
Planets, stars, comets, worlds innumerable !
To splendour rising and see splendour fall'n,
My spirits shrink within me : What is man !
How poor a worm ! but when I meditate
His boundless cogitations, high desires,
And th' infinite Creator all in all,
Gracious and Wise ; each gloomy fear retires ;
And Heaven's eternal light revives my soul."

"Drumsugh, 20th April, 1756.—I was grieved to find by yours of the 3d current, that you were laid in a damp bed. If they sin through ignorance or poverty who commit that crime, there may be some excuse for them, but if through laziness or malevolence, they deserve hanging. * * * Pray let not your modesty for the future, throw you into such obvious dangers. [Deafness mending.]"

On the 2d of August, Mackenzie dates his letter from Sutton, near Coleshill, in Warwickshire, where Mrs. Holte lived ; and says, "I'm afraid to venture my old bones in your bad roads, but *as our parson prays for a fair season*, I hope to see you soon," a queer expression. He also thanks Dyer for his encomiums on his work on medicine, and, of course, says they are undeserved. Here, I may place the following—

"FOR DR. MACKENZIE'S BOOK, THE HISTORY OF HEALTH, &c., 1759.

"When long Experience, with Sagacious Thought,
And Learning, and Benevolence, and Care,
Retires, to form a work for human use,
No vulgar gift expect : no vulgar gift
Is that which gives to every good we taste
It's pleasing relish. Who will not desire
To share preventive Wisdom ? far, far off
To drive the hag Distemper ? Health preserv'd
With far more vigour blooms than health restored.
So high has been the strain of gratitude
That divine honors were to Phœbus giv'n,
And Æsculapius, and the Coan Sage,
Who the Mackenzies were of antient days."

"Sutton, near Coleshill, 25th Oct., 1756.—My wife and I are just returned.
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from Dr. Greenwood's. He and his lady enquired very kindly about you. I told them that 'The Fleece' was finished, which gave them great pleasure, for they had only seen the first book. * * * Pray give my best compliments to your lady and daughters, and tell them that I never spent any part of my time more agreeably than I did at Coningsby."

In this year, 1756, Mr. Duncombe, breaking through "the little vulgarity of fashion," wrote to the poet he had never seen; and hence, called forth some pretty letters from Dyer, which are given in the "Elegant Extracts." Dyer, November 24, thus describes himself:—"Your humble servant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature, who, however, in his poor change of constitution, being a little recompensed with the critic's phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings and corrections, and some help from his kind friend Dr. Akenside, to give a sort of finishing to the 'Fleece,' which is just sent up to Mr. Dodsley; but as people are so taken up with politics, and have so little inclination to read anything but satire and newspapers,' (I wish Dyer saw the state of literature *now*, his complaints were comparatively trifling then!) 'I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publishing it.' On January 31, 1757, he says, "Mr. Dodsley, indeed, has the 'Fleece.' I did not think this a fit season for its publication, but my friend Mr. Wray overcame me."

To return to Mr. Mackenzie, still at Sutton.

"Sutton, &c., 18th Feb.—Dear Sir,—Your letter gave me pleasure equal to that Virgil describes—

'Quale Sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ, saliente rivo, restinquare sitim,' &c.

In the first place, you shall be heartily welcome to Mrs. Holte, as she bids me tell you, and it would be very strange if you were not to my wife and me, whenever the weather and the roads will permit you to travel with safety and ease. * * Your livings are quite sufficient to satisfy a well-disciplined mind; and ten times as much, without that discipline, would be a trifle. The difference between us little folks and the rich, is, that where we want £5, they want £5000."

"Sutton, 3rd March, 1757.—Dear Jacky is desired to send the scissors to his cousin, at Hinckley, as soon as he can, for my man says he can have *it* from thence. And now, my dear Sir, I return you my hearty thanks for your criticism, which I wrote down without any further balancing or hesitation, and, as you advise me, I shall not trouble myself with any other criticks at this time, for you are

My Poet, Critic, Counsellor, and Friend.

Your paraphrase on the 12th of Ecclesiastes is excellent. Miss Clayton has begged and obtained a copy of it to send to her friends at London. But there is one material point omitted, which must be added. Among the many commentators on that chapter, two physicians, viz., Bankinus, and Dr. Mead, having written 'De Morbus Biblicis,' write on it. All agree (and it is a fine thought,) that the *wheel broken at the cistern*, means the stoppage of the circulation of the blood at the heart, which causes immediate death. Suppose, therefore, it should be inserted thus, towards the end, immediately after the eighteenth line?

Now, in thy prime,
Remember thy Creator; e'er the wheel
Breaks at its source, which rolls the vital stream.
Remember thy Creator, that thou may'st," &c.

March 19, 1757, Dyer writes to Duncombe—"I, too, have been ill, and my coughs have been so continual and violent, that I dreaded the posture of writing; and my thoughts grow over-grave—it is no wonder, for I am now confined by illness; yet I can taste pleasure."

April 11, 1757.—Mackenzie, still at Sutton, writes, "I flattered myself that the cold bath would have made you as hardy as a Laplander, impenetrable to snow or rain; but I find you are still the same puny creature I knew some years ago, at Worcester. * * * I expect the 'Fleece,' from Oxford, in a few days, and I find it bears the character there, which I always thought it deserved. Your lines to Jacky are extremely pretty, and Miss Clayton has begged them. But on second reading, I think that the word *debonair*, rather signifies a gracefulness and complaisance acquired by keeping good company, than a constitutional cheerfulness and good humour to be acquired by temperance, exercise, and air. Your last verses were much admired by Dr. Loyd, of Oxford, to whom Miss Clayton sent them. * * * I cannot expect to hear above once from you in this country. Pray let not the frankness of your heart induce you to build more at Kirkby than is quite necessary."

With regard to this last sentence, the Westminster Magazine before quoted, continues: "In May, 1757, he was again in mortar; rebuilding a large barn, which a late wind had blown down, and gathering materials for rebuilding above half the parsonage house at Kirkby. 'These,' he says, 'some years ago, I should have called trifles; but the evil days are come, and the lightest thing, even the grasshopper, is a burden upon the shoulders of the old and sickly.'"

As to the lines to Jacky, they are short enough, at all events.

"TO MY SON.

"Temp'rance, exercise, and air,
Make thee strong and debonair.
Quiet, competence, and health,
Furnish thee with real wealth.
Truth, humility, and love,
Lead thee to the bliss above.
More, at best, is but a bubble;
More is often toil and trouble."

Mackenzie's hint was taken; and the MS. shews that Dyer had begun to add a syllable to each line, and make the second line read "Brace every limb, and cheer each care."

From the same place, but *s. d.*—

"Tho' there is not a man on earth, whose company I prefer to yours, yet I will not tell you when I propose to be at Doncaster, on my way northward, for several reasons. A headache, a rainy day, or an easterly wind, may alter our travelling plan for a week; and what a comfortable time must you have, waiting for us at an inn! * * * You are not yet hardy enough to be trusted in a long journey by yourself; for while you are engaged with the Muses and Graces, instead of minding to have your sheets well aired, they will put you into a damp bed, and make you ill for half a year. * * * Dr. Audley promised me, above a month ago, to send me the 'Fleece' from Oxford, but, like a nincompoop, has neglected it."

And so the 'Fleece' was now all before the public, a poem which had been quietly composing for at least fifteen years, doubtless being first begun

in Herefordshire, as the concluding passage intimates. The long duration of the composition is shewn by the following, from the pocket notes before mentioned :—

What !—and shall the Drone
Condemn our labors? Shall the lordling vain,
Or narrow Priest? O Brother, yet forgive,
Who censure hates; if thus too warm, forgive.
Our all-sufficient God delights to see
Living religion acting common good
On the probationary stage of life.

Y^s was struck out of y^e poem, abt. 14 y. ago.

The second book of the “Fleece,” in MS., very boldly and fairly written on one side of large quarto paper, and much altered, is in my possession. Miss Phillis Paul, of Wilnecote, has a copy of the original quarto edition of the “Fleece,” which has been reserved by the poet, for it is full of later readings in his hand, probably in anticipation of a second edition. It was probably presented by Mrs. Dyer to her half-sister, Mrs. Paul. Dodsley published a small octavo in 1770, containing “Grongar Hill,” the “Ruins of Rome,” and “The Fleece,” with plates. In the first publication of “The Fleece,” Dodsley was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor, with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation, the author’s age was asked, and being represented as being advanced in life, “He will,” said the critic, “be buried in woollen;” and, truly, he did not long survive it.

Weaker and weaker indeed was he becoming. His last published, and perhaps, indeed, his last letter to Duncombe, is dated August 1, 1757. He exclaims, “Ah! the swallows—happy those who fly about Soho! But my wings are not only grown weak; they are even losing their feathers. I am afraid I shall never make one among them, though your invitations are most provokingly agreeable. I am so weak, and so much in pain, that this letter cannot be tiresomely long.”

The following letter and poem have been kindly communicated by H. R. Harpur, Esq., of Coton :—

“Coningsby, October 6th, 1757.

“DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for dispatching the letter of attorney, which I have signed and had properly witnessed, and have sent it up to Mr. Storey, that he may sell out the annuity. [Here follow two sentences on money matters strictly private.] I would crawl to you immediately, but that there is no returning in the winter, and it would be too long to be from my family until April. I must let you know that I have abused you, and yet I hope you ’ll not be very angry—indeed I have not paid you off cleverly, as I grow dull through extreme bad health. The abuse is in this manner :—

‘Content thee, Harper, whose plain busy life
Is all beneficence; nor hope to hear
Thy name within our numbers: they ’re the proud,
The rich and powerful, the Muses sing,
Cræsus and Cæsar. He has long been raz’d
From Fame’s memorials; long ago in dust
Been trod beneath the feet of many an age,
Who gave the world the life-sustaining plough.
Men lead not now their lives by moral rules.
Long has the shrine of Virtue been destroy’d,
’Tis now an hoary ruin. Pride and whim,

And vice, with all her train, in antick shapes
 Are perch'd on ev'ry altar: 'round we run
 From one to one, with bead and bended knee,
 And kiss their shrines as fashion gives the law ;
 Fashion, whom you so singularly spurn.
 You, who employ the poor, and hundreds feed !
 Go ; feed your poor : and, in this iron age,
 Leaden, or wooden, learn to bear contempt."

Mr. Harpur observes that his family name is here spelt *Harper*, and states that his grandfather, at one period of his life, so spelt it, afterwards *Hurpur* ; that his family were all registered with the *ur*, and that his will is so signed. He also finds that in the MS. register made by one of the family, about two centuries back, this practice prevailed—one part of the family using the *e*, another *u*. In former times uniformity of orthography in names seems to have been a matter of small consideration, so long as the sound was rightly rendered, and the similitude of the two letters in slovenly termination of the word would easily lead to such confusion. The reader will remember the name of *Harper* in connexion with *Catthorpe*.

The last memorial I can give of Dyer's life consists of some plans for his winter residence, scribbled on the back of a book of extracts on proper food and preservation of health :—

" Mem.

"to write to Mr. D—— about Kty—to be with Miss G—r, or T—t, or M—o.

"to have assistance only in the months of Jan., Feb., and part of March, and to find a proper place to retire to in those months.—Query, where?

"This will be needless if I can preserve tolerable health, and find that it may be proper to go frequently to K[irk]by, and stay at each time three or four days there.

"or else, to throw up C[onings]by or K[irk]by and retire with my family to H[inckle]y, going in the Summer to visit the L—g——.

"or else."

Then cometh the end. A rapid consumption, as his biographies state, or a slow fever, according to his epitaph, carried our poor poet off, and his last breath passed on the 24th July, 1758. No speaking marble, according to Mr. Gough, who on September 5, 1782, visited Coningsby church (which is "a very handsome building, with a lofty square tower open at bottom with three arches"), marks the last dwelling of this good man. But among my papers I find the following epitaph, apparently in the handwriting of his son, which evidently has been intended to have been placed in Coningsby church. The numbers, perhaps, relate to certain parts of the monument.

" 1.

Thereunto adjoining
 are deposited the remains
 of the reverend, learned, and ever memorable
 MR. JOHN DYER, LL.B.,
 late Rector of this Parish.

2.

A man enriched with every excellence of mind
 which Nature or Education, Travel or Study,
 Books or Men, could bestow on him,
 Curious, modest, delicate of mind.

3.

His Life,
 Private, social, or religious,
 as an Husband, a Parent, a Friend, or a disciple of Christ,
 will bear witness to the present age ;
 and his writings will record to the latest posterity,
 that by an early suppression of every vain inclination,
 every partial affection, and every selfish passion,
 he was free to choose, and not less steady in practising
 (throughout every stage, and in every state of life)
 whatsoever he esteemed to be
 honest, lovely, and of good report.

4.

To this was added,
 such sincerity and purity of faith,
 such exemplary piety and simplicity of manners,
 such innocence of life and integrity of heart,
 such meekness, temperance, and charity,
 as rendered him an ornament to the Catholic Church,
 and an able faithfull minister of that distinguished part of it
 which, by a just preference, is establish'd
 in this Kingdom.

[5]

The two sister Arts, Poetry and Painting,
 He cultivated to an uncommon degree of perfection,
 being the natural efforts of his very extraordinary genius,
 and (ever pious, ever moral, ever instructive)
 for much higher purposes than popular fame,
 the vanity of admiration, or an useless amusement,
 the miseries, the fatal end, of corrupt selfish Passion,
 the blessings of Innocence, and the benefits of honest industry,
 are the benevolent purposes of his three inimitable Poems,
 The Fleece, Grongar Hill, and the Ruins of Rome.

6.

But here, alas ! the scene concludes,
 by the unperceiv'd decays of his weak frame ;
 and destin'd, oh Pity ! oh Shame ! to an inclement air,
 a slow fever deprived the world of any further advantage
 from the life or writings of this
 amiable, meek, good man,
 who departed this life
 the [24th] day of [July] 1758, aged *

* His biographies say he was born 1700—this would make him 58. But John Walters Phillips, Esq., who has the Aberglasney deeds, says 1698. I prefer the latter, as suiting early poems and events better, but am in “mazes dark” on the matter.

A strange contrast to this long effusion is formed by some epitaphs which Dyer himself had framed in one of his little books. Here they are—

J . . . D
deceased
the . . of . . . 17—.
Reader!
if the Sepulchre
is any lesson to thee,
prepare!
Comfort the dying hour
with the conscience
of a well-spent life.

J. D—r,
Died the . . of . . . 1729.
Reader!
If the Sepulchre
is any lesson to thee,
thou wilt prepare,
and comfort the dying hour
with the conscience
of a well-spent life.

} This part is erased by
a pen.

The year being inserted is very curious. Was it composed in a serious illness?

The next must have been when he was incumbent of Catthorpe:—

J . . . D
Rector of Cat
died
the . . of . . . 17—.
Reader,
if the changes of this world,
if the Monuments of Death,
if the state of Futurity,
if these can move thy mind
to thoughtfulness,
consider,
prepare!
Comfort the dying hour
with the conscience
of a virtuous life.
Farewell.

These are curious.

The portrait of Dyer, in my possession, has not to my knowledge ever been published; * it was painted in Italy, when he would be nearly thirty, and is a very sombre oil painting, of two feet five inches by two feet. The coat seems a very dark brown, waistcoat purple, cravat pure white, travelling cap dark red. The poet's face is very oval; forehead somewhat low, eyes small, of a very intense brown; eyebrows narrow and well defined; nose rather long, coming rather nearer the mouth than in most persons; no whiskers, but he probably shaved them off, as his face, like that of Esau, was evidently of a very hairy nature, looking as if he very seldom shaved: this causes the eyebrows to appear, at a few feet from the picture, as if they met; hair not seen, but from his eyebrows and beard, it is evident that it was of a very deep black; lips rather projecting—in a lady they would have been rather pouting. The

* "A print engraved for him, inserted in Johnson and Bell's edition of the Poets, is in reality the portrait of *Samuel Dyer*, who was educated for the ministry among the Dissenters, but never followed that or any other profession. He translated "*Les Mœurs*," from the French; and revised the old translation of Plutarch's *Lives* by several hands. In this edition he translated anew the *Lives* of Pericles, Demetrius, and Poliocertes."—*Biographical Dictionary*, 1809. Thomson, Edinburgh.

complexion was evidently dark, but a most pleasing placidity and benevolence of expression pervades the countenance. In the corner of the picture is written by a late hand, "John Dyer, Author of the *Fleece*." I have also a small landscape, said to be by Dyer; it is painted in oils of very warm rich tints, the *tout ensemble* rather dark, but the effect is pleasing. The trees are certainly exactly similar in style to his known sketches, and this is all I will say of it.

There is, moreover, a portrait in crayons in the possession of my aunt, on paper mounted on canvass. There is much mystery hanging over this picture; all agree that it had some connection with Dyer, but Mrs. Gaunt never would reveal its subject. She used to describe it to my mother, when a child, as the little girl in crayons; while another member of the family has the impression that she said it was her daughter, my grandmother, but it is quite unlike her other shade portrait and herself, according to my mother's recollections—besides, the dress seems of a much older character. It is certainly a most exquisite gem, representing a fair girl, of beautiful and innocent features, playing with a dog, whose eyes seem ready to start from the surface, so marvellously are they executed. Of more of the Dyer relics, I can only say that I have a sofa cover which belonged to one of his aunts, doubtless a Miss Cocks, for we do not hear of any aunt Dyers. It is of two or three thicknesses, quilted with yellow silk, the uppermost fabric of undressed silk, like fine brown holland, and is most elaborately embroidered with tambour work of glossy silk, rich with flowers all over of the most radiant hues, scarcely at all faded. Verily such works as these must have taken some skill and perseverance, doubtless astonishing to those who waste their time in constructing from "the coarse materials and tasteless patterns imported from Germany," that chequer work, which, as the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne truly observes, "now so extensively disfigures the rooms over every domestic threshold that can be crossed." It is clear, however, that, as a sofa cover, Miss Cocks's fair silk has been diverted from its original purpose, and has been somewhat spoilt in the cutting.

What shall I say of his works? To prevent myself being charged with egotism, I can only give the opinion of others. Dodsley's edition, 1770, says, "His character as a writer has been freed by the following pieces published by himself, and now first collected: wherein a poetical imagination perfectly original, a natural simplicity, connected with and often productive of the true sublime, and the warmest sentiments of benevolence and virtue, have been universally taken notice of. As a member of society, the same simplicity appeared in his manners, joined with a liberal turn of thinking, which seldom solicited a favour, and never lost a friend."

Poets and their friends seldom judge of their productions aright. We have seen how much was expected and thought by some of "The *Fleece*," yet it is never heard of now, while "Grongar Hill," the poem of his youth, finds its way into every collection of poetry and is an universal favourite. The "Penny Cyclopædia" says, "it is a most vivid and brilliant combination of pleasing images. The poet invokes the muse to 'draw the landskip bright and strong,' and the muse seems to grant his request." Even Johnson says that though it is not very accurately written, "the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise are so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to

the general sense or experience of mankind, that, when it is once read, it will be read again." Craig (*Literature and Learning of England*, p. 131,) mentions Dyer's as "a natural and true note, though not one of much power or compass. What he has written is his own; not borrowed from or suggested by 'others' books,' but what he has himself seen, thought, and felt. He sees, too, with an artistic eye—while, at the same time, his pictures are full of the moral inspiration which alone makes descriptive poetry."

The writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia," before quoted, goes on to say that the "Ruins of Rome," "with here and there a fine line, seldom rises above mediocrity, and is a very heavy performance," echoing Johnson. But Thorne, in his "Rambles by Rivers," calls it his best poem, and says that it "deserves a far higher reputation than it has received. Johnson," continues he—"and it is always pleasant to read his judicial censures, even when we least agree with them—says, in comparing it with 'Grongar Hill,' 'the idea of the 'Ruins of Rome' strikes more, but pleases less; and the title raises greater expectations than the performance gratifies.' But this is hardly true, and if Dyer had entirely thrown off the conventional shackles that all then gloried in wearing, and which he was blamed for wearing loosely, he would have secured a permanent place among the best of our lesser poets. He was not deficient in imagination, if his imagination was not of a high order, and he had a painter's eye for the harmonies of nature, and a painter's feeling for the glory of her colouring. He was versatile, and his mind wanted the chastening of intense concentration of purpose; but as the poetry of an agreeable and amiable, though somewhat indolent observer of nature, he is far better worth reading than many a one of higher name among his contemporaries or immediate predecessors—and he will outlive many a noisier junior. This opinion is rather heretical, but I take shelter under Wordsworth's wing, and he is at least as good a judge as most of those who find Dyer to be only wearisome and mediocre."

"The Fleece" never became popular, though Akenside, "who upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard," said, "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's 'Fleece;' for, if that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence." Johnson thought very light of it, esteeming that an attempt to bring the woolcomber and the poet together, was to *couple the serpent with the fowl*. "The subject, sir," said he to Boswell, "cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets? Yet you will hear many people talk to you gravely of that *excellent* poem *The Fleece*." I will make free, however, and print a clergyman's opinion of the present day, (I hope he will pardon the liberty). "I have been reading Dyer's 'Fleece' with great admiration, and think Dr. Akenside's estimate of it most just, and, coming from a poet, it is of high value. The deeply pious and pathetic feeling that pervades it, together with his high enjoyment of rural life and, the beauties of scenery, make it very interesting. He seems to have anticipated the politicians of the present age in the view he takes of the effect of restrictions on commerce. Would not a volume of sermons from his hand be likely to gain readers and purchasers in the present day? The effect his poem leaves on the mind after perusal is that of a most impressive kind, and combines more qualities to stir up to virtuous action

and thankfulness than the most effective sermon. I should value a connection with such a man more than any of the name of Ensor of whom I have ever heard." All didactic poems are however rather dry for perusal. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1846, says, "We think Armstrong's (*Art of Preserving Health*) to be the most pleasing specimen of a didactic poem in our language, though we have not overlooked the occasional splendour of Akenside or the general elegance of Dyer."

Of his general character I need say nothing, we have already seen all along that it is a personification of the purest love. That comprehends all.

"Mrs. Dyer," says the *Westminster Magazine*, "on her husband's decease, retired to her friends in Caernarvonshire, where she is supposed to be still resident (1783)." I never have heard of any such friends, and fancy there is some mistake; however she died in 1768 of a putrid fever, aged 48.

JOHN DYER, the son, "a youth of the most amiable disposition, heir to his father's truly classical taste," inherited the bulk of John Strong Ensor's estates, and "devoted the principal part of his time to travelling, and died in London, as he was preparing to set out on a tour to Italy, in April 1782, at the age of 32." A passport for him in France, where I believe he was engaged in some official capacity, bears date 10th April 1777, but he had gone to Paris in 1776. Young Dyer seems to have much grieved his uncle Ensor from being unable to settle down to any occupation. There is a letter from him to his brother James Ensor, bitterly complaining of him staying among his friends at Hinckley and Warwick, months beyond the time allowed, and in consequence of his not meeting him, Mr. S. Ensor, in London, losing an opportunity of a good appointment in America.

"April 13th, 1782, John Dyer, Esq., departed this life, aged 31 years."—*Ensor Prayer-book*.

His will is dated 1774. In it he is styled, "Now or late of Hinckley, Gent." In 1780, "then or late of Exning, co. Suffolk, Gent." I have a number of Indian-ink sketches, to shew light and shade effects, which belonged to him—whether they are of his execution, I know not; also part of the waiscoat he appeared at Court in—it is very handsome.

1782, April 13: Received Miss Dyer's letter—set out to London very poorly—poor dear brother died seven at night. 14th, rech'd London—a dismal journey, very ill—found my dear brother dead—saw him—saw him. 15th, very ill—very ill. 18th, Mr. Gaunt came—better—rather better. 19th, saw my dear ded brother, very ill. 22nd, poor brother burred, very low, and very unhappy. 20th Aug., returned from Buxton, last year upon this day, and my poor dear Brother met me at Birmingham.—*Diary of Mrs. Gaunt*, who appears to have possessed all the sensitive feelings of her father. Her diaries are most singular compositions, but they are too near our own times for publication, and their perusal is most painful. Feelings may be *too* sensitive, though doubtless her troubles were great.

And now, closing any further personal revelations, it remains but to trace the representation of the poet, and the immediate posterity of his brothers, Robert and Thomas Bennett dying *s. p.*

The poet's children were,

1. ELIZABETH, on whom the senior representation devolved on failure of male issue.
2. Sarah, spinster, d. before 1777.
3. *Catherine*, m. 1768, John Hewett, an alderman of Coventry, (supposed to be a collateral descendant of Lord Lifford's family,) by whom she had a son, (John,) who was a clergyman and Vicar of Fillingley, Warwickshire, who has left issue. Also daughters, *Catherine*, m. in 1804, to Mr. Parrott, Elizabeth, deceased, and *Deborah Hewitt*, still living. (Ex. inf. Phillis Paul.) It appears also that two *Nancys* died in infancy. ["1773, Nov. 12. Sister brought to bed at seven in the morning of a *second Nancy*." —*Mrs. Gaunt's Diary*.]

ELIZABETH DYER, executrix to her brother, eldest d. and coh. m. 1775, Dec. 29, removed from the south with her daughter to Darlington, in 1812, afterwards of Croft, subsequently of Stockton on Tees, where she died, being buried there, 29th Oct. 1819, aged 75 years. Her husband was the REV. JOHN GAUNT, D. D., rector of Higham-on-the-Hill, &c., who had published in 1769, three sermons On the Impossibility of Obtaining Salvation by Faith without Obedience, by which he raised a nest of hornets among the Methodists, and was attacked by them in observations, &c., 1770. (Nichols, Leicestersh. iv. 22.) Dr. Gaunt's grandfather was brother of John Gaunt of Rowley Regis, co. Stafford (bap. 1670—Vide Burke's Landed Gentry.) These Rowley Gaunts, being long established there, and claiming, by constant tradition, descent from the old Barons Gaunt, Earls of Lincoln. He died 21st March, 1797, at his lodgings in London, and was buried at Marylebone Church. The Gaunts were intimate with Sir Jos. Banks. They had one only child and heiress.

ELIZABETH DYER GAUNT, born 10th Feb., 1778, christened 24th April. John Scott Hylton, Esq., the friend of Shenstone, was present at the ceremony.* She married, 1802, Feb. 18, Samuel Franks, Esq., a solicitor in London, and after his death came into the north, and married again. She died 1815, June 9, and was buried in the choir of Croft church, near Darlington, close to the sedilia, under an older gravestone, whose head is now turned the wrong way. By her first husband Mrs. Franks had issue—

1. ELIZABETH DYER, senior representative on her brother's death.
2. A son, d. inf., 1804.
3. HENRY, b. 1805, m. Jane Watson of Newcastle-on-Tyne, but d. 1830, s. p.
4. *Emma*, of Norton, co. Durham, 1848.

ELIZABETH DYER FRANKS, b. 1802, Nov. 26, bap. 5th March, 1803, at St. Giles's in the Fields, m. 1824, April 22, WILLIAM HILTON LONGSTAFFE, Esq., a surgeon, then owner of a moiety of the manor of Stranton. By him, who excelled in heraldic and genealogical matters, and died in 1842 at Norton, my mother, who still lives there, has issue—

* I have some of Shenstone's letters to him. His portraits and locket, with some other relics of him and his predecessors, are also in my hands. A large portrait of him in oil, is most exquisitely painted, and represents an old gentleman studying coins, of which he was remarkably fond, with the bright Saxon blue eyes of the baronial family of Durham, whose arms he bore. He was also a fair poet, (see Gent. Mag.) and died in 1793, at Lapal House, Hales Owen.

- | | | |
|---|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. William Hylton* of Darlington, 1848. | } | All living at Norton, 1848. |
| 2. Emma Franks, | | |
| 3. Elizabeth Dyer, | | |
| 4. Mary Anne, | | |
| 5. John Henry, | | |
| 6. Eleanor Frances, | | |
| 7. Edward James, | | |
| 8. Samuel Francis, | | |
| 9. Charles Robert, | | |

Dyer's elder brother, ROBERT DYER, was a barrister-at-law, and resided at Aberglasney. He died 1752, and has a monumental stone at Langathen, on the exterior of the church. He married, 1720, Frances Croft, dau. of Sir Herbert Croft, bart.—(see “Burke's Peerage”)—of what Dyer calls “Airy Croft,” by Elizabeth Archer, his wife. She died 1739, and was buried near her husband; by whom she had issue—

1. ROBERT ARCHER.

2. *Francis*, of Court Henry, d. 1794, m. the eldest daughter of Mr. John Herbert of Court Henry, Carmarthenshire, attorney-at-law, by whom he had a daughter, *Sarah*, m. William Phillips of Court Henry, Attorney-General of the Great Sessions, Carmarthenshire (d. 1808), by whom, amongst other issue, she had a daughter, Frances, married to Major-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.—(see “Burke's Peerage”)—who, by a former husband, Captain Richard Alcocke, R.N., had a daughter, Maria, m. to Captain John Moore Napier, who lately died in India, and was nephew to Sir Charles.

3. William, d. s. p.

4. John, d. inf.

ROBERT ARCHER DYER, Esq., of Aberglasney, mar. 1746, Elizabeth Herbert, youngest sister of Mrs. Francis Dyer, above named, by whom he had issue, with a son, *Robert* of the R.N., and killed on board by accident, a son.

WM. HERBERT DYER, Esq., the last Dyer inhabitant of Aberglasney, m. 1794, Mary Oakley, who, by the Croft connexion, was her husband's second cousin, but he had no issue. (See “Burke's Landed Gentry.”) He cut off the entail, and sold Aberglasney to Mr. Philipps, whose son,

* I have mentioned John Scott Hylton. The first introduction of the name into my family was by the marriage of my great grandfather, another poetical parson, with Mary Hylton, heiress of Stranton, and descended from the De Heltons (as the name is in all old charters), who had flourished at Helton Bacon, in Westmoreland, at all events from the reign of Henry II. With this house J. Scott Hylton certainly had no connection. But my grandfather married Anne Cornforth, whose mother was an Elizabeth Hilton, the daughter of one Captain Hilton, who retired from the army to Cumberland or Westmoreland. She had run away from a rich uncle in London, having notions of her own about marriage, and became the companion of Lady Seaforth, who entreated her in vain to accompany her exiled house to France. The Seaforth cradle was in possession of the Cornforths, but was somehow destroyed. Surtees always said this lady's line was the proper one for us to trace to the old Barons of Hylton, but I know nothing of her race, and I only mention her as being the only person I can find likely to cause the relics of John Scott Hylton (who died a bachelor) to come into my father's hands. A few more, through Dr. Gaunt's friendship with Mr. Hylton, came by my mother, but the portrait, &c., certainly did not.

John Walter Philipps (who has been very kind in giving information) now possesses it.

William Herbert Dyer had a half-brother, the Rev. John Dyer, who d. at Ludlow, 1843, aged 76, on which event the "Illustrated London News" gravely informed its readers, that he was "a descendant of the poet Dyer of Aberglessney," and that he, "although not so publicly known, possessed the talents and amiable qualities of his *ancestor*." The fact being, that he was the poet's grand-nephew.

We must now notice the family of the younger brother of the poet, the Rev. THOMAS DYER, M.A., whose houseful of children at Marylebone, Dyer mentions as putting him in mind of "a noted statue at Rome of the Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crowding and climbing ten or a dozen little boys and girls." He died 1780, bur. at Marylebone, having, by his wife, Dorothy de la Place, issue—

1. *Catherine* (erroneously called the daughter of John Dyer, Esq. of Aberglassyn, in "Burke's Landed Gentry"), who married John Cresswell, Esq. (a quo the present Cresswell-Bakers), and died in 1768 in childbirth of twins.
2. WILLIAM CHARLES.
3. *Elizabeth*, of the butter and egg office, St. James's, d. unm. 1814, bur. at St. Martin's in the Fields.
4. *Armine Anne*, lived with Elizabeth, and d. 1827 unm., bur. at Marylebone.
5. *Richard*, of Northumberland Street, d. 1805, bur. at Abbess Roding, m. Mary Hamilton (d. 1798), and had issue—
 1. *Charles George*, dead.
 2. *Armine Elizabeth*, d. 1831.
 3. *William Hamilton*, an engraver, London, married twice, and by his first wife, Mary Cooks, had, with others, all deceased, a son *Charles*, of Birmingham, who is also married, and has issue.

The Rev. WM. CHARLES DYER, M.A. and D.D., b. 1741, d. 1828, bur. at Abbess Roding, where he was Rector, m. Elizabeth Haddon, and had issue.

The Rev. THOMAS DYER, M.A., born 1782, now Rector of Abbess Roding, m. in 1815 Anne Dyer (no relative), but has no issue.

Soe endythe thys stryng of fragmentes.

Darlington, Durham, Feb. 1848.



AIR-BUBBLES.

"Ay, well I ween, Anselmo,
How, like the foam-bells on the torrent's flood,
Fitfully bursting their uncertain life,
Our quick thoughts rise and perish!"—OLD PLAY.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—MACBETH.

I.

CHARITY originally meant Love; and in the Latin tongue either was derived from, or bore at least a near resemblance to, a word signifying "scarcity." Was there not a meaning in this seeming identification, and true cause for its origin, if such it were? The paronomasia continues in our own vernacular Anglo-Saxon; for "dearness" signifies at once affection and the difficulty of finding it. It is rare, and therefore of high price.

II.

The eyes are mirrors, and in the lifetime's round what changeful scenes are reflected in their sheeny surface! Home gatherings of those near and dear; bridal processions; funerals; wanderings among mountains and forests; strange sights in other lands; glimpses of the Ocean at rest, and in wrath—these all have been doubled in those glassy orbs, and have passed from them without leaving signs of their occurrence. But in years not many the mirrors themselves grow soiled and dull. The shifting scenes which have swept over them, have insensibly worn down, although they impressed not, their surface; and at length when Man lays himself wearied to the grave-rest, they loosen, decay, and drop into dust and ashes.

III.

It is wisdom not to suffer the companionship of some to spoil you for meeting others. All cannot be "the salt of the earth;" and the palled appetite alone will esteem the nourishment by which we live insipid without it. Centre your affections. Do not narrow your sympathies.

IV.

Plato calls the brain The City of the Soul; and what sight so woful, as that dwelling-place when it is deserted? The city in ruins moves us less than the city where the streets and houses continue, and all things of life are there—except the living inhabitant. Rome itself must give way, when thus viewed, to thrice-desolate Pompeii; and so the sight of the dead is in reality less terrible than that of the Maniac.

V.

It may be that, if we felt more fully the overmastering strength of Forgiveness, we should turn to its exercise oftener—not perhaps for the hallowed end of converting and reforming, but with the demoniac purpose of confusing and humbling our offending brother.

VI.

Rough natures are, happily, not always transmitted. The down of the common thistle is the softest tissue with which we are acquainted.

VII.

In truth I understand the Three Fates of the old mythology by our Past, Present, and Future. In the first our web was spun; the second sees it gradually drawn out; the third will assuredly sever it. These are they who witness, and produce, the deaths of individuals, and empires, and whole worlds.

VIII.

It is a sad thing to hear, on our leaving a place, the plans and arrangements to be carried out by those who tarry behind. Denounce the feeling for its selfishness, if you will; but the reality of its existence none can doubt. It is something like the thoughts that press upon the mind during fatal illness—"Summer will come again with its flowers and bright sunshine; and thousands will enjoy the gladness of the beautiful earth, but *I* I shall see it no more!" Oh, how the loneliness of isolation presses upon us, when we feel that the displacing of atoms such as ourselves can have no sensible effect in the ordinary routine of life!

IX.

Life is the essential condition of the Soul's habitation of the Body. How strange then the imagining that this heavenly guest's withdrawal implied its passing into extinction. Surely, the plainer conclusion might be, that the incompatibility of the Soul's identification with corruption proved, in the highest degree, its innate immortality.

X.

Be not hasty in arraigning the sentiments of another, when they agree not with your own. The opinion of which you may be proud, it is quite possible, may have been canvassed and laid aside by the one you are so quick in judging; while his ideas may be the result of further investigation and more enlarged knowledge than you have yourself yet attained to. This is the voice of experience, and powerfully teaches us moderation.

XI.

Is knowledge terrifying, that the word "apprehension" has come to signify "alarm?"

XII.

Shelley bore this remarkable testimony to Christianity, that it would be perfect were the keystone "Love," instead of "Faith." Is the keystone more important than the foundation, whereon the whole structure is laid?

XIII.

Inconsistent being that man is! Enlarging, as he loves to do, on the

disappointments of the Present, he looks lovingly back on bygone years, and says,

“ There runs through all the dells of June
No stream like youth, again.”

Yet question him further; and you will find him unwilling to go over life once more. No! he would not live again the Past.

XIV.

More than we deem, is the shaping energy of the mind exercised in its outward shelter-house, the body. Their delicate hours indicate refinement of soul, so does smooth transparent skin. The temperament will stamp its hue on the complexion, and the constant daily avocation will gradually mould the very features into its own affinity. There is the foundation of the physiognomist's art, which judges life from what Nature has made us at our birth, thus from what we made ourselves by the transforming influence of time and thoughts.

XV.

Truth is the sunlight of our moral nature: all things prosper and look fair beneath its influence.

Memory is like the moonbeam—a reflected, not original, ray.

Virtue receives this homage even from bad men, that they wear her mask.

Admiration is more unselfish than Love. The great and good we can admire; but we give our love only to the loving.

There is a pain in bliss, and there is a sweetness in woe, enough to declare how strangely compounded is man's nature.

The healthy tree, though tossed to and fro by the storm, is thereby only the better rooted. So is it with the trials of the good man.

XVI.

However marvellous be the scenes we pass through in the dreams of sleep, we never wonder at them, because something of their phantasmal form yet lingers with us, and we are not surprised at what we half perceive are mocking images. But the simple daily things of life, and life itself, are, if rightly viewed, wonderful, because they are real. Reality, waking reality, would astonish, did we contemplate it in all its origin and effects in regard to our own selves. When the world progresses smoothly with us, the course of life, like that of a calm river, is so undisturbed that we move on its current rapidly, with little reflection and no questioning. Silently are we borne along the swift waters, without our noting aught save objects near at hand on the banks by which we are carried. Our state is one from which Hope and Fear seem alike absent; and our minds, because engrossed in security, cease to ask themselves, Why all these things? But when some shock comes to us; when our stranded barks proclaim their weakness, and we see the dangers of the tide on which we are embarked, and the fathomless ocean to which we are hastening, we awaken, and we—wonder.

Reality thus is overpowering in its full contemplation, but we rarely obtain this mastery of comprehension save at the coming of some calamity. When something that we cannot escape, some barrier that we cannot over-leap, surrounds; when something which we fancied would pass away, like

a night-phantom, remains in horrid permanency ; when some bereavement, which against hope we trusted would be proved untrue, is confirmed beyond any doubting ; then Reality is felt in all its influence, and we turn with sinking hearts from the terrors of Truth. Like as when a severe sickness is strangely felt to be gathering within, and a loathing of food commences : and we look around on the beautiful world, we know not how soon we shall be leaving, with wishes strong as ever for life, nay, only drawn the closer from the expected parting. And we feel ourselves caged up in a diseased body from which we would fain escape, or exchange it with the poorest slave who crawls the earth in living and healthy existence. And we lay ourselves at last on the bed that is to witness our agony, with wild prayers on our lips, and sweet dreams creep over us, carrying us away from the pestilence to our early home and our mother's knee—to the blessed scenes of our boyhood, where cares and troubles survived not the first day of their existence. And we start from that slumber with a sudden cry of terror, because we see "Ruin" written on its very picture ; and then the consciousness of our true condition bursts upon us—the wildly-beating brain, the clammy hands, the parched tongue, and the strength and spirit alike departed. And the reality of all this, and its eternal tendency, are things we cannot longer controvert. They are truths ; and we now feel them to be such.

Or if you will imagine the convict's last night on earth ; and you perceive the power of Reality, when it asserts its mastery. The wretched man knows that he is to die ; but so knew he all his life previously, though he did not anticipate the mode. He would readily have told you hitherto, that he was quite conscious of the hour's coming, when Soul and body should be separated ; and perhaps would even discourse with complacency on the change that awaited him. Whence then these terrible apprehensions of the Future ? They arise in this, that what had been a matter of shadowy speculation, is become a palpable fact. Turn where he will, it meets him. It is a danger which he cannot forbid, nor avoid ; and which hour by hour is hastening on to crush him. The morrow's dawn, and—what then ?

Pain ever seems a more real thing than joy, and wherefore ? Is it because we are disposed to magnify its powers, and lengthen its continuance ; while happiness seems like mists of sunshine, which suddenly illumine and speedily flit away. Or is it that the web of life is sombre-tinged, and its realities things of weeping, while its joys are but dreams and shadows ? Rather it is, that we colour things with the hues of our minds ; and these love to dwell on things of sorrow—fascinated, as it were, with the danger itself. Thus, in the midst of triumph, our hearts will whisper still to us something of boding and fear. Like the Egyptians of old, we have a skeleton present at every feast.

XVII.

I see in the world two great classes of men, which change sometimes in their outward arrangement, or numerical counting (one possessing in its ranks the individual who has passed over from the other), but preserve their distinct characters notwithstanding. These are the Actors in life, and the Spectators of it. In our early years, when thought is busy within, and aspirations carry us proudly forward, and our strength is untried, and our hopes laid up in the future, we imagine for ourselves a long course of

high exertions and renown. The coveted praise beckons us on, framing for us anticipations of good, which seem only not ours already, because they are yet to be. We join the company of men, and for a while seek to realize our dreams. We become now the Actors in life. We unite ourselves to our fellows, and the band of acquaintances sallies forth into the magic domains of the world. The professions hold out different claims, and soon they separate in sundered directions. Some travel to foreign shores, and enter there on their employ. Some fix themselves in the crowded city, to struggle for fame in the gathering place of men. Others are located in the remote country, and there pursue a less obtrusive and calmer course. Thus years glide on. Some of their friends go down to early graves; and their names have ceased to receive human mention, at the very time when others have shot upward to pre-eminence, and are trumpeted far and wide by Fame. In the narrower circle of home it has gone differently with them also. Some have married, and now are there growing up for them sons and daughters of beauty, at once to concentrate their loves, and extend their names. Some have remained unwedded, and in their frigid solitude hug themselves in the thought that their ties to earth are weaker and fewer than the rest around them. Some have found the earth year by year desolated, and, like storm-stricken oaks, stand lone and leafless, lifting to heaven their unbranched heads. Unlike their family-rich companions, they "live in an inverted order; those who ought to have succeeded to them have gone before them; those who should have been to them as posterity are in the place of ancestors."* Thus the friends who played together in the same grounds, and were associates in the same class, act their diverse parts in the great drama, and act them for different periods of time.

But alike when their limbs weary, and their minds grow sad, they pause and look around them, and begin to see they were but chasing phantoms, in their busiest hours. These pauses become insensibly more frequent, and their thoughts deeper more and more, as they contemplate life with greater calmness of reflection. Action is gradually exchanged for contemplation, and the crowd for quietness; until these inquirers give way to others, their successors, if not supplanters. They become themselves life's spectators, instead of its tireless agents. They have stepped aside from the moving throng, and are satisfied with seeing the array, instead of sharing in it. Nor is there gloom in the idea, for they deem they have attained a surer rest than ever before. And yet awhile longer for their thoughts, growing more and more in solemnization; and they have reached the coveted object of the human heart. They regard the termination of their journey without apprehension. They lie down to their rest in peace; for they dwell less in the slumber itself, than in the awakening which shall follow.

XVIII.

Our life is a doing, and then an undoing. In its earliest stages we are trained for our participation in its occurrences, by the discipline of education. We then, in our progress onward, seek out things to cling to—beings to love, occupations to engross us, recollections whereby we become known. We find, or create for ourselves, those strong ties to life, which

* Edmund Burke. *Letter to the Duke of Bedford.*

the latter portion of our journey is occupied in breaking asunder. Friends fall off; beloved ones die; hopes perish; joy passes from us; the world cannot win us as it once did. And at last we stand, as we did at life's morning, nude and shivering on the shores of the measureless ocean of Eternity.

XIX.

One passage—a short one—in Wordsworth, has always affected me, because of its embodying one of those deeply-seated feelings, which, from their minuteness of observation, can hardly be, like others, assumed. He writes to an absent brother,

“Alone I tread this path; for aught I know
Timing my steps to thine.”

Simple as are these words, they come fraught with meaning, to those who have experienced a condition similar to the poet's at the time of their composition. Absence to such as have loved strongly, brings a host of strange dreamings with it, derived from and supported by the very aspirations of the heart itself. We ask ourselves our friend's occupation at certain seasons—in joy or trouble? in solitude or in a crowd? in health or in sickness? and, Does the employment in which we ourselves are engaged harmonize at all with his? Are we doing the same thing, and doing it at the same time? These are the superstitions of the Affections, and an exemption from them is less to be coveted than their moderate possession and enjoyment.

XX.

Most people err less from the want of good nature, than from the want of thoughtfulness. The little kindnesses that make life so graceful, are simple things. Is this the reason they are so often overlooked? A kind look and gentle word are easier of bestowal than a beneficent gift, and perhaps are more surely attractive; yet, we find many willing to bestow the latter, who forget its sweetest accompaniment, the former.

XXI.

Last things. The last gleam of sunlight falling on the gilt escutcheon and studdings of a coffin, as it slowly descends into the yawning chasm. The last flash of the distress-gun from a vessel engulfed amidst breakers. The last look from our Beloved, when we are parting for years, or for ever.

XXII.

Some minds are more showily, though not so usefully, endowed as others. There is a quickness in them, and a versatility often mistaken for talent, which in truth are but signs of shallowness. They resemble the mirror, receiving at once a glancing reflection from every object presented to it, but in no wise retaining it. In a moment the shadow passes away, and the surface is vacant as before.

XXIII.

“Bitter words!” Why are these poisoned arrows shot forth, when in their stead things of healing should proceed from the lips of men? The wounds caused by these engines of torment will often fester and rankle long after the occasion that brought them forth. A man forgets the words he has uttered, while the one assailed remembers them in agony. We

should strive to speak gently, as well as think gently of others, and pray that we may be able to "keep the door of our lips."

XXIV.

Idle tears are foolish tears. Can the whole structure of Sighs, albeit sufficient to span the widest lagune in the city of Many Waters, check for a moment the progress of the tides that heave sluggishly beneath? And, to pursue the analogy, "a palace and a prison on each hand"—do not these image the unaccountable transition of the human soul from gladness to grief, between which (as the poet compares him) man vibrates like a pendulum?

XXV.

A walk by night through the streets of a city, more especially if it be a strange one, creates multitudinous phases of Thought. The myriads of homes, near which you homeless stand, and the recollection of all that is going on within them—joy, hate, love, fear, passion, pity—these appeal forcibly to the imagination, and you smile by turns and weep at your mental depicturement of the tragi-comedy of poor human life that is going on every side around. Above all, what thoughts visit one from seeing a solitary taper burning high up in some silent mansion. Vague conjectures come into the mind as to what kind of scene its light is beholding. Is it the sleeping-place of innocence; the gallery of the struggling artist; the student's small closet; or the room of sickness, or the place of death? Fancy makes them all pass before you in a striking pageant, and you question yourself which may be the reality, so near, yet so unknown to the solitary beholder. Other thoughts then arise—thoughts of man's sins and man's sorrows—and other dreamings follow, until the deluge is poured over that entire mental world, and, look where you will upon its surface, you see but the swells and falls of an ocean that has gained the mastery.

XXVI.

The favorite Season tells much of the disposition; and, without any palmistry, we should venture on reading the character from this peculiarity. Unbereaved hope will prefer Spring; love, full in its abundance, will rejoice in Summer; while Autumn, with its "kindling" leaves, and Winter, with its fireside joys, will each possess its votary, ardent in declaring the peculiar excellencies which give it the superiority.

Yet all who have rejoiced or sorrowed much, well know that occasions may greatly change the natural feelings, and cause us to turn with weariness from the period of the year we once rejoiced in preferring. It is not that fancies vary; but it is that the natural alternations of life work on the heart itself, and bring associations that almost overpower by their intensity. Take, for example, the year's fulness, Summer. Summer, as we have said, is the season for the companioned soul. What soft looks and tender longings will not southern breezes bring with them, and bright skies rejoicing with the songs of birds! For these happy ones, it is well that "the winter should be past, and the rain over and gone;" for Nature will smile on them sweetly, and they can turn and read in each other's eyes tales more ravishing than were ever sang by the cunningest bard. Nor could voice of poet, or of mountain stream, bring to them higher visions of bliss than that of being spared to each other such as they are. They walk the earth in rejoicing pride, and see around, whithersoever they

turn, "the glory and the freshness of a dream," redeeming the world even from its very worldliness. But the change will come, and that girl and boy must be parted. Tears will trace their channels down that Angel's face, and grief's agony sow her bright head with premature grey : and those eyes, that before knew the tears of gladness, or the soft dews of sensibility, will be scorched up in their sockets when their raining torrents can no more descend, being exhausted. And then Summer brings misery with it, for it tells of an altered world : of a meridian sun shining full down on a solitary grave : of a thousand happy among the flowers, and of one lonely heart, with aching gaze turned heavenward, knowing that, through no change nor revolution of the planets, can the things be which were before, or that form come again to visit save in lonely midnight dreams.

Similar things might be said for the other seasons also. Winter and Christmas itself are no more the olden times we loved for their merriment and joy ; when the beings, who gave the zest to our happiness, either are scattered far and wide over the earth, or are sleeping tranquilly beneath it. The hearth itself looks mournful, when only vacant chairs stand around.

XXVII.

The hardest of all trials, assuredly, is to be mistaken by those we love. Indifference to the opinions of others is no sign of a healthy mind, but of the opposite ; yet there is a medium beyond which we need not go, and the consciousness of rectitude will weigh against countless slander and misrepresentation. We can live to a certain extent independent of the world's judgment, so long as our circle at home meet us with the cheering assurance of continued love. But as here is our strength, so is also found our weakness. When this joyful confidence is, by any mischance, suspended, we are miserable. The pleasures of life are pleasures no more ; its thronging scenes cannot longer attract us. Having done no wrong, we are even worse than if we had erred ; for then, we should have looked for the peace of forgiveness, but now there is nothing for which we can seek to be forgiven.

Patient endurance, however, will overcome even this trial ; and the averted look will be brought back to fix itself in happy peace upon us as of yore. May we not even draw comfort from the thought that the disappointment our friends feel for what we are deemed to have erred in, manifests their love ; and the more intensely, the greater measure of it ? Let us be silent when we are wrongly blamed, and at a fitter time unveil ourselves. Thus, gentleness will win its way even where persuasion would fail ; and we shall achieve the double victory over ourselves as well as over others. That hateful pride, which, unmasked, is but one of the thousand shapes of self-love, will be humbled, as it should be, ere its separating tendency prevail over the holiness of affection. Too many does it divide even from "their own heart's brother ;" and no more effective engine can it find for its vile uses than this of—mistake.

One thought also may weigh with us, to impress its wisdom on our souls. When the Persian King looked down on his millions ranged beneath him on the shores of Salamis, he is said to have wept aloud, when he remembered that ere the lapse of one hundred years not one of that multitude would be alive. Let us recollect that, before the last conjunction of the numerals of our nineteenth century, both we, and all with whom we have

to do, shall be in dust. Then, high thoughts will be cast down. For, as we would not war with the dead, so we may not hold contention with those so surely to die. "Our brother worms!" Is not the term sufficient to end all absurd arrogations?

XXVIII.

I have seen no Magic Lantern which can equal my "Pictures in the dark." Memory is the weird sister, who waves her wand and evokes the apparitions from that far off shore,

"Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehen,
Wo meine Todten auferstehen."

And there, at her summons, they come forth, in tears, in joy—in merry youth's fresh morning—in sober manhood, in bent down age! There is beheld the green, thronged with joyous playmates, roistering in pure exuberance of life; there the sunny sea-shore, on whose margin lies the tiny skiff, with the light waves "lapping" gently upon the yellow sands, and the warm sun-beams poured down beneficently from the open Heavens. There, the darkened room of sickness and pain, the unforgotten scene of separation in this world for ever. There the village churchyard, with the long processions filing through its leafy alleys, and bearing dust to mingle with its kindred dust. What phantasmagoria can equal such depictions of real scenes, wherein our personal bliss or woe was enacted?

XXIX.

It is a foolish thing, that ordinary way of men's judging of one another. A few unconnected, and purely outward acts will go to form their estimate; and they forget regarding them as parts of a mighty whole to be modified, or perhaps contradicted, by more material portions of conduct. They judge according to the appearance, and in consequence judge unrighteous judgment. We are often surprised when a nearer acquaintance reveals to us people in a far different light from what we at first deemed them to be. Yet, can it be otherwise? The moods of the mind are so infinitely various, that time only can declare them all. Intimacy exhibits the character truly; while a passing judgment is necessarily an imperfect one, and, being such, must deceive. Have you not sometimes, most gentle friend, when laughably misunderstood, experienced in your own case the truth of what is here aimed at? You bore, we doubt not, the mistake patiently; and, if you did not, with no unkind mockery, act a part for the purpose of increasing the error, you at least with all quietness suffered it to continue, not caring to undeceive such strangers to your real self. And thus, at the present hour, that false judgment is perhaps retained; or, you may have a half-dozen acquaintances, holding as many different ideas about you, and all the images alike distorted.

But can we wonder how hard a thing it is for others rightly to know us, when we recollect the difficulty we experienced in disclosing our secret mind, even when we sought to do it. In the deepest communion we ever held, even with the spirit most like our own, were there not still some hidden recesses whither the light of our revealings could never come? From a declaration of some, did we not shrink back through feelings of shame and unwillingness to lay our heart bare even to that beholder's view? And in other and tenderer communings, were not there mysterious depths, "deeper than plummet ever sounded," which

despite of our own anxious effort to the contrary, remained after all obscure and undiscovered? Did not we, after we were most eloquent, still remain dissatisfied; and on the morrow call to mind a thousand things we left unsaid, and see new light surrounding themes which we now feel we but barely alluded to.

When Man thus remains so wholly destitute of self-knowledge as he is—when his actions are often so inexplicable to himself—when he cannot go down into the deep places of his own heart, to read its secrets, and bring to light the causes of its ebbs and flows—can we presume on the accuracy of his opinions of others? And yet he forms them hastily, acts on them with the resolve of deliberation; and, even when they are shewn to have been unfounded, can with difficulty be brought to an amended and more charitable judgment.

XXX.

It may be doubted whether Locke's celebrated image for failing Memory be at all borne out by fact; or whether it have anything to recommend it, beyond its abstract poetic beauty. He likened it to the "tombs into which we are hastening, where, although the brass and marble remain, yet the imagery is defaced, and the inscription blotted out for ever." Is this truth? Ideas surely are indestructible things; and the record Memory makes of them, though not at all times equally legible, is yet a thing which passes not away. We may forget for a season, but we cannot forget for ever, aught that we have heard, or seen, or spoken. As actions remain things eternally done, so do their recollections immortally subsist. Let the inscription be once traced on the mind, there we are persuaded it continues. The strong realities of life may fling over it their shadows, hiding its tracery in temporary gloom; but in due season, unexpected as they often are, the whole will pass into bright light again, and will then be read and made plain. What is veiled is not destroyed, but hidden; so what we forget has not perished, it has only gone for awhile under darkness.

The Past is like a book closed; and here and there, with uncertain hand, does Memory, unclasping the volume, peruse in its mystic pages things which are gone by, and become portions of our history. Portions of this strange book open, some more readily than others; and these are things which (we say) have made the deepest impression on us—our loves, our sorrows, our secret meditations. Some places again those dark eyes bedew with dripping tears as they scan their import; these are our despisings of the grey heads of parents we can see no more—our wanderings in duty towards them and others,—our enmities, the objects of which lie in dust in their ancient tombs. Again are there passages from which the Angel turns with averted head and looks of fear. She glances over them; and the flaming crimson mounts at once to cheek and brow, and the hand veils the eyes as though to remove the terrible prospect. The half-suppressed cry issues from the pale lips, and now the knees are bended, and the eyes seek heaven in supppliance; and may the sought-for condonation be given to our wilful purpose in wrong, our open transgressions, our misdoings unseen by man, but appealing upward to the high judgment of the Almighty!

Occasionally are there pages, which, as if joined together, pass from the reader's sight disregarded. Memory opens her volume more from

impulse than by system, and for whole years, in consequence, their contents remain unknown. Now, these are the things which men vainly say they forget, because they do not see them so frequently as the rest. Even these pages fall open, as it were, by accident, and the startled Student sees in them, at an instant, things unthought of during long portions of a lifetime. Familiarly now do they strike on the ear. Familiarly now do the beings to whom they relate move before us from the dim-lit world of the Past. How all unchanged! There are they all, with all their words, their looks, their movements. Friends of our childhood, whose names have been silent for a generation—the companions of our boyhood—the associates of our riper years—the acquaintance who died yesterday. All in an array they come to us—the best remembered, the half-forgotten, and those whose faces Oblivion seemed to have shrouded for ever.

We might even point to another day and another world, in which these registers of human actions shall be brought forth for a grander purpose than we have yet known. What were the books, which the Seer in Patmos beheld, that, being opened, the Dead, small and great, were judged according to what was written in them, save the recordings of the memory of each? In them the sinner shall find his accusation written; and confounded, because self-condemned, must confess the justice of the Judge, before whom his own heart shall be at once accuser and witness.

Thrice ten "bubbles," which have floated in rapid succession from our pen, are enough! We shall not add to them. The title, well-fitted as it is for such airy trifles, has a larger signification; and might, we feel, be extended to a wider range. What are Hopes, but bubbles? We gaze on them, enraptured with the balls of light hanging in mid-air above our heads. We watch with delight the prismatic hues reflected from their convex sides. But, when we touch the glittering bauble, it straightway collapses and perishes. And what are Loves, but bubbles? Inflations of air; "mouth-made vows, which break themselves in swearing." And Reputation? empty as a bubble, although it be sought at times in the cannon's mouth. And ourselves? Bubbles! some of longer, some of less continuance; but all alike hastening to extinction. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Pixton Park, near Dulberton, Somerset.

THE county of Somerset is not unknown in story, and till within late years, the remoteness of its geographical position caused both the country and its inhabitants to retain much of what was primitive in scenery, in dialect, and in manners. In this county the glorious banner of the Cross was first planted, and the piety of holier times is here found in frequent and melancholy contrast with the destructive intolerance of religious fanaticism. Many beautiful and interesting ruins attest this: Glastonbury; the Palace at Wells; the Abbey of Cleve, &c., &c. The wild excitement of the people, and the eager avarice of a capricious tyrant, involved in a blind and fatal destruction edifices and institutions which might have been purged of any existing follies or misdeeds, and, by a judicious reformation and reconstruction, have been saved for the public weal, and remained to this day memorials of the enlightened benevolence of our ancestors, and the respectful gratitude of their posterity. Passing by, however, these considerations, and the many striking historical events connected with this county, from the concealment of Alfred in the Isle of Axholme, to the battle of Sedgemoor, we will confine this article to a short description of one of those ancient homes of the Somersetshire gentry, which may be well said to bear out Falstaff's speech to Justice Shallow, "You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich." The estate of Pixton and its dependant manors were formerly parcel of the extensive domains of the Acland family, now so worthily represented by the respectable and highly respected Baronet of Killerton, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The second Earl of Carnarvon, of the illustrious lineage of Herbert, married in 1796, Elizabeth Kitty, daughter and sole heiress of Colonel John Dyke Acland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart., but the Colonel dying before his father, the title, with the Killerton estates, devolved on the present Baronet, and the Pixton portion became the inheritance of the Countess of Carnarvon, and is now in the possession of her son, the present Earl. This beautiful and interesting property possesses so many charms, retains such old associations, there is so much of salubrity and exhilaration about its heathy uplands and its echoing vales, that the attachment of every member of the family to this spot is not to be wondered at, and it is in this lovely retreat that the present noble proprietor spends a portion of his time every year, in that calm and placid retirement so congenial to minds imbued with the love of nature, and anxious for literary ease and leisure. Part of the old gabled mansion was pulled down by the late Earl, and the plain and unadorned

structure which took its place, standing boldly out on an abrupt eminence commanding the valley of the Barle, and sheltered and surrounded by deep woods of ancient oak, is, particularly as you approach it from the south-east, at once striking and picturesque. The road from Tiverton to Dulverton passes through the domain, and after rounding the base of Ellersdown, it enters a beautiful and spreading vale, now winding through dark recesses of ancestral groves, now emerging on the steep banks of the Barle, which, in a wild and rapid torrent, pours its giant might over ledges of opposing rock, foaming and roaring in its course.

The general aspect of this district is hilly; the eminences are rounded, seldom presenting any romantic formations in the distant outline; many are cultivated to the very summit, whereas some, particularly as you approach the wilds of Exmoor, present tracks of heathland as far as the eye can reach. The park of Pixton is of a peculiar character, wild, steep, and undulating. As seen from the mansion, nothing can be more picturesque. To the left is a rising bank, studded with beeches and groves of fir; in front, the ground falls into a romantic glen, the favourite resort of herds of fallow deer, which, reposing in this sheltered spot, shew their "forked heads" above the luxuriant fern, or graze in groups along the sunny glades. This is a lovely spot, refreshing to the eye to gaze upon. The ancient thorn, the fantastic oak, the leafy chesnut, aid with their charms this forest scene, and constitute a foreground oftener described than witnessed. From this glen the ground again rising eastward loses itself in a grove of majestic oaks; while to the right, and far below, is the lovely vale of the Barle, with its verdant meads, its murmuring waters, and its hanging woods.

It is an unusual peculiarity of this fine property, that it is intersected and watered by no less than three rivers of some magnitude, the Exe, the Barle, and the Haddeo, each flowing through its own valley, and each possessing its peculiar attractions and characteristics. The Exe rising in the neighbouring Forest of Exmoor, flows through a delicious and well-cultivated vale, washing in its course the now scanty and ivied ruins of an ancient Priory* about two miles above Pixton, till suddenly arriving at Exebridge, to the south it pursues its course by Tiverton and Exeter to the sea. The Barle rising in the same direction, is, as we before stated, a swift and restless stream, forcing its way through narrow vallies amid opposing rocks, till, after passing the town of Dulverton, it unites its waters with the Exe, at the point where it quits the Pixton domain. Among the bleak hills where this river takes its rise, is the remote parish of Hawkridge, the road to which is a mere mountain path, but leading through a succession of fine and varied scenery, such as, once seen, can never be forgotten. Perhaps one of the wildest and most picturesque spots in this county is to be found in this district, at the point where the rapid Dane's-brook, pouring its waters from the distant moors, unites with the Barle. An isolated eminence standing boldly apart from the precipitous hills around, and covered with wood to its very summit, here parts the streams till they join at its eastern base, and then, in one long and beautiful reach, pursue their way through rocks and overhanging woods till they approach the old tower of Dulverton Church, rising from its grassy slope above the surrounding buildings.

* A great portion of the ruins of this monastic house were removed by a neighbouring proprietor, and used to build a summer-house on the hill above.

But the Haddeo, or, as the inhabitants term it, the Haddon Yeo,* is the glory of the Pixton domain. From its source to its junction with the Exe, it rarely, if ever, leaves the property, and the varied scenes of tranquil beauty and almost savage wildness through which it passes are far beyond our bounds to describe. The road from the little hamlet of Berry skirts, "the extremest verge of the swift brook," sometimes hemmed in by thick copses of primæval oak, sometimes opening out in view of the wild heathery summits of Haddon, and it presents during its whole course, to the admiring traveller, scenes of beauty and interest certainly not surpassed in this or even in the adjoining county. This district is the resort of the few herds of red-deer that yet survive the modern law of extinction. These last tenants of the ancient free warren and free chase, of once "merrie Englande," are seen occasionally at early morn, or dewy eve, to wend their way slowly and cautiously down the steep sides of this narrow vale to quench their thirst and bathe their dappled skins "in the swift brook that brawls along the wood." Here, under the shade of "melancholy boughs," they drink and lave their panting sides, and, as if conscious that their hours are numbered, and their kingdom all but lost, they are startled at the least sound, and hastily seek the covert of those tangled brakes, which ere long are probably destined to destruction for the purposes of what we suspect may in the end prove but a profitless cultivation. The care with which these interesting remnants of a former age are preserved and cherished by the noble owner, is alike creditable to his principles and his taste. But legislation soon will do its work, and all that still remains of the scenery and manners of sports of other days will soon be swept away before the utilitarian notions of the present age. This was the county of wonderful exploits in flood and field, when the hardy proprietors of these dales turned out to hunt the deer, and many a tale of marvellous feats still lingers round the Christmas hearth, and cheers the long evenings in the moorland farm. Fresh enclosures, however, are rapidly driving the deer to their wildest and remotest haunts, and like the aborigines of other lands, they will soon only live in rural tradition. The staghounds were, if we are correctly informed, for many years a kind of heir-loom at Pixton, and the bold Aclands were ever foremost in promoting the sport and protecting the game. The branching antlers of many a noble buck now grace the hall, and to each of these there is probably some wild tradition attached, which ere long will sound incredible to degenerate ears. How far the annihilation of these hardy sports, and of the constant intercourse and kindly feelings thus promoted between the lords of the soil and their tenants and dependants, will result in a better social system, we doubt. We view with sorrow not unmingled with anxiety, the mighty changes which are taking place in the various relations of social life, and we feel how much all the manlier, confiding, and more generous qualities of the English character are yielding to the spirit of an all-pervading selfishness, and *the love of money*. Lovely Pixton! long may thy heathy hills and woodland slopes, thy grassy vales and teeming brooks, retain the character of by-gone days—long may thy hardy peasantry revere their lord, and find in him, as heretofore, their benefactor and their friend—may the simple habits and primitive

* Yeo is doubtless a corruption of the word *eau*; shewing Norman occupation.

feelings of thy people know no change but what a more confiding faith, more *rural* knowledge, may confer—and may thy remote and peaceful dales never be visited with the blight of that modern culture, which teaches men to feel the inequalities of life, but gives no principles to bear them.

Netley Abbey.

THIS celebrated ruin, one of the chief beauties of the ever beautiful county of Southampton, from whose principal town it is but a short and lovely walk of three miles, though now in such a state of devastation as to indicate extreme antiquity, is by no means of such early date as might be surmised from its present appearance. On the contrary, we have numerous establishments of the kind still standing, erect and entire, in England, of much greater age; and in comparison to some of the Continental abbacies, its origin is comparatively that of yesterday. But assuredly it is equalled by few of them in interesting recollections, and certainly it is surpassed by none in beauty of situation.

In origin, Netley Abbey dates only from the thirteenth century. Westminster Abbey was then standing in its stately grandeur, and Lincoln Cathedral had raised its classic front nearly two centuries previously. Netley—whose original name is supposed to have been Lettley, that is *Lato loco* (a cheerful place) rather fancifully supposes Leland, in the same manner as *Beaulieu* is by him considered a Norman French corruption of *Bello loco*—is said to have been founded by Peter Roche, the pious bishop of Winchester, in the year 1230, but it was not till 1251 that it received its first charter from Henry the Third. The interval was passed in erecting its elegant columns and lofty aisles, though whence the funds for rearing them on a scale at once so graceful and so gorgeous were procured, cannot now be ascertained, as unquestionably the Abbey, when first established, was one of the poorest and most severe of the Cistercian order. Its monks came originally from the neighbouring abbacy of Beaulieu, and during three hundred years they remained in its tranquil recesses, alike unknowing and unknown, sequestered and buried in the beauty of its vale, far from the busy haunts of man, and forgetful of a world by which apparently they were forgotten. They were but twelve in number, exclusive of their presiding abbot, and their revenue at the end of the thirteenth century, is said to have been only seventeen pounds, while at the dissolution of the monasteries, when so many of these structures were consigned by the ruthless Harry to desolation, it amounted to no more than £100. Their other riches, or at least, their books, seem to have been on a scale commensurate; Leland, when he visited them, having found their whole library to consist of a single tome, and that Cicero's work on the Art of Rhetoric.

Comparatively short and obscure, therefore, was its existence as a monastery. But it was bequeathed by Henry the Eighth to Sir William Paulet, and now its rollicking days began. Sir William was a veritable Vicar of Bray: according to his own words, he was "a willow not an oak," and he bowed and bent before the boisterous tyrant with an obsequy which threw the devotion of the founder of the House of Bedford into shade. Whether a widow was to be wed, or a wife beheaded, seems to have been all one to Paulet. Whichsoever way the monarch leaned, Sir

William inclined ; in whichsoever course the former turned, the knight was at his beck. He went to lengths from which Russell and most of the other courtiers shrank ; but his subserving procured for him the Marquisate of Winchester, and the lands of Netley and many another abbacy. Yet his gains were not so durable. While the dull, yet cautious and wary Russell, avoided notoriety, and, intent only on the acquisition of wealth, carefully eschewed all those political quicksands amid which his descendants have so successfully steered, the other plunged at once into their vortex, and realized present consequence, but forfeited future enjoyment. He attained power and notoriety ; yet both ultimately passed ; and so early as the days of the Protector Somerset, Netley had eluded the grasp of the Winchesters, and fallen into the hands of the Hertfords. Converted, at least in name, into a castle, it is supposed to have been the favourite retreat of that great man's leisure hours ; and here his son, Lord Hertford, if a modern antiquary is to be believed, gave " a glorious reception to the great Queen Bess." An extract from a contemporary parish register, published at Southampton in the early part of the present century, gives a glowing account of a visit paid by Elizabeth to the old Abbey ; though, curiously enough, Mr. Nichols has omitted it from his great work on these royal " progresses" of the imperious maiden queen. If there be any truth in parish history, however, it seems undoubted that the lion-hearted daughter of Henry did actually sojourn here for a few days ; and hence we are disposed to yield full credit to the narrative which the zealous citizen of Southampton has published in his " Companion on a visit to Netley Abbey."

From the family of the Hertfords, Netley Abbey passed in the course of time to that of the Huntingdons, and under the latter the dissolution of this fine old building originated. It was during the seventeenth century that the barbarous work commenced, and a strange legend is connected with it, which, if true, leaves it doubtful whether dreams are merely the baseless offshoot of the imagination, delusive

"Phantoms, signifying nothing,"

or occasionally the forerunners of reality, designed to warn us of future destiny. The common people around the abbey, at the time of the occurrence, believed in the latter ; a more enlightened and sceptical posterity may be disposed to accept the former interpretation. Between the two, we shall not venture to decide—

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites"—

but the legend is briefly this.

The work of destruction had commenced—the Abbey had been desecrated—even the sacred church had been converted into a culinary establishment, and other parts of the edifice appropriated or designed for purposes still more menial, when the artizan, who, under the earl's auspices, was superintending the progress of devastation, suddenly became the subject of one of those nocturnal visitations. He dreamed that he was standing in a particular spot, and that a particular stone of the building suddenly became conspicuous in the wall ; it gradually elongated—started out from the smooth level line of the rest—wavered for a moment, and suddenly descended in his direction. He in vain attempted to elude it. Fly to whatever part of the church he would, he was still pursued by the same corner-stone. It hovered for awhile above his head—the cherub,

which it was moulded to represent, seemed reluctant to meet injuriously in contact with mortals—and in accents tender as those which cherubs, and only cherubs use, conjured him to spare the holy walls. It paused for awhile above his head—he in vain essayed to seize it. Endowed with more than mortal power, it readily, but constantly eluded his grasp; and when he at last, deriding its entreaties, suddenly endeavoured to assail it with a pick-axe, it flittered—ascended—remained for a moment poised high in air—and suddenly descended on his sacrilegious head. The sacred warning was about to be realized—“He who comes in contact with me I shall break, he with whom I come in contact shall be broken,” was uttered in menacing ejaculations by the cherub; and suddenly starting with a blow, the artizan awoke.

He shook off his slumbers, and endeavoured to convince himself that the whole was but a dream. With a view still more to fortify his mind in his opinion, he repaired to a sage of the neighbourhood, named Watts; and this oracle, though the father of the learned doctor who has indited those sublime pieces of poetry known by the name of “The Hymns,” which pass under that designation, was of principles or prejudices too methodistically orthodox, to respect any vision interposing for the protection of Catholicity or any of its remains. He accordingly endeavoured to laugh the mason out of his fears, and counselled him to proceed with the work of demolition. The “Marquis” of Huntingdon, says an old chronicle—it must have meant the *Earl*, there never having been a Marquis of that ancient name—seconded him, and insisted that the man should perform his contract. They, more readily to convince him of the baseless nature of his fears, offered during the whole period to stand by his side; and, thus counselled and supported, the trembling workman proceeded to the interior of the sacred edifice. In order to baulk the prediction or foreshadowing, as much as possible, he resolved to lay no hands himself on the sacred building, but to remain at a respectful distance, while his operatives were engaged in the work of demolition; and his lordship acquiesced in the resolution. It was moreover determined that the place where the cherub sat should be last removed, and the artizan was to be permitted to retire, if he thought fit, before this menacing part of the work was undertaken. Yet all failed. The warning was realized. While he stood at a respectful distance from the dreaded figure, superintending the work at the opposite extremity of the abbey, the cherub suddenly tottered and fell. The terror-struck artizan vainly essayed to elude it by a convulsive bound, and starting aside. It struck and reverberated across a wooden barrier erected for his protection, and, thence bounding on his head, inflicted on him a fatal blow, from which, though he lingered many days in agony, he never in any degree recovered.

The work of demolition was, in consequence, suspended, and shortly afterwards entirely stopped, the catastrophe being in those days attributed to the special interposition of Heaven for the sacred property's preservation, and the operatives refusing to proceed in opposition to such a warning, though the bolder earl was superior to all such fears. It, however, soon passed out of the family's possession into that of Lady Holland—not the peeress of the name, who recently died, but the relict of a Sir Nathaniel Holland, baronet. Since then, time has completed what the hand of man began. The stately walls of the abbey have gradually mouldered away under the influence of age, and scarcely a vestige of them is now to be seen amid

the lovely trees by which they are surrounded. From the adjoining highway, no suspicion of their existence would be entertained. The place thence looks all verdant and alluring forest. But on penetrating into the sylvan recess, the remains are disclosed, still standing graceful, though in ruins. No proportions more beautiful than the vaulted aisles, or structure more elegant than the large window or portal at the extremity, can well be conceived; and from the exquisite taste of the remnant, we may surmise what the complete fabric must have been.

The Rev. Mr. Bowles, one of the most chaste of recent poets, has written the following lines on Netley Abbey, with which we may appropriately conclude :—

“ Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
 Have stood with giant port ; till bowed by time,
 Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk, like thee ; though thus forlorn,
 They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
 Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
 Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares ;
 E'en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
 Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping sway.”

St. Mary's Abbey, Buttevant, co. Cork.

It is always an interesting pursuit to explore the ruined remnants of other days, whether they present themselves in the relics of feudal strength fallen from their high estate, and no longer frowning in the stately pile of castellated building, betokening the chieftain's dwelling, or, as now, offering a rich subject to pen or pencil in monastic walls—roofless and windowless, full of tombs and arches, broken pillars, and shattered aisles.

There are many similar remains in Ireland, for that country is well known to possess early and strong claims to the veneration of the human race. Vast and richly-endowed seminaries of learning were established in Erin, to which strangers from all countries in Europe were accustomed to flock; there were numberless religious houses, scattered profusely throughout the length and breadth of the island, shewing in their decay the glory of their pristine state; and numbering among their inmates, men renowned for sanctity and learning, who preached Christ's gospel to foreign nations, and earned a reputation more enduring than the walls which once covered their honoured heads. Not very distant on the Blackwater was the famous seminary of Lismore, at which King Alfred the Great is said to have received his education. Nearer was the splendid Abbey of Bridgetown; the Abbot, in the year 1375, was sent to England to agree with his Majesty King Edward III., and council as well, touching the government of this kingdom, as for the aid and support of the war the King was then engaged in. At Fermoy, Castle

Cor, Clonmeen, all in the same neighbourhood, were religious houses, professing various monastic rules. These contributed to render Ireland peculiarly an island of saints, and, contrasted with the benighted state of Europe, from the fifth to the tenth century, she appeared peculiarly enlightened, forming, as it were, an oasis, verdant and cultivated, on the verge of the desert of ignorance and barbarism.

In earlier times than those to which I have referred, this district was holy ground. The territory known as Fermoy was anciently the land of Druids, and the present name is a corruption of "*Fir-magh-fane*," or the "plain of the learned men." Here are found at the present day the vast croneleagh or Druidical altars; the lofty cairns on the hill tops, the regions of fire on which those mystic rites were celebrated, now lost in the pure light of Christianity.

But while the monuments of a fabled mythology are fixed and enduring; while the cairn crowns the mountain's brow as securely as on the day it was piled there, and the huge bulk of *Laibhe Colloch*,* bids defiance to the spoiler Time, the tourist sees our early records of Christianity a mass of crumbling walls. He pauses to linger amid the hallowed monuments of our fathers' piety, and observes the choicest sculpture and noblest architecture levelled and prostrate. He reflects that in a few short years at furthest, all trace of what once stood forth so gloriously, giving praise to God and honour to his name, will be entirely lost, and an ardent wish enters the mind, that some individual would interfere and preserve a memento of the past, since the annihilating hand of the destroyer is so swiftly performing his work.

It is with this view I humbly address myself to the present task.

The town of Buttevant, in the county of Cork, resembles all country towns, and consists principally of one long street, with the average number of shops and houses of entertainment. Traces of antique buildings are constantly presenting themselves amidst the inferior erections of later times, and the impress of religious dedication is so plain as to justify the remark of Doctor Smith,† "This whole town formerly seems to have been an assemblage of churches and religious houses, which being dissolved, consequently went with them to ruins; so that the lines of Mr. Pope ‡ may be now justly applied to the place:—

"The loveliest town with weeds lies covered o'er,
The hollow winds through naked temples roar,
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind;
The fox obscure to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred choirs."

The approach to the town from Mallow is picturesque. The road winds through a narrow glen or gorge, the hills on either side rising steep and bare, while the ruins of Ballybeg are seen in front, defined against the horizon. The following account of this institution of Ballybeg, is from Archdall.§ Philip de Barry founded a Priory here for canons regular, following the rule of St. Augustin, and dedicated it to St. Thomas, the

* A famous Druidical altar near Glanworth, county Cork. *Anglice*, the Hag's bed.

† History of Cork, vol. i., page 313.

‡ Windsor Forest.

§ Monasticum Hirbernicum.

favorite saint of that age; he endowed it in the year 1229, in remembrance of which his equestrian statue in brass was erected in the Church. David, his grandson, enlarged the revenues belonging to the Priory in the year 1235, and was made a knight, but was killed in the year 1262.

David de Codigan was Prior in the reign of King Henry III., and John de Barry in the following reign.

The possessions belonging to this house were, in the 12th year of Queen Elizabeth, granted for the term of 21 years to George Bouchier, Esq., who forfeited the same by nonpayment of the rent; these lands and tithes were granted in trust to Sir Daniel Norton, for the wife of Sir Thomas Norris, President of Munster, and were found in the year 1622 to be of the yearly value of £260. Of this abbey there yet remains, the east window and steeple, which is a strong building, and by the holes in the vaulted roof it appears that they had a chime of bells; the traces of the foundation, with a high tower a considerable way to the south-west, prove it to have been a truly magnificent structure. Ascending the hill from Ballybeg, we see the modern church, a tasteful structure, with a handsome spire, and close by is Buttevant Castle, also called King John's Castle, lately occupied by the family of Sir I. C. Anderson, Bart. This building is boldly situated on a lofty ledge of rock, rising perpendicularly to a great height, over the river Aubeg, which winds through the demesne. It is said to have been the chief seat of the O'Donegans, a powerful Irish race, who held sway in this country, and it possessed such natural and artificial defences, as to defy all the efforts of the English, when they attempted to take it. The *auri sacra fames*, however, was more powerful than the force of the enemy. Gold found an entrance where steel could not. David de Barry, who was in command of the besieging army, found means to corrupt a soldier of the garrison, who betrayed his duty as warden of one of the gates, and admitted the invaders, who put the garrison to the sword. The traitor received his just reward—he had his head struck off, and according to tradition, as the dissevered mass rolled down the stairs, there yelled forth the words “treachery! treachery! treachery!”

Having been taken by De Barry, it remained in his family as their residence for hundreds of years. Additions were made, and it underwent repairs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It came by purchase from the Earl of Barrymore into the Anderson family, and until lately was occupied by Sir James Anderson. I understand the estate was sold to Lord Doneraile. Sir James had it fitted up with much taste, and in keeping with the character of the building.

Leaving the castle, we now enter the town. A spacious market-place is some indication of its former respectability. It was a walled town, and governed by a corporation. There is now neither one nor other. The name “Bultivant,” says Dr. Smith,* according to tradition, takes its rise from a word given in a battle, fought near this place, by David de Barry, who here overthrew the MacCarty's, and cried out “*Boutez en avant*,” “push forward.” This is used as the motto of the Barrys.

I pushed forward along the straggling street until a square building jutting out from its fellows, attracted my attention. Despite the white-wash on the wall, methought there was a look of antiquity about it, as

* Hist. of Cork, p. 314, vol i.

ill according with its modern coating, as an ancient female in a girl's muslin frock. I reined my willing steed, and my eyes traversed the faded relics of a splendid mansion. Defaced as it was by a ruinous thatched roof, and the windows built up by rough stones, it shewed traces of great beauty. The corner stones were huge square blocks, strongly cemented. The casements of stone were richly chiselled and arched with care. I examined the rear, and found doorways and window frames of elaborate beauty, but their architectural pretensions had been inefficacious for their protection. Rugged heavy walls were ruthlessly built against the tracing, and mutilated fragments of sculptural stones seemed to say, "All is lost now." To the right, only separated from the street by a low wall, is the Roman Catholic Chapel, a new building of exquisite architecture. It is built of hewn limestone in a cruciform, consisting of a nave and transept, between which, on each side, is a square embattled tower, surmounted by richly crocketed pinnacles; the walls are well defended by buttresses placed at the angles, and between the nave windows; the gables of the transept are ornamented by Maltese crosses, beneath which, on each side, is a cinquefoiled niche resting on a projecting corbel. The transept is lighted by a noble window at each end, twenty six feet in height, and richly set off with tracery. There were three windows in the nave, ornamented with cinquefoil.

In the view of the east side is seen a tower of considerable antiquity, incorporated into the modern erection. It answers very well as the entrance to the gallery of the chapel; the steps being in perfect preservation. This was erected for the defence of the Abbey by one of the Earls of Desmond.

Close by are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, presenting in decay the remnants of a glorious pile.

This abbey, according to one authority in Archdall,* was founded in 1290, by David Oge Barry, Lord Buttevant, for converted Franciscans, and dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr, but the Rev. Mr. Archdall considers the foundation must have been earlier than the time here set down, for William Barry, in 1273, granted the whole church of Cathirdufgan to the Prior of Buttevant. Some are of opinion, that this house owed its origin to one of the family of Prendergast, but the monument of the Barrys being in the centre of the choir, confirms to them the honour of this foundation. The annals of the four masters fixed the date A. D. 1251. "A monastery was erected at Killnamullan, in the diocese of Cork, by the Barrys; and it was afterwards selected as the burying-place of the Barrys."

A. D. 1306—David was Prior.

1311—John Fitz Richard, was Prior.

1318—Thomas was Prior.

1330—William Kitche was Warden.

1342—John FitzRichard, the Prior, was indicted with some of his brethren, for assaulting John Reynolds, in the city of Dublin, and imprisoning the said Reynolds; the Sheriff was ordered to take FitzRichard into custody, to answer the said offence; in the same term Reynolds sued the Prior for a debt of one hundred shillings, for which he was also attached.†

* Monasticon Hibernicum.

†King, p. 316.

I left my horse in his stall, and, accompanied by the old woman entrusted with the key of the chapel gate, entered the ruins. The walls of the choir and nave are standing, but the steeple tower, mentioned by Dr. Smith, as a high square tower, erected on a fine gothic arch, is now prostrate; a great mass of stones shews where it stood. I entered by the doorway, and beheld the place of tombs.

“How many an antique monument is found
 Illegible and faithless to its charge!
 That deep inculp'd once held in measured phrase
 The mighty deeds of those who sleep below:
 Of hero, sage, or saint, whose pious hands
 Those ponderous masses raised—forgotten now,
 They and their monuments alike repose.”

Prostrate, broken, obliterated, and uncared for, lay the monuments of the dead. I sighed as I regarded the little attention bestowed on the tributes of affection around me—I reflected how human nature deems it has fulfilled its duty when once the tomb is raised, and felt a pang as I thought how little the cold word “duty,” satisfied the yearnings of affectionate love. Seldom do we cause the encroaching mould to be cleared away from the sepulchral stone—rarely is the spider’s web removed from the head of the mourning angel—the broken tablet is never repaired—the worn inscription left defaced and illegible; and, if this is so in the times of the very offspring of departed excellence, surely it is not to be wondered at, when those who have neither known nor loved the deceased, dwell in the house of the dead.

I cautiously stepped over the multitudinous graves, and surveyed the building, and took out my sketch-book, and made drawings of every side. To the south is St. Mary’s Chapel, entered by a majestic arch. In this chapel are the remains of an altar, and two others are in the nave of the church on each side of the choir. Here are tombs of the ancient families. The long lowlying tomb, with the crucifixion in the centre, bears round the borders the following inscription:—“*Hic jacet Johannes Garret Barry de Kilmihiel et uxor, cum Phil. Johannes Barry et Ellis Lombard, hoc fecerat 1603.*” The stone in the side wall is thus inscribed:—“*Hic jacet Eugenius O’Duling et Kathelina Dod, hoc fecit 1615.*” In the choir are other tombs of the Barrys, Nagles, Lombards, and Supples. In the eastern wall is a very curious monument, very much effaced, of which I was disappointed in not procuring some certain information. At hazard I have ventured to call it the tomb of Fitzgerald, of Desmond, because the cross and shield corresponds exactly with that of the Earl of Desmond (Fitzgerald), given in Smith’s History of Cork, and Archdall mentions that one of the Earls of Desmond retired thither. It is a bas-relief of exquisite sculpture, though time has dealt roughly with it. At the top is a chasing, under which is the figure of a knight on horseback. He is clad in complete armour, and bears a sword or short spear in his hand. Underneath is a helmet, forming a crest to a shield emblazoned with the arms of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, as before stated. Some arabesque ornaments are on each side and underneath, resting on which is a cock with a chain—the rest is quite effaced.

Over the altar in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin is a tomb, supposed to be that of the founder, David de Barry. He was Chief Justice of

Ireland in the reign of King Edward I., and is buried here. A portion of the crucifixion is yet distinctly visible. There are other curious monuments in the nave, nearly quite defaced. With extreme difficulty I made out the following:—"Hic jacet Johannes O'Duling, carpentarius fria min cum sua progenie."

After spending some hours in my scrutiny, I prepared to leave the scene of desolation. What had been a glorious house of prayer was now a heap of ruins, dismantled walls, masses of stones, covered partially with briars and creeping weeds. Where the pealing anthem poured its swelling sound, blew the cool breeze from the hills—other sound there was none, save the rippling of the river on its stony bed, a few yards below the abbey. Outside are other grave-stones, to mark the spot where the lifeless rested.

"The old tomb,
With its quaint tracery gilded here and there,
With sunlight glancing through the o'erarching tree,
Far flinging its cool shadow-flickering light."

"Sure your honour won't go without seeing the bones?" interposed my cicerone, as I was about to depart.

"What bones, my good woman?" I asked.

"Och, sir," said she, "the greatest curiosity of all is the bones."

"What bones?" I repeated.

"The bones in the vaults, sir."

Despairing of getting much information, I requested her to lead the way, and we descended by a narrow precarious path towards the road facing the ruin. Here, after being duly warned to "keep close to the wall, and avoid the big hole," we entered a narrow doorway; seeing several coffin lids resting against the wall, I asked wherefore they were not interred with the coffins, and was told that the people preferred resting in the day. That persons in religious orders were so buried; possibly the reason is some peculiar virtue in the clay preserving the body from decomposition. Dr. Smith* mentions, about twelve years ago, as they were making a grave, the body of a woman was discovered, who had been buried here twenty years before, quite whole and entire—she died of the small-pox. The skin appeared hard, dry, and very stiff, of a dark brown colour.

We passed into a vaulted chamber, with arches supported by a handsome freestone pillar, the windows permitting a dim funereal light. Its tremulous rays fell upon a huge multitude of bones, evidently human, piled and arranged under the arched roof. These, I was informed, were the bones of the slain in the battle of Knockninoss, some miles distant, fought on the 13th of November, 1647, between the English under the Lord Inchiquin, and the Irish commanded by Lord Taaf. The latter were defeated with great slaughter, and the successful general well rewarded. It was in this battle that a tune well adapted to the bagpipes, and a popular favourite, was first played—"Ollistrum's March." Mr. Crofton Croker, in his *Researches in the South of Ireland*, refers to it:—"A party of Scotch Highlanders in the Irish army, headed by Alexander

* History of Cork, p. 313.

M'Donnell or M'Allisdrum, contested their ground in the most determined and gallant manner, and were inhumanly butchered by the victors. That wild and monstrous piece of music, known by the name of Ollisdrum's March, so popular in the south of Ireland, and said to have been played at Knockninoss, should not, it appears to me, be considered as an Irish air."

As the stranger lingers in this chamber of dry bones, memory will supply many subjects for reflection. Here, in this white and ghastly skull, once throbbed a busy brain—that brain, and the stout heart that prompted mighty deeds, long at rest. These bones, now scattered and strewn one upon another, had once been life—warm, sentient, busy life. What is now but a study for the anatomist or moralist had been human beings like ourselves, who harangued, smiled, wept, loved. My mind passed to the last scene of their life, and a battle-plain was before me—the warrior with steel morion and shining breastplate spread death on every side. There was heard the wild hurrah of the Irish kerne and the *Boutez en avant* of the Norman De Barrys—the cry of the English trooper and the piercing note of the Highland bagpipe.

"There many an ancient musketoon was taken from the wall,
And many a jovial hunter's steed was harnessed in the stall,
And many a noble's armoury gave up the sword and spear,
And many a bride and many a babe was left with kiss and tear,
And many a lowly peasant bade 'farewell' to his old dame—
All on the day when Knockninoss was cumbered with the slain."

The Abbey of Buttevant was situated close by the Awbeg river; the bank slopes gently to the stream, which is spanned by a bridge at a little distance. The road over this bridge leads to Kilcolman Castle, celebrated as the residence of Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queen." The river at my feet was mentioned by the poet as the Mulla:

"And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

Buttevant he calls Killinamulla, or the church of the Mulla. The poet is numbered with the dead, and the tower in which he dwelt is ruined now. The traces of man's handiwork here placed reminds us how frail is our power, how limited earthly possessions. The feudal castle and the Gothic temple are prostrate, but the river which washed their base flows merrily on in its ancient course, heedless of the fall of either; teaching—did we need the lesson—that the works of man are fleeting as a shadow, while the handiwork of God outlives till time shall be no more.

STANZAS.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

“ And I said, Oh that I had wings, like a dove ! for then would I fly
away, and be at rest.”—*Psalm* lv. 6.

Oh, had I but wings, like a dove !
I 'd fly to the realms of the blest ;
I 'd soar to the mansions above,
And enter the heavenly rest ;
I'd mingle with spirits no more
Entombed in this prison of clay—
With seraphim bow and adore,
As holy and happy as they !

Oh, had I but wings, like a dove !
I 'd fly from this sadness and care ;
My spirit no longer should prove
Depression, allied to despair.
No longer, with sickness of heart,
Would I see my hopes withered and torn,
Compelled from the Flower to part,
But doomed still to cherish the 'Thorn.

Oh, had I but wings, like a dove !
I 'd fly from this region of death ;
No longer for friendship and love,
I would twine the dark cypress wreath :
No longer I'd gaze on the gloom
Of the couch that diseases invade,
Nor weep at the brink of the tomb,
Where the friend of my bosom is laid.

Oh, had I but wings, like a dove !
I 'd fly from contention and strife ;
I 'd far from those quarrels remove
That ruffle the current of life.
I 'd dwell in a peaceful abode,
To detraction and slander unknown,
Where Envy no breast shall corrode,
But Love reigns supreme on the throne.

Then, give me the wings of a dove !
My soul is in haste to be free !
I pant the salvation to prove,
Those mansions eternal to see !
Ye chains of Mortality, break !
And crumble, thou prison of clay !
Then, spread my glad pinions, and take
My flight to the regions of day !

But, stay—not the wings of a dove
Till Jesus shall bid me arise ;
I 'll wait, till the voice from above
Shall call me to rest in the skies ;
Till then, I will work—watch—and pray—
Each talent with pleasure employ ;
Thus waiting, I 'll welcome the day,
And hail the last summons with joy.

Edge Hill, Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1848.

REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"The height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town."

So sang Scotland's second poet (for we hold Burns to be the first), while apostrophizing his "own romantic town"—the metropolis of ancient Caledonia; and its lordly castle still stands, frowning as it stood centuries before thus being addressed by the muse of Scott, as it in all probability will stand centuries after the Lay of the "Last Minstrel" is, in the lapse of time, forgotten.

It is impossible to trace the vast antiquity of this structure, or rather of the buildings which have been superraised on it by man since it was pointed out to them by nature for a fortress. If we extend our researches to the oldest period known in our island annals, it was first occupied by the British tribe of the Gudyni as a citadel, and by them was named May-Dyn, or mountain rock of the plain,—which, doubtless, by an obvious error of pronunciation, led to its subsequent designation of Maiden Castle, or *castrum puellarum*, as it still more absurdly is termed in the literal interpretation of monkish writers. This application of the word will of course still more completely refute the surmise that it was so denominated because never conquered—an explanation still more at variance with probability and fact, inasmuch as, though strong and almost impregnable before the introduction of artillery, the castle had previously often been taken, as it has on several subsequent occasions been.

Yet there is no doubt that it was at one period a position not less remarkable for its strength than its antiquity, and if now capable of yielding comparatively slight opposition to the modern implements of war, it formerly must have been unassailable, except by *coups de main*, and has at all times been worthy of the important rank it holds in the national history. Little, however, is heard of it till the twelfth century. A town had grown around its base several hundred years previously. Edinburgh, so early as the era of the Saxon monarch Edwin, in the years 617–634, had been known as a town; and this sovereign, the king of the ancient realm of Northumbria, which extended into Scotland as far as the Forth, perhaps contributed to bestow on it a name; but it was not till the reign of Malcolm the Fourth, in the year 1153, that it had any pretensions to be considered the capital of the kingdom. That monarch, indeed, though he frequently resided in its castle, was not in the habit of

regarding Edinburgh as his metropolis. Scone, on the contrary—now an obscure village, and only known by its ancient palace, in the neighbourhood of Perth—was then, and long afterwards, reckoned the Scottish capital; and it was not till the accession of James the Second (of Scotland), in the fifteenth century, that Edinburgh, by becoming the regular residence of the sovereign, became also the metropolis of the kingdom. His father having been put to death under circumstances of shocking barbarity, at Scone, James ever afterwards entertained a natural aversion to that residence, and hence removed his court, though he failed thus to alter the fortunes of his dynasty—the long career of calamities which attended that unhappy family, from the date of James the First of Scotland, having not finally terminated till the expulsion of the second monarch of that inauspicious name from the English throne, and not even then in the persons of his descendants.

Yet long ere this period Edinburgh Castle was a place of note. Early in the fourteenth century we find it the scene of the Douglas exploits—that Douglas, the most formidable yet chivalrous hero of those times, who divides the palm of renown, even in English annals, with Percy, the great Hotspur himself. In the year 1341, the Scottish chieftain captured it from the adherents of Edward the Third, who had then laid the greater part of the northern kingdom under subjection, including the castles both of Stirling and Edinburgh. The former, although by nature less strong, long remained impregnable to the feeble efforts that could be made with the imperfect instruments of war in those days; and the latter was only surprised by one of those singular unions of artifice and audacity for which the warriors of that era were remarkable,—supplying by address what they wanted in arms. The great Scottish leader, on surveying it, discerned at a glance that the rock was unassailable: the battlements gloomed in impregnable grandeur, and Edward's choicest troops lined the walls; yet it was easily taken, if we may believe an early writer, by the following stratagem:—"Douglas," says Grose, in his *Antiquities*, "with three other gentlemen, waited on the Governor. One of them, pretending to be an English merchant, informed him he had for sale, on board a vessel then just arrived in the Forth, a cargo of wine, strong beer, and biscuit exquisitely spiced; at the same time producing as a sample a bottle of wine and another of beer. The governor, tasting and approving of them, agreed for the purchase of the whole, which the feigned captain requested he might deliver very early the next morning, in order to avoid interruption from the Scots. He came accordingly at the time appointed, attended by a dozen armed followers, disguised in the habit of sailors; and the gates being opened for their reception, they contrived just in the entrance to overturn a carriage, in which the provisions were supposed to be loaded, thereby preventing them from being suddenly shut. They then killed the porter and sentries; and blowing a horn as a signal, Douglas, who with a band of armed men had lain concealed near the castle, rushed in and joined their companions. A sharp conflict ensued, in which most of the garrison being slain, the castle was recovered for the Scots, who about the same time had also driven the English entirely out of Scotland."

An error has here crept into the pages of the learned antiquary. It was not till considerably after this date that the English were expelled from Scotland, nor indeed till the death of the illustrious English

monarch, and the subsequent defeat of his army in the reign of his son, by Bruce, at the great battle of Bannockburn.

The castle of Edinburgh was afterwards the scene of many a siege, and frequently again captured by address, or surrendered to blockade, though never taken by force—from which, indeed, its position on a stupendous rock fully two hundred feet high, inaccessible on all sides save one, where it is protected by a drawbridge and *fosse*, effectually secured it.

It was also subsequently the theatre of many a crime and many a revelry. We pass by the former as familiar to most of those conversant with history, and as repugnant to the taste of the present times; but “the gude man o’ Ballingeach,” James the Fourth, James the Fifth, and many other monarchs of the gay, though unhappy race of Stuart, may be mentioned in more agreeable association with its name. It was the scene of some of the former “gudeman’s” most celebrated exploits; it witnessed many of the sorrows of his successor, and also beheld, in her infancy, enclosed within its walls, the most hapless perhaps of all the race,—the lovely and ill-fated Mary.

Mary—the ever interesting Mary Stuart, whose beauty was only to be equalled by her misfortunes, and, if the stern and gloomy fanatics of the day are to be credited, also by her crimes—was, it is well known, placed here in childhood by her father to secure some protection from the lawless disorders which then distracted the kingdom; though, alas, it could not shield her from an act of still greater lawlessness in another, and that then under the dominion of her rival. When the disturbances which so destroyed the tranquillity of the kingdom, and eventually conducted her to the block, broke out, the Castle of Edinburgh was besieged by an English army of Elizabeth’s, by whom they had been chiefly promoted; and, after thirty-three days of hostility, it was surrendered on the 29th of May, 1573, by the celebrated Kirkaldy of Grange, who held it in Mary’s cause. But the terms of capitulation were shamefully broken. In defiance of every principle of honour and humanity, he was subjected to a mock trial, and hanged with his brother at the Cross of Edinburgh. Several of his followers, comprising within their number some of Mary’s most devoted adherents, were also in the same manner put to death on the same occasion by Sir William Drury, the General of Elizabeth—conduct which secured for him the approbation of his royal mistress, inasmuch as it gratified her malignity, (Kirkaldy having ardently opposed her policy,) and enabled her to destroy one of the oldest counsellors of her rival; but all posterity has justly execrated the perfidious cruelty by which this amiable man, one of the greatest statesmen of his time, was thus barbarously put to death. A celebrated poem, in the Scottish language, has been written on the occasion, minutely describing many of the incidents of the siege, and especially bewailing the fate of the illustrious and pacific civil hero of Grange, who has been loaded with imputations of chicanery and falsehood by his adversaries, though he seems to have been more free from such devices than any of the statesmen of that age, when such charges were often both true and common, and perhaps quite as free of them as any in the present time, when they are, of course, supposed to be wholly obsolete.

In the subsequent reign of James the Sixth, Edinburgh Castle presents little subject for note. In his early days he frequently sought shelter

within its walls from imaginary plots, or hostile attempts which had no other foundation than that which his own cowardice suggested. Its battlements, however, afforded no protection from the pertinacious resolution with which the Scotch clergymen attacked him for lapsing from Presbyterianism into Episcopalianism; that Episcopalianism which he had formerly so irreverently compared to a noted lady robed in red, and declared to want nothing of the mass "but the liftsins:" his elegant expression for the raising and movement of the sacred candles. These incessant attacks, however, did not prevent him from repeated visits to Scotland, in obedience to that instinct, as he himself declared, which prompted him "like a cock-salmon, to visit the puddle of his nativity;" (we modernize the words,) but as his subjects shrewdly surmised, to introduce episcopacy and obtain their money. When he repaired from England on these occasions, the Castle was frequently the seat of his residence, and a small apartment within it was especially fitted up to protect him from the Philippics, more personal than agreeable, of the Edinburgh clergy on Sundays. But it is recorded that one of the true John Knox school at last found his way even into this retreat; and addressing the terror-struck monarch "James, *First and Sixth!*" an ingenious version of a chapter and verse of the evangelist, thus, in the form of a text, made applicable to the first monarch of the name in England, and sixth in Scotland; caused such consternation in his royal hearer that, exclaiming to the attendants: "Gadzooks, *he's at me already!*" he made his way out of church, where he could give utterance to no response, and straightway fled back to England, to employ himself with his sage lucubrations on King-craft, Witch-craft, and the numberless other crafts which he so pedantically promulgated and so implicitly believed.

The reign of his son, however, the accomplished and unfortunate Charles, again saw Edinburgh Castle restored to its old importance, and again involved in the fierce contentions of war. During the troubles which distracted his government, it generally remained faithful; and in 1650, it for two months resisted all the efforts of Cromwell and his victorious army, after the decisive battle of Dunbar. It at last then yielded, less to assault than blockade, and less to blockade than because the prolongation of the struggle to its governor appeared hopeless. On its reduction, Cromwell's power in Scotland was fully established, and so paramount in Edinburgh that he even succeeded in introducing a modification of the English laws, though so hampered by endless written and printed pleadings—because his judges could not comprehend what he termed the barbarous jargon of the place—that to posterity they have been more of a bane than a benefit. His triumph on this occasion was deemed so important, that an account of the siege was published in quarto at London, during the spring of the following year; and we should respectfully beg permission to recommend the study of its phraseology to any at present engaged in the verification of Cromwell's correspondence. The language will be found materially different from the specimens recently submitted to public consideration.

During the whole of the Commonwealth, the castle of Edinburgh remained afterwards in the hands of the English; the sacrifices both of principle and honour at the shrine of interest, made by the Scotch in the delivery of their confiding king, having failed to convince the southern republicans

that it would be safe in their hands; but on the completion of Monk's scarcely less infamous treachery, it again fell into the hands of the Stuarts, and remained faithful to them even after the last of their family had been driven from the throne, and the Dutchman William raised in their stead. The governor then resented all the overtures of the revolutionary sovereign, and even the entreaties of the degenerate Stuart, his still more heartless wife. The town meanwhile had submitted and recognised the new government; its citizens having never completely succeeded in regaining the royal favour, forfeited by their treacherous surrender of the First Charles to his enraged English subjects, in return for the arrears of their pay. But the castle, which had no such stain upon its fame, still held out, and a very protracted blockade was necessary before it eventually, in the summer of the following year (1689) submitted to the continental dynasty's authority. The Duke of Gordon was its governor during this period, and he displayed in the course of the siege all the chivalrous courage of a race of men unhappily extinct—extinct in the person of the last of his descendants who, in the perpetual revolution of human affairs, subsequently evinced on the plains of Egypt as much of Highland spirit and lofty devotion in defence of the German race, as his great ancestor had exhibited in opposing them.

This was the last link in the long chain of connection between the Castle of Edinburgh and the Stuarts; that family, after a series of calamities unprecedented in history, from the murder of the first James in Scotland, till the final expulsion of its seventh monarch of the name from the English throne, being nearly doomed to an utter prostration of its hopes. In the rash and ill-commenced attempt to restore its fortunes in the year 1715, the citadel which so long had known them was nearly captured, but its holders refused to know them longer. The assailants, who had made a daring escalade by means of ropes, were discovered when almost at the top of the stupendous height, and easily arrested before they could surprise the garrison. In the bolder outbreak of 1745, no attempt whatever was made upon the castle, though the insurgents remained in possession of the town. The usual communication betwixt the two indeed continued almost uninterrupted; both parties having apparently resolved to rest its possession on the more decisive combats to be fought on the plain, and when these eventually terminated in favour of the established government, the history of the Castle of Edinburgh was simply that of an ordinary garrison fortress, undisturbed by martial achievements. During the latter part of the last century when Paul Jones made his daring attempt upon the adjoining port of Leith, the guns of the citadel threatened once more to be brought into requisition; but the distance, three miles, was too considerable for them to act with effect, and the bold freebooter consequently escaped uninjured.

In 1818, we may add, the interest in the old castle, which had been dormant for nearly a century, was suddenly revived by the discovery of the ancient regalia of Scotland in an apartment which had been shut up, and sedulously guarded, since the legislative union betwixt the two kingdoms in the year 1707. The crown, sword of state, and two sceptres, were then said to have been deposited in the stronghold, but considerable incredulity existed on the subject, and even scandalous reports prevailed as to their removal and misappropriation. On application, however, being made, chiefly through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, orders were

transmitted by government for a search ; and when the room was opened the whole regalia were found, covered with a piece of mouldering linen, precisely in the same condition they had been left a hundred and eleven years previously. The discovery formed the subject of an interesting antiquarian volume, published a few years ago by the Bannatync club of Scotland, but it were unnecessary now farther to allude to its contents ; the chief interest of the work, its associations with the illustrious minstrel of the north, now sleeping

“ With him that sleeps below,”

though the jewels are still exhibited to numbers of inquiring strangers.

To the Editor of “The Patrician.”

SIR,—Monsieur Erpen de Saulier was at the taking of Jerusalem in 1101. His arms were, (viz : he bore on his standard) “ d’azur une Croix d’or à Croisette d’or recroisetté.” Can any of your heraldic readers inform me how this coat should be properly described, so as to be properly coloured ? Can it have been the parent of the Maltese cross ?

Secondly.—Can you tell me what were the arms of the Counts d’Arques ? (nearly related to Robert, Duke of Normandy.)

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

F. O. MORRIS.

ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CHARLEMAGNE, Charles I., or Charles the Great, whose greatness is so indissolubly united with his name, was the eldest son of Pepin, the last Maire du Palais, and was left heir to the turbulent district of Austrasia, a division of the French Empire, on his father's death. The nobles, however, who even in those days possessed power to annul their sovereign's will, upset the late ruler's testament by giving him Neustria instead, apparently in the hope that his warlike spirit would be more under their control within the limits of that pacific kingdom, while a less ambitious brother, Carloman, would be more effectually subjected to them if embroiled with the restless marauders around Austrasia. Pepin's will, bequeathing Austrasia to Charlemagne, and Neustria to Carloman, was accordingly reversed; and each put in possession of the territories assigned to the other. But Charlemagne was of a temper too aspiring to be thus controlled. His ambition was lofty, his stature more lofty still; and in these days, when strength of arm was so paramount, few had courage to oppose a man whose figure and strength far towered above other men's, and whose mind was in all respects as great as his person. On the death of Carloman, accordingly, which shortly after took place, he reduced Austrasia to his authority, and compelled Gerberge, a relict of the late sovereign, to seek shelter in Lombardy, as he had previously constrained Hunauld, Grifon's son, to fly for refuge to the Duke of Gascony, when that prince attempted, on Pepin's death, to recover Aquitaine.

The Gascon Duke, with his *protégé*, and all that he possessed, were quickly compelled to surrender to Charlemagne's arms; but the power of the Lombard King was not so readily subdued, and his reduction led to more important consequences. Didier, that Gothic sovereign, confiding in the strength of the Alps, had not only readily afforded protection to Carloman's children and to Hunauld on his subsequent escape, but marched an army to constrain the Pope to bestow the French crown upon the former. The Pope defended himself by spiritual weapons, beginning to be powerful even in those days; but though the dread of excommunication was sufficient to deter Didier from his design of assailing Rome, other armour was necessary to arrest the danger. Charlemagne's aid was accordingly required; and like an avalanche, when least expected, he burst through the passes of the Alps. The Lombard King's army fled; Pavia, whither he retired, was invested—Verona surrendered to his arms; and returning thence to the former city, he ultimately compelled it by famine to submit, and Didier to surrender with the whole of

his family. Adelgise, the Lombard monarch's son, alone escaped. The father himself was sent to a monastery in France, and the race of the Lombards in Italy, thus, after a reign of upwards of two hundred years, was brought to a close. Such was the result of Charlemagne's first expedition into that classic land: the Pope was restored to safety, and his territory augmented. A second, for the purpose of opposing Adelgise, Didier's son, who had returned with reinforcements from the Roman Emperor in the East, was equally successful; and a third was undertaken for the coronation of his son Louis, and the baptism and coronation of another son, Pepin—ceremonies, in those days, frequently performed together, and in lifetime of the reigning sire. During a fourth, he was engaged in suppressing several insurgent princes, most of whom experienced his clemency, as others had previously felt his rigour; and, on a fifth, or some subsequent occasion, he finally received from the Pope, the iron crown of Italy as Emperor of the West; the long race of the Roman Emperors being thus at last divided, and the title restored to the land whence it sprung. An intrigue was at the same time set on foot to secure for Charlemagne the empire of the East. Constantine Pogonat, the weak and profligate Emperor at Constantinople, had there been deposed and deprived of his eyes, by Irene, a mother still more brutal and abandoned; and, with a woman thus depraved, it was proposed by some priests that Charlemagne should contract an alliance by marriage. But his taste or his fortune, and the expulsion of Irene, frustrated the ignominious proposal; and he remained satisfied with the iron crown, and title of Emperor of the West, which Pope Leo III. bestowed upon him while he was prostrated at devotions on his knees, ignorant or unconscious, it is said, of the honour designed him.

Numerous excursions into Germany, to repel the inroads of the Saxons, had in the interval occupied Charlemagne's attention. Under Wytikynd, a Danish leader, these men, then a barbarous and warlike race, had made frequent inroads into France, and defeated Charlemagne's lieutenants in his absence. The revenge of Charlemagne was prompt; it being his policy to strike by terror before he subdued by clemency. Rotgand, a revolted nobleman, had been beheaded by him in the second of his Italian expeditions; but Tassillon, another, whose guilt was still more flagrant, had been spared in a second, and allowed by Charlemagne to escape, with the loss of his hair, after the nobles had condemned him. The Saxons now experienced treatment similar. Four thousand of them were barbarously decapitated after one unsuccessful revolt; but a still greater number were removed with their wives and families, to be kindly treated, into France on the reduction of another. On both occasions Charlemagne experienced the value of clemency, though perhaps he was ignorant of its importance as an element in human government. Few of the nobles of Italy afterwards revolted; and Wytikynd, captured with another Saxon leader, in the last revolt, was so overcome by the conqueror's generosity in sparing their lives instead of putting them to death as anticipated, that he at once embraced and ever afterwards proved faithful to Charlemagne's cause and religion. The Danes and surrounding tribes were gradually in like manner induced to give their adhesion; and long before his death, Charlemagne's authority was firmly established at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he founded and inhabited, as the central capital of his vast dominions. His government was wise, and it is only to be regretted that

he was induced to perpetrate these cruelties chiefly for the propagation of a religion which requires no such aid.

The Huns and Saracens were next forced to acknowledge Charlemagne's power, and bend beneath the force of his all-conquering arm. The former of these, a rude nation who lived chiefly in fortified camps named *ringues*, were dispersed by the instrumentality of his eldest son Charles; but advantage over the other was attained only by the sacrifice of Roland, Charlemagne's chivalric nephew. Abderame, king of the Saracens, had in his need invoked the French monarch's aid, when his own turbulent subjects threw off his command; and though Charles at first demurred to grant assistance to an infidel, he ultimately acquiesced, in the hope of alleviating the condition of the eastern Christians, and despatched Roland with an army into Spain, who speedily restored it to Abderame's dominion. On his return, however, with many other French nobles, he was assailed by the Saracens and Gascons while marching through a defile in the valley of Roncevaux; and the rocks hurled down by the barbarians from the adjoining cliffs, put an end to the existence of the whole of these *preux chevaliers*, but entombed him in a grave of fame, as imperishable as the hills of which it was composed.

Charlemagne's empire had now attained its utmost magnitude. His power extended from the Guadalquivir to the Danube, from the straits of Calais to the Mediterranean, and almost all the kingdoms intervening, from France on the north to the extremity of Italy on the south, either owned his dominion or were governed by tributary kings. The States of the Church alone were exempted: these Charlemagne both enlarged and endeavoured to render independent: still, such is the subserviency attendant on power, that they were quite as subject to his control as any of the subsidiary kingdoms. The Pope, as previously recorded, had already bestowed on him the title of Emperor of the East, whether by premeditation or accord is now unknown; and the expulsion of the infamous Irene, by Nicephorus, gave him an opportunity of contracting an engagement with that prince's successor, by which it was stipulated that he should henceforth retain the title, together with almost all the other's dominions in Italy. Nicetas, an Eastern patrician, alone opposed this arrangement; and he was one of the few who successfully disputed Charlemagne's power. Availing himself of the inability of Pepin, Charlemagne's second son, to resist him, he took Dalmatia, and expelled from Venice all the nobles attached to Charlemagne's sway. But this was only a speck on the bright and extended disc of Charlemagne's domains, and his descendant ever afterwards retained the title of Emperor of the East, until at last, on the lapse of ages, both emperors and empire glided away.

He had in the interval, however, encountered those vicissitudes inseparable from humanity, which teach monarchs as well as men, that they are but insects in Creation's eye. In the 68th year of his age, Charlemagne had the misfortune to see Pepin, his second son, stricken down in Italy; and his eldest, Charles, one greater still, fall in a brilliant campaign against the Bohemians, in Germany. Four years afterwards, the aged sovereign himself fell a victim to fever, while preparing to translate or correct a copy of the Holy Scriptures into one of the four languages of which he was master; and assembling his nobles around him so soon as he felt the last hour approach, he died after a reign of forty-eight years, bequeathing his vast empire to Louis, his only surviving son.

The body and the mind of Charlemagne were, as already recorded, on a scale equally gigantic. At a time when personal strength was of so much import, he so far surpassed other men, that few either in that day, or in the present, could raise the double-handed sword, which he wielded with consummate ease and effect in battle; and his frame was cast in a mould so Herculean, that the French foot (thirteen inches English,) was then, as it has since been computed by the measurement of his own. Nor were his virtues and accomplishments inferior. He was attached to justice, liberal to the poor, a strict observer of the laws, and by no means hostile to liberty. The summer was passed by him in campaigning, the winter in settling the affairs of his kingdoms. Laws were framed in a spirit adapted to each, and yet in a scale so just and comprehensive, that many of them are still in force. If obnoxious, they were cheerfully modified; and throughout his vast domains, he never hesitated to grant an audience at any hour, or dispense justice to the humblest in person. He was attached to religion himself, and devoted to its propagation amongst others; some of his wars, indeed, were undertaken with the reprehensible view of extending it, and Germany was converted from idolatry, mainly by the stern instrumentality of his sword. But Sweden, and other northern nations were imbued with Christianity by means more appropriate; learned doctors having been sent out as missionaries, at Charlemagne's request and expense. The Christians in Syria, Egypt, Africa, and even remote countries, had their distresses alleviated by his extensive charities, and he aided the Saracen king, chiefly in the expectation that the Christians would enjoy the fruits of his generosity. In his private character he was equally just and amiable; expert in all the warlike accomplishments of the time, and of a mind so cultivated that in an era when few could write, or even read their names, he could speak and compose with equal ease in Latin and Greek, as well as his own language, the French and Teutonic. Notwithstanding his vast possessions and the engagements necessarily connected with them, he found leisure for apparently the most trivial details, and even superintended the sale of his poultry. He was so passionately attached to literature, that he had books read to him during meals, and the morning sun often burst upon his nocturnal studies; on other occasions he would rise in the midst of the night, to meditate on philosophy or contemplate the stars. A few shades have in the lapse of years been lost, indispensable of a true character; but on the whole, posterity must own that he was in all respects worthy of his wide dominion and illustrious name. He had collected ample materials for writing a history of France, but his later domestic sorrows interrupted, and death finally frustrated his intention; otherwise succeeding generations might have had a monument of his genius as well as of his fame.

SOME FURTHER NOTES ON "WHO IS A GENTLEMAN, AND WHO AN ESQUIRE?"

WE have received, relative to this subject, the following letter, which is very much to the point. Its contents deserve immediate notice.

"Harewood Square, London, Feb. 9, 1848.

"SIR,—In your exposition of 'Who is a Gentleman, and who an Esquire?' the following passage occurs:—'Persons chosen Esquires to the body of the Prince, of which at present there are none, their places being supplied and rendered unnecessary by means of a standing army.' These persons still exist in the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Should you not therefore have corrected this error of Mr. Sweet in a foot note? I also take the liberty of stating that the *Dublin* University does *not* give a right to practise Medicine in England, in the same manner as Oxford and Cambridge. Perhaps you may deem it necessary to institute further inquiry on the latter point, and, if I be found correct, take some notice of the error in a subsequent number.

"I am, very obediently yours,

"A SUBSCRIBER.

"You have made no mention of Members and Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons of England—that College has recently received a *new* charter from the Queen. Has her Majesty, by such, conferred the title of Esquire upon its members?"

Our correspondent is quite right as to the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms; and we are quite wrong in our assertion, that there are now no Esquires to the body of the Prince. Mr. Sweet, or rather the author he edits, from whom we borrowed the statement, has evidently been led into the oversight by some prior authority. The Gentlemen-at-Arms are actually the Body Guard of the Sovereign, and there can be no doubt about their being Esquires; they are invariably so named in their warrants. To further elucidate this, we give the following account of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, from Dodd's *Manual of Dignities*:—

"THE GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.—In 1509, this portion of the King's body guard was established by Henry VIII. They were originally denominated 'Spears,' and till the reign of William IV. they bore the name of 'The Band of Gentlemen Pensioners,' but by command of the late king they have since always been styled the band of Gentlemen-at-Arms. The body is composed of forty gentlemen, who purchase their several appointments, subject to the approval of the captain; and their

duty consists in attending at every levee, and drawing-room, in the presence chamber; whenever addresses are presented to the throne, or the Sovereign goes to the house of Peers, they are also on duty. Upon the death of the king, they attend the funeral on each side of the canopy, and at the coronations they possess the privilege of carrying up the royal dinner; on the latter occasion, knighthood is usually conferred on the senior officer, without the payment of fees. *Every member of the band is styled ESQUIRE in his warrant of appointment.* The officers consist of a CAPTAIN, who is sworn in by the Lord Chamberlain in person, under royal warrant, and bears the ebony staff, with a gold head, as an ensign of office: A LIEUTENANT, who is sworn in by the Clerk of the Chequer, under the captain's warrant, and bears an ebony staff with a silver head: A STANDARD-BEARER, who bears a similar staff, and is sworn in the same manner as the lieutenant; he has no standard, however, in the present day: A CLERK OF THE CHEQUE, who keeps the roll, and is sworn in by the captain, from whom he receives an ivory-headed staff; and lastly, a HARBINGER, whose duty is to provide for the accommodation of the band, whenever the court moves, in processions, royal visits, &c."

We now come to the second suggestion of our correspondent relative to an M.D. of the Dublin University.

The 14th and 15th Henry VIII., c. 5, which confirms the Charter of the College of Physicians, certainly enacts in its third section, that persons practising physic in other parts of England (than in London, or within seven miles of it,) are to have letters testimonial from the President and three elects, unless they be graduate physicians of Oxford or Cambridge. But the College of Physicians have power by their Charter (confirmed by Act of Parliament,) to make bye-laws respecting the qualifications of persons to be admitted into their College; and it is ordained by them that no person shall be admitted into the class of candidates, before admission into the College, unless he has taken a degree of M.D. at Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, except in two cases: in one of those cases, the President may propose once in every other year a Doctor of Physic of a certain standing, and if he be approved of by the College, he may be admitted a Fellow; in the other, any Fellow may propose a Doctor of Physic, of a certain age or standing, and if approved at certain meetings, he may be admitted a Fellow.—See *Rex v. Physicians' College*, 7th Term Reports, 252.

Thus the degree of M.D. of the University of Dublin has a certain recognition in England beyond that of any other University than those of Oxford and Cambridge. In fact, with regard to London, and within seven miles of it, an M.D. of Dublin is exactly in the same position as an M.D. of Oxford or Cambridge. Neither can practice in the locality mentioned without license from the College of Physicians, while each has a right to be admitted into the class of candidates for the College. For this reason, therefore, we presume that a Doctor of Medicine of Trinity College, Dublin, is entitled to his rank of Physician in England.

With regard to the last point, a Surgeon or Medical Practitioner, though a Gentleman by occupation, is clearly not an Esquire. The grant of a charter of incorporation by the Crown, does not, of course of itself, make the members of the corporate body Esquires, or even Gentlemen. There is nothing, we believe, expressed in the charter of the Royal College of Surgeons which would give the title of Esquire to its Fellows or Members. They are, however, as we have said, Gentlemen by occupation.

The following is another note which we have received on this subject:—

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

February 9, 1848.

SIR,—Having just read in the last number of *The Patrician*, an interesting paper, on the terms "Generosus," and "Armiger," I beg to offer the following remarks.

Hitherto I have always considered myself, for the five following reasons, correct in assuming the superior title—1st, Being the great-grandson of one styled Esquire by the Sovereign in his commission; 2dly, Bearing the same arms as my ancestors for many generations; 3dly, Being the maternal grandson of a Knight; 4thly, Being a Graduate of the University of Oxford; and, 5thly, Being a County Grand Juror. Now it would appear that none of these confer upon me the distinction which I have been in the habit of claiming.

I am therefore quite satisfied to sink into the "gentleman of perfect blood," and think, with you, that it is quite ridiculous in persons using a title to which they have no legal right. There is, however, one point yet to be settled. Is the "gentleman of perfect blood," who you acknowledge to be "nobilis," to bear the odious prefix of "Gent.," making no distinction between such and members of a family of yesterday?

Would it not be well were an address presented to her Majesty upon the subject of confining these titles to the parties to whom they legally belong, and ordering the proper officer at the Herald's College to grant certificates, on the payment of a moderate sum, to all parties who prove their right to either title, and let their names be regularly gazetted, as in the case of a Peerage conferred or revived?

I am yours,

"GENEROSUS."

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XIX.—THE ABDUCTION OF MISS WHARTON, AN HEIRESS, BY SIR
JOHN JOHNSTON, BART.

It is difficult to now find a detailed account of this extraordinary affair, which created a great sensation at the time it occurred. The parties implicated, as well as the lady injured, were all persons of consequence. The unhappy fate of Sir John Johnston presents a sad record of the blood-thirsty nature at that period of our criminal code. Of course, it is hardly necessary to remark that now-a-days, abduction is not punishable by death—but by transportation or imprisonment.

Sir John Johnston, was the scion and knightly representative of the family of Johnston of that Ilk, and of Caskieben, in the shire of Aberdeen.

The surname of Johnston is of great antiquity in Scotland, and must be familiar to every one conversant with the history of that kingdom. The lineage of this race was of old proverbially honourable ;—in the ancient rhyme on the characters of Scottish families, to this day popular in some parts of the country, they are designed “The gentle Johnstons.”

The two families of Johnston of that Ilk, and of Caskieben, and Johnston of that Ilk in Annandale, long disputed the title to the chiefship of the name. The pretensions of the latter proceeded on the assumption that Stephen de Johnston, the founder of the family of Caskieben, was a cadet of the Annandale branch, while the Johnstons of Caskieben, always maintained that he was the head or chief of the name.

On this point, Douglas, in the Peerage of Scotland, merely says, “There were two families of this surname, who both designed themselves by the title of that Ilk, viz. those of Annandale in the south, and Caskieben in the north ; but we cannot pretend to connect them with one another.”

In the Baronage, however, in treating of the family of Caskieben, he says, “They have been long designed *de eodem*, or of that Ilk, which appellation generally denotes head or chief of a clan.”

George Johnston, the grandfather of Sir John, the subject of the trial, was created a Knight Baronet of Nova Scotia, by Charles I., and was a stanch cavalier. The grandson, Sir John Johnston, was the third baronet.

Playfair, in his Baronetage, thus speaks of Sir John Johnston, and his unfortunate participation in the abduction.

“Sir John Johnston, the third baronet, entered early into the army, and having served in King William’s wars in Flanders, was afterwards a captain under that monarch at the battle of the Boyne. He had the misfortune to assist his friend, the Honourable Captain James Campbell, in carrying off

and marrying Miss Mary Wharton, a young and rich heiress, related to Lord Wharton, the great favourite of King William, who obtained a proclamation, offering a reward for apprehending them. Campbell escaped into Scotland; Sir John was not so fortunate, for he was betrayed by his landlord, for fifty pounds, tried at the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed in December, 1690, although it appeared upon his trial, by the evidence of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, and the people of the house in which they lodged, and where they remained two days, as well as by Miss M. Wharton's own letter to her aunt, acquainting her of her marriage, that there was no force used, but that she freely consented to it. His defence and whole deportment upon the occasion were very affecting; he was a brave man, and certainly fell a sacrifice to the times.

"The marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament, and Captain Campbell, afterwards designed of Mamore, married in Scotland, and became the father of General Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Sir John Johnston, having never been married, was succeeded by his cousin and heir male, John, son of his uncle John, of New Place."

Playfair is not correct in calling Captain Campbell the Campbell of Mamore. Campbell of Mamore was his elder brother. Douglas, in his "Peerage of Scotland," gives, as follows, the right account of this Captain James Campbell, who carried off Miss Wharton.

"The Hon. James Campbell of Burnbank and Boquhan, fourth son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was, on the 17th of May, 1685, confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, that he might not join his father. On the 4th of November, 1690, he, with the assistance of Archibald Montgomery, and Sir John Johnston of Caskieben, in Aberdeenshire, Bart., forcibly carried off Mary, daughter of Sir George Wharton, a girl of thirteen, with an estate of £1500 per annum, from her mother's house in Great Queen Street, and had the ceremony of marriage performed, and passed with her two nights. The marriage was annulled by act of Parliament, which received the royal assent, 20th December, 1690; and Sir John Johnston was executed at Tyburn for abetting the abduction, on the 23rd of the same month. Mr. Campbell escaped, was a captain of dragoons, afterwards attained the rank of colonel, and was elected member of Parliament for Campbelltown, 1708. He married the Hon. Margaret Lesley, third daughter of David, first Lord Newark, and had issue. One of his daughters, Anna, was born at Edinburgh, 18th December, 1696; his daughter, Mary, left her estate of Boquhan, in Stirlingshire, to her cousin General Henry Fletcher, of Salton; and no male descendants of his body are in existence."

In the continuation of Rapin's History of England, the following notice is taken of this event. "During this session of Parliament (3 William and Mary) happened an incident which made a great noise. Captain James Campbell, brother to the Earl of Argyll, assisted by Mr. Archibald Montgomery and Sir John Johnston, on the 14th November, forcibly seized on Miss Mary Wharton, daughter and heiress of Sir George Wharton, a fortune, it is said, of £50,000, and about thirteen years of age. She was carried away from her relations in Great Queen Street, and married against her will.

"The next day, his majesty issued his royal proclamation, for apprehending Mr. Campbell and the abettors of this unwarrantable action,

and Sir John Johnston being apprehended, was tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, notwithstanding great application was made to the King and the relations of the bride to save his life; which was thought the harder, as it appeared upon his trial, Miss Wharton had given evident proofs that the violence Captain Campbell used was not so much against her will as her lawyers endeavoured to make it. Not long before this there was a bill brought into the House of Commons to prevent clandestine marriages, which it was thought this incident would have accelerated, but it was dropped. However, another bill was brought into the House of Commons on the 4th day of December, to render void the marriage between Miss Wharton and Mr. Campbell, which, notwithstanding the Earl of Argyll petitioned against it, passed both houses the 13th of December."

Sir John Johnston, as above mentioned, was tried for this abduction at the Old Bailey, on the 11th of December, 1690.

The evidence was in substance, that Miss Mary Wharton, being an heiress of considerable fortune, and under the care of her guardian, (Mr. Bierly,) was decoyed out on the 10th of November, and being met with by Sir John Johnston, Captain Campbell, and Mr. Montgomery, in Queen Street, was forced into a coach with six horses, (appointed to wait there by Captain Campbell,) and carried to the coachman's house, and there married to Captain Campbell, against the consent of herself, or knowledge of her guardian. The jury having found the prisoner guilty, he received sentence of death.

At the place of execution, Sir John addressed the spectators in a long speech, in which he not only endeavoured to make it appear he was blameless in the transaction for which he suffered, but that he had been greatly wronged by printed papers, in which he was charged with other offences. He was executed at Tyburn, the 23rd of December, 1690.

Miss Wharton afterwards married Colonel Bierly, who commanded a regiment of horse in the service of William III.

The following ballad, entitled "Captain Johnstoun's Last Farewell," was composed, it is believed, the year after Sir John's death. As already stated, the hero of the piece had been betrayed by a treacherous landlord.

Good people all, where'er you be,
That hear my dismal doom,
Have some regard to pity me,
Who now, alas! am come
To die an ignominious death,
As it doth well appear,
For I declare, with my last breath,
Your laws are most severe.

In Scotland I was bred, and born,
Of noble parents there,
Good education did adorn
My life, I do declare.
No crime did e'er my conscience stain,
Till I had ventured here,
Thus have I reason to complain,
Your laws are most severe.

In Flanders I have faced the French,
And likewise in Ireland,
Still eagerly pursued the chase,
With valiant heart and hand :
Why was I not in battle slain,
Rather than suffer here
A death which mortals do disdain ?
Your laws are most severe.

I did not hurt or wrong intend
I solemnly protest,
But merely to assist a friend
I granted his request—
To free his lady out of thrall,
His joy and only dear,
And now my life must pay for all—
Your laws are most severe.

In coming to my native land
At this unhappy time,
Alas ! I did not understand
The nature of the crime ;
I therefore soon did condescend,
As it doth well appear,
Wherein I find I do offend—
Your laws are most severe.

In the same lodgings where I lay,
And lived at bed and board,
My landlord did my life betray
For fifty pounds reward ;
And being into prison cast,
Altho' with conscience clear,
I was arraigned at the last —
Your laws are most severe.

This ladye would not hear my moan,
While dying words I sent ;
Her cruel heart, more hard than stone,
Would not the least relent ;
But triumphing in my wretched state,
As I do often hear,
I fall here by the hand of fate —
Your laws are most severe.

Will not my good and gracious king
Be merciful to me ?
Is there not in his breast a spring
Of princely clemencie ?
No ! not for me, alas ! I die —
My hour is drawing near —
To the last minute I will cry,
Your laws are most severe.

Farewell, dear countrymen (said he)
And this tumultuous noise,
My soul shall now transported be
To more celestial joys :
Tho' in the blossom of my youth,
Pale death I do not fear,
Unto the last I speak the truth—
Your laws are most severe.

Alas ! I have not long to live,
 And therefore now, (said he,)
 All those that wronged me I forgive,
 As God will pardon me :
 My landlord and his subtle wife
 I do forgive them here ;
 Farewell this transitory life —
 Your laws are most severe.

NO. XX.—THE DUEL BETWEEN MR. THORNHILL AND SIR CHOLMELEY
 DERING, BART.

THE Derings of Kent are a family of Saxon origin, and one of the oldest in the realm. A baronetcy was conferred on this ancient house in 1626. Sir Cholmeley Dering, the unfortunate victim of this duel, was the fourth baronet, and a M.P. for Kent. He was the direct ancestor of Sir Edward Dering, the present baronet.

The facts which led to the fatal duel in question, are these :—

Sir Cholmeley Dering and Mr. Thornhill, had dined together on the 7th of April, 1711, in company with several other gentlemen, at the Toy, at Hampton Court, where a dispute arose.

During the quarrel, Sir Cholmeley struck Mr. Thornhill, and a scuffle ensuing, the wainscot of the room broke down, and Thornhill falling, the other stamped on him, and beat out some of his teeth. The company now interposing, Sir Cholmeley, convinced that he had acted improperly, declared that he was willing to ask pardon ; but Mr. Thornhill said, that asking pardon was not a proper satisfaction for the injury that he had received ; adding, “ Sir Cholmeley, you know where to find me.” Soon after this the company broke up, and the parties went home in different coaches, without any farther steps being taken towards their reconciliation.

On the 9th of April, Sir Cholmeley went to a coffee-house at Kensington, and asked for Mr. Thornhill, who not being there, he went to his lodgings, and the servant shewed him to the dining-room ; to which he ascended with a brace of pistols in his hands, and soon afterwards Mr. Thornhill coming to him asked him if he would drink tea, which he declined, but drank a glass of small beer.

After this the gentlemen ordered a hackney-coach, in which they went to Tothill-fields, and there advanced towards each other, in a resolute manner, and fired their pistols almost at the same moment.

Sir Cholmeley, being mortally wounded, fell to the ground : and Mr. Thornhill, after lamenting the unhappy catastrophe, was going away, when a person stopped him, told him he had been guilty of murder, and took him before a justice of the peace, who committed him to prison.

On the 18th of May, 1711, Richard Thornhill, Esq., was indicted at the Old Bailey Sessions for this murder. In the course of the trial, the above facts were proved, and a letter was produced of which the following is a copy :—

“ April 8th, 1711.

“ SIR,—I shall be able to go abroad to-morrow morning, and desire you will give me a meeting, with your sword and pistols, which I insist on. The worthy gentleman who brings you this, will concert with you

the time and place. I think Tothill-fields will do well ; Hyde-park will not, at this time of year being full of company.

I am, your humble Servant,

RICHARD THORNHILL.

Mr. Thornhill's servant swore, that he believed this letter to be his master's hand-writing ; but Mr. Thornhill hoped the jury would not pay any regard to this testimony, as the boy acknowledged in court that he never saw him write.

Mr. Thornhill called several witnesses to prove how ill he had been used by Sir Cholmeley ; that he had languished some time of the wounds he had received, during which he could take no other sustenance than liquids, and that his life was in imminent danger.

Several persons of distinction testified that Mr. Thornhill was of a peaceable disposition, and that, on the contrary, the deceased was of a remarkably quarrelsome temper. On behalf of Mr. Thornhill, it was farther deposed, that Sir Cholmeley being asked if he came by his hurt through unfair usage, he replied, " No : poor Thornhill ! I am sorry for him ; this misfortune was my own fault, and of my own seeking. I heartily forgive him, and desire you all to take notice of it, that it may be of some service to him ; and that one misfortune may not occasion another."

The jury acquitted Mr. Thornhill of the murder, but found him guilty of manslaughter ; in consequence of which he was burnt in the hand.

HIGH SHERIFFS OF ENGLAND,

Appointed for the Year 1848,

WITH PERSONAL AND GENEALOGICAL ANNOTATIONS.

Bedfordshire.—THOMAS ABBOTT GREEN, of Pavenham, Esq. Mr. Green is eldest son of the late Henry Green, Esq., of Eywood, co. Hereford, by Anne, his wife, dau. of William Hylton, Esq., a scion of the Baronial House of Hylton, of Durham. He succeeded to his estate at Pavenham, at the decease of his grand uncle Francis Green, Esq., in 1840.

Berkshire.—JOHN HOPKINS, of Tidmarsh, Esq. The estate of Tidmarsh was purchased in 1798, from Charles Butler, Esq., by the late Robert Hopkins, Esq., who served as High Sheriff of the County, in 1814.

Bucks.—WILLIAM LOWNDES, of the Bury, in Chesham, Esq. The founder of the opulent families of Lowndes, of Whaddon, and Lowndes of Chesham, was Mr. Lowndes, the well known financier of the reign of Queen Anne, to whom the nation is indebted for originating the funding system. He was for many years a Member of the House of Commons, and chairman of Ways and Means. His descendants, William Selby Lowndes, Esq., of Whaddon and Winslow, and Wm. Lowndes, Esq., of the Bury, Chesham, the present High Sheriff of Bucks, are both entitled to quarter the Royal Arms, as co-representatives of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury.

Cambridgeshire and Hunts.—JOHN MOYER HEATHCOTE, of Connington Castle, Esq. The Heathcotes have long been extensive

landed proprietors in the counties of Rutland, Lincoln, Cambridge, and Hunts., and hence originated the line of a distinguished poet :

“Heathcote himself and such large aced men.”

The founder of the family was Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London, one of the projectors of the Bank of England, who sat in Parliament for the Metropolis, in the time of Queen Anne. The present sheriff is great great grandson of this patriotic citizen.

Cheshire.—HENRY BROOK, of the Grange, Esq. This gentleman has not, we believe, been long settled in the county for which he now serves as sheriff.

Cornwall.—AUGUSTUS CORYTON, of Pentillie Castle, Esq. The family of Coryton claims great antiquity, and is supposed to have been seated at Coryton, in Devon, antecedently to the Conquest. In the time of Charles I. the representative of the House, Wm. Coryton, Esq., of Coryton, sat in Parliament for Cornwall, and was the friend and partisan of Hampden, Pym, and Eliot.

Cumberland.—HENRY DUNDAS MACLEAN, of Lazenby Hall, Esq., Lieut.-Col. in the army. Colonel Maclean, Esq., is 2nd surviving son of Alex. Maclean of Ardgour, co. Argyll, the 13th “Maclean of Ardgour” in direct succession. Through his mother, Lady Margaret Hope, he descends from the noble house of Hopetoun, and through his grand-

mother, Lady Elizth. Melville, from the Earls of Leven and Melville. He is married to Eleanor, dau. of the Rev. J. Dacre Carlyle, claimant of the title of Carlyle, of Torthorwald

Derbyshire.—SIR ROBERT BURDETT, of Foremark, Bart. The very ancient family, from which the hon. Baronet descends, was founded at the Conquest; and one of his ancestors, Thomas Burdett, of Arrow, a person of great note and figure in the county of Warwick, *temp.* Edward IV., was beheaded in 1477, for having intemperately wished the horns of a white buck, which he had heard that the king had killed in his park of Arrow, in the belly of the monarch's adviser. Sir Robert possesses extensive estates in the counties of Derby, Warwick, and Wilts. He is only son of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., and grandson, maternally, of Thomas Coutts, Esq., the opulent banker, whose vast wealth has devolved, by the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, on Sir Robert's sister, Miss Angela Burdett Coutts.

Devonshire.—JOHN SILLIFANT, of Coombe, Esq. The Sillifants, originally Sullivan or Syllivan, derived from the Sullivans of Ireland, came from that kingdom in 1641, and acquired the estate of Coombe in 1677, in marriage with Snell.

Dorsetshire.—JOHN GOODDEN, of Over-Compton, Esq. The manor of Over-Compton was held by the family of Abington from the time of Henry VIII. to the year 1736, when it passed into the possession of the Gooddens, who were long previously settled at Bower Hinton, co. Somerset. Some few years after the acquisition of the Over-Compton estate, Robert Goodden, Esq., of Bower Hinton, was selected to serve as High Sheriff of Dorset, and his son filled the same office in 1779.

Durham.—SIR WILLIAM EDEN, of Windlestone Hall, Bart. The Edens were resident in the county of Durham for some generations prior to the close of the fourteenth century. Their chief is SIR WILLIAM EDEN, who succeeded his cousin, the late Sir Robert John Eden, Bart., in 1844. The noble House of Auckland springs from a younger son of the Baronial line.

Essex.—BEALE BLACKWELL COLVIN, of Margham's-Hall, Waltham Holy-cross, Esq.

Gloucestershire.—WILLIAM CAPEL, of the Grove, Painswick, Esq. The Capels came originally from How-Capel, co. Hereford, and were at a very early period settled at Gloucester, of which city John Capel was Mayor in 1484. The Capels of Prestbury and the Capels of the Grove both descend from Christopher Capel, M.P. for Gloucester, and its Mayor in 1619.

Herefordshire.—ROBERT MAULKIN LINGWOOD, of Laystone House, Esq., one of the County Magistrates, and a landed proprietor of fortune.

Herts.—WILLIAM PARKER, of Ware Park, Esq.

Kent.—J. A. WARRE, of Westcliffe, Saint Lawrence, Thanet, Esq.

Lancashire.—SIR THOMAS GEO. HESKETH, of Rufford Hall, Bart. The Heskeths, like many other great northern families, owed their original elevation to martial achievement, and have flourished in the county Palatine of Lancaster for more than seven centuries, up to the present period, being now in the actual enjoyment of the greater part of the landed property acquired at the commencement of that remote era. The present Baronet, who has not long attained his majority, succeeded to the title and estates at the decease of his

father in 1843. He is married to Lady Anna Maria Arabella Fermor, eldest sister of the Earl of Pomfret.

Leicestershire.—HENRY FREEMAN COLEMAN, of Evington Hall, Esq.

Lincolnshire.—ROBERT ELLISON, of Sudbrooke House, Esq.

Monmouthshire.—EDWARD HARRIS PHILLIPS, of Trosnant Cottage, Esq., a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the county.

Norfolk.—WYRLEY BIRCH, of Wretham, Esq. This gentleman is son and heir of the late George Birch, Esq., of Hamstead Hall, and Handsworth, and grandson of the late Sir Thomas Birch, Judge of the Common Pleas. Maternally, Mr. Birch derives from the loyal family of Lane of Bentley, memorable for the part it took in the preservation of Charles II. The estates of East and West Wretham, Mr. Birch purchased in 1812.

Northamptonshire.—The Hon. HENRY HELY HUTCHINSON, of Weedon. Colonel Hutchinson is next brother of the present Earl of Donoughmore. He married, in 1825, Harriet, eldest dau. of the late William Wrightson, Esq., of Cusworth, and widow of the Hon. F. Sylvester North Douglas, only son of Lord Glenbervie.

Northumberland.—GEORGE BURDON, of Heddon House, Esq.

Notts.—JOHN HENRY MANNERS-SUTTON, of Kelham, Esq. Lord George Manners, son of the third Duke of Rutland, inheriting the estates of his maternal grandfather, Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington, assumed the additional surname of Sutton, and founded the family of Manners-Sutton, whose representative is Mr. Manners-Sutton, of Kelham, the present Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, who is grand-nephew of the late Dr. Manners-Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Oxfordshire.—MATTHEW PIERS

WATT BOULTON, of Great Tew, Esq.

Rutlandshire.—CHARLES GEORGE NOEL, VISCOUNT CAMPDEN, of Flitteris Park. His Lordship is only son of the present Earl of Gainsborough, by Elizabeth, his second wife, dau. of the late Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. His ancestors, the Noels, have for centuries been the leading landed proprietors in Rutlandshire. Lord Campden is married to the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Erroll.

Shropshire.—WILLIAM HENRY FRANCIS PLOWDEN, of Plowden, Esq. The Plowdens have been seated at Plowden from a period anteceding the earliest records in the vicinity. Roger Plowden, of Plowden, was a Crusader under Cœur de Lion, and is said to have received for his gallant services the augmentation of the *fleurs de lis*, borne ever since by his descendants. In more modern times, the descendant of this warrior of the Cross, Edmund Plowden, gained great forensic distinction, being “accounted,” says Wood, in the ‘*Athenæ*,’ “the oracle of the law.” The present High Sheriff succeeded to the family estate at the decease of his uncle, Edmund Plowden, Esq., of Plowden.

Somersetshire.—EDWARD AYSHFORD SANFORD, of Nynhead Court, Esq. The family of Sanford is one of antiquity and distinction; and its present chief—the High Sheriff—represents also the eminent House of Ayshford, of Ayshford, in Devon, derived in lineal descent from Stephanus de Eisforde, of Eisforde, *temp.* William the Conqueror. Mr. Sanford represented Somersetshire for several years in Parliament.

Staffordshire.—THE Hon. FREDERICK GOUGH, of Perry Barr. The founder of the family of Gough was Sir Matthew Gough, of Welch

extraction, who was Knighted in the French wars under Talbot, having achieved the reputation of a brave and enterprising soldier. The more immediate ancestor, Henry Gough, Esq., of Oldfallings, co. Stafford, was amongst the most zealous adherents of King Charles I., devoting himself, heart and fortune, to the service of that ill-fated Prince. On one occasion, he is stated to have himself carried to the King a purse of £1200. He was however very rich, and is recorded in family tradition, as

“—Old Justice Gough
Who had money enough.”

The late representative of this loyal Squire, John Gough, Esq., of Perry Hall, left his estates to his kinsman, the Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, brother of Lord Calthorpe, who has since taken the name of Gough and is the present High Sheriff. R. Gough, the celebrated antiquary, was a scion of this ancient stem.

Southamptonshire.—JOHN WOOD, of Theddon Grange, Alton, Esq.

Suffolk.—CHARLES ANDREW LORD HUNTINGFIELD, of Haveningham Hall. His Lordship, an Irish Peer, possesses a considerable estate in the county of which he is Sheriff—acquired by his great grandfather, Sir Joshua Vanneck, Bart., an eminent merchant of the city of London.

Surrey.—LEE STEERE, of Jayes, Dorking, Esq.

Sussex.—SIR SOTHERTON BRANTHWAYT PECKHAM MICKLETHWAIT, of Iridge-place, Bart. This gentleman, second son of the late Nathaniel Micklethwait, Esq., of Taverham, Norfolk, and grandson of John Micklethwait, Esq., of Beeston, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir of William Peckham, Esq., of Iridge, assumed by sign manual in 1824 the additional surname and arms of Peckham. He was created a Baronet 27th July, 1838, for a

personal service rendered to Her Majesty, (then Princess Victoria,) and the Duchess of Kent, at St. Leonard's, in November, 1832.

Warwickshire.—THOMAS DILKE, of Maxstoke Castle, Esq.

Wiltshire.—JOHN HENRY CAMPBELL WYNDHAM, of the College, Salisbury, Esq. Mr. Campbell Wyndham is the only son of the late Colonel John Campbell, of Dunoon, co. Argyle, by Caroline Frances, his wife, daughter of the late Henry Penruddock Wyndham, Esq., M.P. for Wilts. He succeeded to the Wyndham estates at the decease of his uncle, the late Wadham Wyndham, Esq., in 1843, and assumed, in consequence, the additional surname he bears. Through his maternal ancestors, Mr. Campbell Wyndham is seventeenth in a direct descent from Edward I., King of England.

Worcestershire.—JOSEPH FREDERICK LEDSAM, of Northfield, Esq. The family of Ledsam, is of considerable antiquity in the counties of Chester and Flint. A branch became established in the sister island, at CloghJordan, co. Tipperary, and from that spring the Ledsams of Birmingham, of whom the present High Sheriff of Worcestershire is a member.

Yorkshire.—YARBURGH GREAME, of Sewerby, Esq. The Greames, presumed to be of Scottish origin, have resided at Sewerby for a great length of time. The present High Sheriff is only son of John Greame, Esq., of Sewerby, by Sarah his wife, daughter of the late Charles Yarburgh, Esq., of Heslington, near York, and thus descends, maternally, from one of the oldest families in the kingdom, that of Yarburgh, which can trace an authenticated male succession from the time of the Norman Conquest, and through the Mortimers and the Percys can shew a direct descent from the Plantagenets.

THE OPERA.

HER Majesty's Theatre has opened for the season with its usual splendour, and with even more than its usual success. The praiseworthy and continued endeavour on the part of the management here, to afford every opportunity for the introduction of talent novel to this country, has this time proved signally prosperous. In addition to the return of Gardoni, who effected his now great English reputation no later than last year, two new singers have appeared, and have taken at once a high position: these are Signor Belletti and Signora Sofia Cruvelli, who have been received with acclamation. The opening opera was Verdi's "Ernani," with the following cast:—

Carlo V.	Gardoni.
Ruy Gomez de Silva	Belletti.
Ernani	Cuzzani.
Elvira	Signora Sofia Cruvelli.

Of the *debutanti*, courtesy compels mention of the lady first. Signora Cruvelli is young and handsome, with expressive features, a noble forehead and a speaking eye. Her voice is a pure soprano—the freshest heard for several seasons, with the exception of that of Jenny Lind—of large compass, good quality, and great flexibility and power. Her style also is good, her method being strictly scientific, and her intonation, to the last degree, correct. Added to this she is an able actress, and is, both histrionically and dramatically, full of feeling, spirit, and taste.

Her acting and singing were excellent in the last scene of the first part of the opera, when, flinging herself into her lover's arms, she plights to him her troth in his hour of trial, and bids him trust in her constancy and faith, as she trusts in the deadly weapon she wields to preserve both for him. The second part of the opera she rendered with great truth and feeling; and in the most touching as well as the most graceful manner. In the last scene, where Ernani stabs himself and dies, she developed the greatest amount of histrionic power in the course of her performance, and proved herself not only an excellent musician, but an actress of the first order. The fair Signora received thunders of applause. Her success was decided and certain.

Signor Belletti, the baritone, also made a successful *debut*. He has a magnificent voice, and is master of a cultivated style; he is, moreover, as an actor, possessed of considerable merits. All the portions of the score which fell to his share were beautifully and truthfully executed; and consequently, his also, as might have been predicated, was a success of the most decided character.

Signor Cuzzani has a sweet voice and a correct method, but is evidently suffering from influenza.

Gardoni's Carlo Quinto was admirably executed, and the celebrated aria—

“Da quel di che t’ho veduta
Bella come imprimo amore”—

was perhaps never more delightfully rendered than it was by him on this occasion. He also acted with spirit and taste, and looked “every inch a king.”

The orchestra, which has been newly modelled, proved itself, upon this occasion, fully the equal of the first body of instrumentalists in the country. Mr. Balfe, the conductor, was loudly and deservedly cheered on taking his seat.

The new grand ballet which succeeded, is entitled, “Fiorita, et la Reine des Elfides.” It is the work of Paul Taglioni; Pagni being the composer of the music. The cast comprised Carolina Rosati and Marie Taglione, and M. Louis D’Or. The scene lies in Sicily.

This is the action of the ballet:—The first *tableau* which represents a Sicilian inn, and a Sicilian landscape, prefigures the preparations for the nuptials of Fiorita and Toniello. Flowers and garlands are suspended in every direction. The happy couple, their relations, the witnesses, and the notary, are within the inn, busied in the formalities of the marriage contract. Without, the guests abandon themselves to all the joy of the occasion; the old folks are seated at their tables drinking, while the young people dance to the rustic instruments of a band of itinerant musicians. A number of young damsels appear with bouquets in their hands, and one of them entering, returns, and signifies to the guests that the betrothed couple are about to appear; whereupon Fiorita and Toniello, their relations, and the witnesses, descend on the stage. The dance ceases instantly; the villagers raise their hats in the air, and mounting the chairs and tables, vie with each other in shouting salutations to the bride. Each of the damsels then offers her bouquet to the pair, and invites them to join in the dance. This terminated, they proceed to church, all present forming a procession, with the musicians at their head.

In the second *tableau* a vast forest, adorned with all sorts of flowers, is seen, wherein Hertha and the elves sport and play, and indulge in the pleasures of the dance. Suddenly they are interrupted by the sounds of rustic music; anon the nuptial procession of Fiorita and Toniello approaches. Hertha signals her subjects to retire, and then vanishes into a thicket, after having attracted the procession to the spot by her magical incantations. The nuptial party having entered the wood, the relations stop to rest, while the young people amuse themselves with the national Tarantella. Fiorita, and the young girls of the party, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of the bridegroom, then perform a Sicilienne. The grace and innocent coquetry displayed by the bride in this dance, so greatly delights Toniello, that he rushes into her arms; and, the Tarantella recommencing with more vigour than ever, ‘the mirth and fun grow fast and furious.’

All this has not, however, been unobserved by Hertha, who soon feels inspired by a passion for Toniello, and regards his bride with bitter jealousy. She raises a violent storm at the very moment when the procession is about to proceed; and in the darkness that ensues, Toniello loses all trace of his companions, and in vain endeavours to find his Fiorita. The incantations of Hertha have put all to flight excepting him. Taking advantage of the gloom, Hertha, disguised as a village maiden, presents herself to his view, and he taking her for his bride, pursues her through

the devious windings of the forest. Fiorita, however, is not without supernatural protection; for the good genius, Anar, attracted to the spot by the storm, rushes forward to frustrate the designs of Hertha.

Toniello, who has not ceased from the pursuit of his supposed bride, seeing light, rushes into a cottage.

The third *tableau* exhibits Toniello in the centre of a rustic apartment. Upon looking around him, however, he perceives crouched in a large chair, a young village girl, who is weeping and trembling. Believing that she is Fiorita, he hastens towards her, and is amazed when he discovers that she is a stranger, and only resembles his bride by her dress. Touched by the terror she displays, he conducts her to the window and endeavours to cheer her by shewing her that the storm has ceased. At this moment, the elves, disguised as peasants, enter the cottage. Toniello, approaching them, asks if they have seen his bride. They answer in the negative, and he is about to leave the cottage, when the elves detain him, and Hertha endeavours to console him for the grief he feels at the loss of his beloved. Poor Toniello is not insensible to the charms of the Elfin Queen, but she is annoyed that she cannot make him forget Fiorita. In vain does she dance the Sicilienne with the elves her companions; he only attempts to fly from her presence; and she finds that her supernatural power can alone retain him. In obedience to her incantations, therefore, a number of little genii appear in the cottage, and pour down a shower of poppies, which lull him into a profound sleep. Hertha then vanishes with her shepherd in a thick cloud, and bears him to her gardens.

In the fourth *tableau* the enchanted gardens of the Queen of Elves is indicated. These are delightful to look upon, but evil lurks beneath their beauties. They are adorned with seeming statues, the victims of Hertha's hate; they are watered with the stream of oblivion, one drop of which produces forgetfulness of the most sacred ties.

But the powers of evil are not suffered to work without impediment. Anar, the genius of good, takes pity on the forlorn Fiorita, and conducts her to the gardens, where she appears to her bridegroom among the other statues. With a rose-branch, given to him by Anar, Toniello disenchantments them all, and the sight of his Fiorita dispels at once the effect which the Elfin Queen had produced upon his heart. The sudden appearance of Hertha causes Fiorita to retire, but before she departs, she drops a nosegay as a token of remembrance.

Hertha must now have recourse to the stream of oblivion, if she would secure the affections of Toniello. The elves immerse his cap in the fatal water, and all thoughts of his Fiorita are at once obliterated from his mind. But Anar is not unwatchful, and just as Toniello is about to resign himself to the charms of the Elfin Queen, the good genius removes from the head of the villager the cap that causes the delusion, and transforms Hertha into a statue, that she may stand an inanimate witness of the happiness of the Sicilian lovers.

This story is not new in its character, turning, as it does, on the love of a supernatural being for a mortal; but the circumstance that the Elfin Queen is an evil personage distinguishes it from the ordinary tales of the "Undine" class. The treatment of the subject is exceedingly good. M. Paul Taglioni, the inventor, has not paused too long in the pantomime part of the entertainment, but has interrupted the succession of dances as little as possible, while, by alternating the lively earthly dances of the

Sicilian peasants with the aerial movements of the fairies, he has achieved a most agreeable variety. A Tarentella by the villagers, and a dance by Anar and the good genii, all personated by children, are to be ranked amongst the prettiest effects which have been produced by a *corps de ballet*. The scenery is superb in the extreme, and the conclusion in the "Enchanted gardens," with a fountain of real water playing in front of the petrified Hertha, may be compared to the brilliant terminations of *Coralie* and *Thea*. The introduction of real water as a means of scenic effect has generally proved a failure, but here the interesting streams are managed with so much taste and skill, that the result is both novel and beautiful.

Those admirable *danseuses*, Rosati and Marie Taglioni, whose brilliant *debut* created so much excitement at the commencement of last season, are the supporters of the new ballet. Rosati is Fiorita; Marie is the Elfin Queen. The consummate art with which Rosati executes those brilliant steps which are peculiar to herself created the wonted enthusiasm, and Marie Taglioni again delighted everybody by the juvenile vigour of her movements. These young artists, who may be said to have started together, are evidently to hold a high and permanent place in their profession, and it is a fortunate circumstance that their styles are so different. The easy execution of obvious difficulties marks Rosati, the daring accomplishment of *tours de force* distinguishes Marie Taglioni. The principal male demon is M. Louis d'Or, who shewed much vigour and was as interesting as—a male demon can be. The clever juvenile, Mademoiselle Jenny, personates the genius of good, and presides over a little corps, probably composed of the residue of the Viennese children.

Such was the highly satisfactory commencement of the opera season.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF MADemoisELLE DE MONTPENSIER, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE, AND NEICE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA. WRITTEN BY HERSELF. EDITED FROM THE FRENCH. In three volumes. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1848.

THESE memoirs form the autobiography of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, a personage very famous in the public and private history of the French Court, during the rule of Mazarin, and the earlier portion of the reign of Louis XIV. She was the eldest daughter of that intriguing and troublesome prince, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. The principal events of her life, were the prominent and military part she took in the unintelligible war of the Fronde, and her celebrated amour with M. de Lauzun, whom she is supposed to have married. She was a woman of much conceit, vanity, and intrigue, but she was nevertheless high spirited and honourable. She suffered from the selfishness of Louis XIV, and she was shamefully treated by De Lauzun, for whom she made so great and so many sacrifices. Her memoirs are extremely amusing and interesting, especially the last volume, which contains the delicate Lauzun affair, a subject that has already formed the story of more than one romance. The princess writes with ease and pleasantry: her very vanity is entertaining, and she certainly gives a most curious display of the interior of the French Court. The book too, is full of anecdotes. For instance, she thus narrates the curious wedding of the Great Condé, then Duke of Enghien:—

“Mademoiselle de Brezée* was about this time affianced to the Due d'Enghien; there was a ball on the occasion; being very little, she fell as she was dancing *à courante*, tripped by the high heels which had been given her to increase her height. Every one laughed excepting the duke, who had only consented to her marriage to please his father. Soon after the marriage took place, he became so ill, it was thought he would have died; grief was the cause of this; she had brought him nothing but her beauty, and besides, she was a child, and still played with her doll. Finding herself despised and slighted by her husband's family, she came to me for comfort. I really pitied her, and so received her visits, though I found in them little amusement. The year after her marriage, during the absence of her husband, who had followed the King to Roussillon, they sent her to a convent to learn to read and write.”

Among her lovers, Mademoiselle appears to have counted our King Charles II, who, while in exile, during Cromwell's usurpation, employed his time in paying assiduous court to the princess. She thus narrates the course of his devotions:—

“The unhappy state of affairs in England continuing, the king dispatched the Prince of Wales, his son, to France for safety. The court was at Fontainebleau when he arrived, and their majesties went to meet him to the end of the forest, where they alighted from their carriages, when the Queen of England

* Clemence de Maillé de Brezée, neice to Cardinal de Richelieu.

presented her son to the king, and then to the queen, who kissed him. He afterwards saluted the princess and myself. He was then about seventeen years old, and tall for his age—a beautiful head, black hair, a brown complexion, and of a tolerable figure. The worst was, that he neither spoke nor in any manner understood the French language. Yet we did not let him want for good company; and, during the three days he remained at Fontainebleau, the amusement of hunting was afforded him, with every other of which the time would allow; and he paid visits to all the princesses. I saw in a moment that the Queen of England much wished me to believe that he was in love with me: he was almost the only subject of her conversation; and she remarked how he wished to come into my room at all times; that he found me much to his taste; and that he was in despair at the death of the Empress, from the fear that I should be compelled to marry the Emperor. I heard what she had to say as I ought; but I replied to nothing as she might have wished me. I think that, had he pleaded his own cause, he would have been equally unsuccessful. I know that I did not much value what they told me on the part of a man who could say nothing whatever for himself.

“The court only waited the conclusion of the campaign, to return to Paris. The news of the taking of Dunkirk immediately succeeded its arrival there. My dislike to the Duke d’Enghien prevented my participating in the general joy; and I was very glad that illness prevented my being present at the *Te Deum* which was sung on the occasion. The prince came to spend the winter in Paris. He was quite cured of the wound he had received, a little redness only remaining. This gave him no disquietude, for he had never been flattered for his beauty; though, to make up for that, he had a fine figure, and quite the air of a noble prince and a great captain.

“The Prince of Wales was still in Paris. We saw him often at the Palais Royal; for it was the season for theatrical entertainments, and he seldom failed to be present, or to place himself near me. When I visited the Queen of England, he led me to my carriage, never putting on his hat until he had taken leave of me. His civilities to me appeared in everything. One day, when I was going to an assembly at Madame de Choisy’s, the Queen of England, who wished to dress my hair and to adorn me herself, repaired in the evening to my residence, and took every care to see that I was well attired, the Prince of Wales holding the flambeau near me to give light. He wore on this occasion a little flesh-coloured white and red *oye*, because the ribbons which tied my tiara of jewels were of those colours. I wore also a plume of the same, the whole being as the Queen of England had arranged it.

“The Queen (Anne of Austria) knowing by whose hand I was adorned, bade me come to see her before I went to the ball, which she rarely failed to do on such occasions, being desirous of knowing that I was dressed to her liking. The Prince of Wales arrived at Madame de Choisy’s before me, and gave me his hand as I descended from my coach. Before entering the ball-room, I stayed for some short time in a side apartment to re-adjust my dress; and the Prince was there also to hold the flambeau. Everywhere he followed my steps; and, what is strange, and hard to believe, is, he told Prince Robert, his cousin, who served as an interpreter, that he understood everything I said, although he knew nothing of French.

“On returning home that evening, I was quite surprised to find that he had followed me to the door, where he stayed until I had entered, and then pursued his way. His gallantry thus openly shewn occasioned much talk in the world that winter. It was particularly observable at a fête given at the Palais Royal with great magnificence, and for which I was decorated by the hands of the queen, my aunt. They were three whole days in arranging my finery. My dress was studded with diamonds, and variously-coloured tufts. I wore all the crown jewels, and also those of the Queen of England, who, at that time, had some still remaining. Nothing more magnificent could be seen than my dress on this occasion; yet did I find many gentlemen who told me my beautiful figure, my good looks, the fairness of my complexion, and the brightness of my light hair, were more dazzling than all the riches that shone upon my person.

"Everything this day helped to bring me into notice. A large stage, lighted up with flambeaux, was prepared for the dancers; and in the middle of this, raised about three feet, was a throne, covered with a canopy. Seats for the ladies were ranged around the platform, the gentlemen standing at their feet—the rest of the room, *en amphithéâtre*, was left for the dancing. Neither the king nor the Prince of Wales chose to seat themselves on the throne. I remained there alone; so that I saw at my feet two princes, and the princesses of the court. I did not feel the least embarrassment at being so distinguished; and those who had flattered me at the ball, took occasion to repeat their flatteries to me on this subject the next morning. None of those present, indeed, omitted to tell me, that I had never appeared less constrained than when upon the throne; and that, as I was of a race to occupy it, I should fill it with an equal grace when in possession of it for a longer time than at the ball. Whilst thus enthroned, and the Prince of Wales at my feet, my heart viewed him *de haut en bas*, as well as my eyes. It was my wish to marry the Emperor, and, apparently, I had the consent of the court: indeed, it had been said by some of the ministers, that the Queen had the means of affording consolation to her widowed brother. Whilst dressing me that evening, she had talked of nothing but this marriage; saying that she wished it exceedingly; and that, for the happiness of her house, she should do all she could to bring it about. Thus, the idea of an empire so much occupied my mind, that I only looked on the Prince of Wales as an object of pity. The Queen of England soon discerned this, and taxed me with it—attributing it to my views in regard of the Emperor; and, although I denied this, my face was an index of my mind sufficiently faithful to confirm her in her suspicions."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was a predecessor of the present House of Orleans, in the possession of the Château d'Eu, and her description of a place where our present gracious Queen sojourned, cannot but be read with interest:—

"I was extremely glad to set out for Forges, if only to escape the remarks made upon the conduct of the Lorraines, with which I was so pestered on all sides, that their very name became odious to me. There I took the waters very quietly; and afterwards repaired to my domain of Eu, which I had not yet visited, since it came into my possession (by purchase). I arrived late, and alighted at the church, which was properly the chapel of the Château, and situated close to it. The castle itself appeared noble and commanding; I had not seen it for a long time—not since the period when I had sojourned there with the Court. I could easily infer, from the portion which M. de Guise had raised, that which it was his ambition to have completed; it was a great achievement that he left only some half of the splendid edifice, and part of the old out-works of the ancient Counts of Eu, sprung from the illustrious house of Artois, for his successors to finish. The situation is certainly very fine; a view of the sea is commanded from the apartments; but there are no gardens.

My delight was to ride out on horseback every day; but I did not long enjoy that pleasure, for I fell ill with the tertian ague, of which I had fourteen successive attacks. The long duration of my malady induced me, at last, to reject all remedies; for, however patient and persevering, it was impossible I could take all the medicines prescribed by different physicians. I had naturally a great desire to return to Paris; not so much because I did not consider the air of Eu good for me, as from a knowledge that a change is always desirable on recovering from an attack of sickness. The fatigue of the journey, however, again brought on the fever, which left me, for a considerable period indisposed and debilitated.

The last volume, as we have said, is particularly interesting: it is occupied by the narrative of the mysterious loves of the Princess and the Duke de Lauzun. From an able summary, at the conclusion of the

work, we borrow the following explanatory account of this most extraordinary transaction:—

“Let us, at the same time glean what we may from contemporary writers, follow Mademoiselle to the end of the chapter. To the glory, the pleasure, the grandeur, and the gallantry which occupied the first years of his government, Louis seemed desirous of adding the calmer delights of friendship. He knew not how difficult it is for a King to make a judicious selection. The two men in whom he placed the greatest confidence both abused his favour. The first of these was the Marquis de Vardes, who, in concert with the Count de Guiche and the Countess de Soissons, wrote to the Queen the forged letter in the name of the King of Spain, informing her of the King her husband's infidelities. The other—sometimes his rival, sometimes his confidant, and afterwards the victim of his serious displeasure—was the Duc de Lauzun. It was supposed that his privately concluding his marriage with Mademoiselle, notwithstanding the solemn promise he had given his sovereign, brought on him his disgrace; yet, after much research amongst the *on-dits* of the day, we consider it still remains a question whether Mademoiselle *did* marry him or not; the contentious character of their latter days being, perhaps, the only substantial evidence. Neither is the exact cause of the King's displeasure known, or why this marriage should, in the first place, have been set aside. The many learned seem to have settled it their own way; leaning on the meaning of gone-by events, and on the scattered evidence of historical fact, they ‘bodied forth the forms of things unknown,’ to suit the exact measure of their respective faculties. It is our opinion that Mademoiselle and the Duc de Lauzun never were privately married. Let us examine, in the first place, what has been said of the public marriage which was projected. ‘Not satisfied with merely espousing Mademoiselle,’ writes a faithful narrator of the day, ‘the Count de Lauzun would have the ceremony celebrated with all the magnificence and parade of two crowned heads; by the long and vain preparations, however, that were making for it, he afforded time to Monsieur to gain his point, and to prevail on the King to revoke the consent which he had already given to the marriage.’ Another writer remarks, ‘Mademoiselle, after having refused so many sovereigns, and after having conceived hopes of marrying Louis XIV., resolved, at the age of forty-three, to make the fortune of a private gentleman. She obtained permission’—for no heiress in France could marry without the license of the King, and we believe it was formerly so in England—‘to espouse Peguillin, of the Caumont family—Count de Lauzun, the last captain of the hundred gentlemen pensioners, and the first for whom the King created the post of Colonel-General of Dragoons.’

“There were, indeed, many examples of princesses who had married private gentlemen. The Roman emperors gave their daughters to senators. The daughters of the potentates of Asia, more powerful and more despotic than the kings of France, never marry any but the slaves of their fathers. Mademoiselle settled upon the Count de Lauzun all her fortune, estimated at twenty millions—four duchies, the sovereignty of Dombes, the comté of Eu, and the palace of Orleans, which was called the Luxembourg.

“Such, then, it seems, was her love, that she reserved nothing for herself, sacrificing every thing to the fond idea of rendering the man whom she idolized richer than any king had ever made a subject. The contract was prepared; Lauzun was Duc de Montpensier only for a day—nothing was wanting but the signature—when the King, assailed by the representations of the princes, the ministers, and the enemies of the man, envious of him personally as well as of his prospects, retracted his promise, and forbade the union.

“Then, too, it was given out, that a secret match had taken place between Mademoiselle and the Count; but how does this agree with the statement made by herself, and after his release from captivity, that he declared he would not marry until he should be created a duke? The report may have arisen from the words used by the King, in his first interview with him after his ter-

rible reverse of fortune. M. de Lauzun spoke with a grave and sorrowful air, yet mixed with profound respect. The King, afflicted with the course he had pursued, sought to soften it by instances of kindness; and using terms even less equivocal than those he had expressed to Mademoiselle, to shew him how he might proceed without displeasing him: he said, 'They are waiting for you at the Luxembourg: yes, *ma cousine*, who alone can console you.' It is evident that the King grieved for the obligation he felt himself under of causing the misery of Mademoiselle and his favourite. His attentions were unremitting to her; he excused even the weakness of a fainting fit by explaining to the company, '*Ma cousine à des vapeurs*,' while to Lauzun he sought to make compensation by overwhelming him with favours; yet, with a firm dignity, he declined them all; and even when named Maréchal of France, his reply was, 'I have in no way merited this honour.'

"In the midst of all this, he was arrested, conveyed to the Castle of Pignerol, and kept there a prisoner for ten years. One of the reasons given for this sudden displeasure of the King, was the discovery of his private marriage. But the Duc de St. Simon, a courtier who has written his memoirs, gives another explanation of this sudden disgrace, which appears much more probable. 'Lauzun,' he relates, 'had constantly solicited Madame de Montespan to use her influence with the King to gain him the object of his ambition, which she had promised to do. Being somewhat doubtful of her sincerity, he bribed one of her *femmes de chambre* to conceal him where he might overhear a private conversation between the lady and the King. The opportunity soon presented itself, and he found himself alone with her and his sovereign—so near that the slightest movement or breathing might have betrayed him. His lucky star preserved him from this danger. He left the spot safe; but convinced of the favourite's duplicity and treacherous conduct towards himself.

"Stung to the quick, M. de Lauzun took the first opportunity of asking her if she had spoken to the King in his behalf? She assured him that she had not failed to keep her word; and on the instant, with surprising quickness, invented a series of services she was about to render him, and the many things she had advanced to insure success. At first he was silent, for surprise had struck him dumb; but the indignation he felt at this base treachery soon burst forth; even making him forget that he spoke to a woman, and that woman the mistress of the King. He saw nothing but her audacious perfidy, and, forcibly grasping her hand, he repeated to her, word for word, her conversation with the King. Then giving way to his lofty indignation, he overwhelmed her with bitter revilings—merited, it is true, yet soon most bitterly revenged. She was too much overcome to offer a reply; but, eluding his grasp, she hurried to her room, where an alarming fainting fit was the consequence. He was soon after arrested, and Mademoiselle threatened with perpetual exile if she dared to hazard one word in requesting his pardon.

"M. de St. Mars, a creature of Louvois, caused to be prepared at Pignerol a chamber, dark and unwholesome, for the unfortunate Count's reception. He entered it with a wretched feeling: it seemed to him as a yawning tomb; and Hope, that last refuge of the destitute, abandoned him as he traced in large characters on the door of his prison that well known verse of Danté, supposed to be inscribed on the gates of the Inferno—

'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate.'

"Mademoiselle grieved over this long captivity of Lauzun, spending her time in continual applications to the King and Madame de Montespan for her lover's pardon. She was a long time unsuccessful, until cupidity and ambition obtained what humanity refused; and, at the end of ten years, under the condition that he would renounce the court, she regained her lover's freedom.

"And now we might believe him hastening to her arms, and expressing all the gratitude of his heart for the sacrifices she had made. But no: she finds him ungrateful, negligent, and a perfectly altered person. Absence had served to weaken whatever inclination he might once have felt for her—there was no

further hope of her wealth, and the false heart stood confessed. She met him with her affections unchanged, in all their force; but she alone had preserved them. Yet that he had changed in his towards her never for a moment entered her mind. This confidence gave her some moments of happiness; for it was a reliance hard to be shaken—moments short and fugitive, to be followed by tears, and never-ending regret.

“Surrounded by homage and by flattery, it was difficult to believe that her influence had ceased. Naturally proud and impetuous, her passionate accents of complaint were mixed with those of haughty reproach. But this conduct only rendered her less attractive in M. de Lauzun's eyes. Consumed by sorrow and by watching, enduring the torments of unrequited love, added to the vexation of seeing the person she so esteemed exiled from the court; finding him impatient under the short visits he paid her, and even seeking the slightest pretexts to abridge these visits, she became the victim of disappointment, jealousy, and suspicion.

“We are now approaching the point which seems to account for the sudden termination of her memoirs; and where it is evident that her mind, pained and irritated by present neglect, sought solace in referring to past events in its latter pages. She in vain tried to penetrate the mystery—the secret intercourse—which led her faithless lover to seek Madame de Montespan. She more than once affirms that she knows not what it is all about. That he played for high stakes with Monsieur at the Palais Royal she was but too well aware; but she knew, also, that he played with such confidence and skill that he gained considerable sums. When he lost, he came to her to replenish his purse. It was not much to be thankful for; but she was pleased to see him even on those terms.

“Distracted by vain attempts to recover his lost position at court, and tormented with disappointment, the life of Lauzun seemed every day to become more insupportable. At length, he resolved to quit France—to banish himself for years, in the hope, perhaps, that by this voluntary exile, this strange resolution, the King might be touched. Fearing that Mademoiselle would throw some obstacle in the way, his first care was to keep his design secret. His intention was to obtain the consent of his sovereign, and not to let her know of the plan until the moment of its being executed. To gain this consent, he assiduously courted Madame de Montespan—entreatings her to use her influence with the King to allow him to repair to England; alleging as a reason, that the only motive he had for so doing was to escape the pain of living near his sovereign without daring to approach him. The King at once gave his consent to the favour he solicited.

“Now it was that he had to disclose his design to Mademoiselle; and her heart was divided between grief and resentment when she heard his unexpected determination. What a return was this for her love!—for the sacrifices she had made! She showered on him all the reproaches that despair could invent—that mortified pride could utter. Vain was it for him to tell her that he sensibly felt all she had done; but that his mortifications were too hard for him to continue to bear—adding, ‘If my determination offends you, let this exile to which I condemn myself, serve to wipe out my error and expiate my crime.’ Yet she knew too well the person she had to deal with to be readily taken in. She saw in all this arrangement nothing but a new outrage offered to her feelings. No longer would she debase herself by seeking to retain a heart about to be lost to her for ever.

“Acting upon the instigation of her wounded pride, she now not only insisted upon an eternal separation, but ordered him never more to have the audacity to appear in her presence. It is hardly necessary to add, that the order was obeyed, and she never saw him from that hour. Unhappy at court—unhappy at home—the victim of deep feeling and disappointed passion shrank away from her friends and disappeared from the world. It stands recorded on her tomb—*‘Anne Marie Louise d’Orleans, fille aînée de Gaston de France, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d’Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, morte l’an 1693, âgée de 66 ans.’*”

Lauzun, after her death, received his dukedom, by effecting the escape into France, of the consort and child of James II., at the Revolution.

These memoirs deservedly rank among the most celebrated of the whole famous French collection : moreover they lose nothing in the translation, and should be read by every one wishing a real insight into the fantastic, yet terrible old regime of France.

ROLLO AND HIS RACE; OR, FOOTSTEPS OF THE NORMANS. By ACTON WARBURTON. In 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1848.

WORKS on travels have within the last few years rendered reputation to the name of Warburton. The "Crescent and the Cross," and "Hochelaga," have enjoyed vast and deserved popularity. The book before us is the production of another member of this gifted Warburton family, and we hesitate not to declare it equally deserving of favour and fame. Some time ago the late Mr. Inglis published a charming tour, entitled, if we recollect rightly, "Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote." The author there went over all the ground which formed the stage where passed those marvellous adventures which are to enliven and delight the world while literature and civilization last. Strange to say, Inglis found the Spain of to-day little altered in customs, manners, or appearance from that described by the inimitable Cervantes. Consequently his work illumined and verified the fiction. What he there did for romance Mr. Warburton here does for history. He has chosen a soil and a subject no less famous, and somewhat similarly unchanged—brave and beautiful Normandy, with her chronicles, her conquests, and her chivalry—Normandy, whose every inch of earth is classic ground in modern story; whose every town has a name historic; whose churches, castles, and ruins, are the living landmarks of deeds immortal, and of men never to be forgotten. This is truly a rich and plenteous field, and Mr. Warburton has derived from it an abundant and valuable harvest. His work teems with historic recollection and elucidation. Rollo, and William, England's conqueror, and Sicilian Tancred, and Joan of Arc, and Agnes Sorel, ay, and many more who created the heroism of the middle ages, here pass before us as in a panorama. The author comes then to more modern greatness, telling us—and the theme derives new interest from his mode of narrating—about Rochejaquelin and Louis Philippe, who, on the monarchical side, were the Achilles and Ulysses of the French Revolution. It is rather an odd coincidence, that the memoirs we have noticed above should relate to the Château d'Eu, while here again we have a further account of that celebrated residence. After giving the early history of the place, Mr. Warburton thus proceeds :—

"After the death of the Balafre, Eu underwent a deadly plague, and several more royal visits. Mademoiselle de Guise, the last seion of that illustrious race, sold the comté to Louise de Montpensier. This princess decorated the château with great magnificence and taste, added a park of considerable extent, and brought hither from her house at Choisy a collection of portraits. These have been added to from time to time, and at this day form an historic gallery of portraits unrivalled in the world.

"Louise devised the comté to the Duke of Maine, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, in the vain hope of procuring the freedom of her

husband, the brutal Lauzun ; it continued in his descendants. The Revolution found it in the possession of the Duke de Penthièvre. The pictures and furniture were carried away, and the château converted into a military hospital.

"This tranquil-looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually purchased for him by the Senate ; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the château, with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre, mother of Louis Philippe.

"The exterior presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilasters, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof ; the whole immediately bringing the Tuileries to your recollection.

"The park contains forty hectares. The lower part, which is not visible from the castle, is after the present fashion. Here the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden ; winding walks, scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans sailing by green islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over banks of sward that take (as fancy might say) their verdure from the tears.

"The window of the King's study was open ; a fit spot to stand and gaze upon the scene. 'Twas impossible not to feel how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the *parterres* accorded with the grave recollections of the place. How often had the great man to whom the castle now belongs, looked from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life."

Mr. Warburton's style is fluent and spirited—a tone of melancholy, moreover, pervades it, which is in pleasing accordance with his subject that of bygone earthly glory. Some of Mr. Warburton's remarks are very apt and striking ; the following observation, for example, is pointedly expressed :—

"Gunpowder was to Military, what Dissent has been to Ecclesiastical Architecture. Little deemed Schwartz, when engaged with his dread invention in the laboratory at Cologne, that he was making out the death-warrant of embattled tower and graceful parapet. Nor did Luther, when preaching his first sermon against indulgences, imagine he was sounding the knell of the cathedral. No more shall we see the according piety of an entire district represented in one of those magnificent structures, that at once evidenced and called to unity, rebuked presumption, and raised to prayer. The Minster and the Battlement belong to other generations—such will be raised no more."

These "Footsteps" are really a journey into the past and its renown ; and the Genius of History, who accompanies the writer, becomes in the perusal, much to his advantage, the reader's familiar associate.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

Adams, Robert, Esq., R.N., late of Wingham, Essex, 31st Jan.

Allen, Margaret, relict of the Right Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D., Bishop of Ely, 31st Jan.

Anderson, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq., 23d Jan., at Edinburgh.

Andrews, Sarah Jane, second daughter of the late Edward Andrews, Esq., 3d Feb., at Leyton, Essex.

Armstrong, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. John Armstrong, B.A., chaplain to the late Duke of Gloucester, 13th Feb.

Auffere, Anne Margaret, wife of the Rev. P. Du Val Auffere, Rector of Searning, Norfolk, 23d Jan.

Backhouse. On the 17th Jan., suddenly, at the age of 27, on board ship off Palermo, to which place she had gone for the benefit of her health, Anna, the wife of John Church Backhouse, of Blackwell, near Darlington, and only daughter of the late Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, near Norwich.

Baines. On the 30th Jan., aged 39, Eliza, wife of Frederick Baines, Esq., of Leeds, and eldest daughter of the late William Pinke Paine, Esq., of Farnham, Surrey.

Barclay, Mary Walker, wife of Joseph Gurney Barclay, Esq., of Walthamstow, 10th Feb.

Barr. On the 28th Jan., Martin Barr, Esq., of Henwick Hall, near Worcester, the eldest brother of the late Chas. Barr, Esq., banker, of Leeds, and of the lamented Lieut.-Col. Marcus Barr C.B., Adjutant-General of the Queen's forces during the campaign of the Sutlej.

Bashall, Edward, youngest son of Wm. Bashall, Esq., of Faringdon Lodge, 30th Jan.

Battersby, Elizabeth, relict of the late Alexander Battersby, of Daffy Lodge, co. Kildare, Esq., and only daughter (by his first wife) of the late Athanasius Cusack, of Laragh, Esq., the male representative of the very ancient family of Cusack of Gerardstown and

Clonard; at Miltown House, co. Westmeath, 28th Jan., aged 66.

Beaty, Thomas D., Esq., late a Commander E.I.C.S., 25th Jan., aged 78.

Beleher, Alexander Brymen, Esq., of Spring Grove, Pembury, and King's Arms Yard, 8th Feb., aged 54.

Beloe, Mrs., relict of the late distinguished critic, the Rev. William Beloe, B.D., F.S.A., Rector of Allhallows, and Prebendary of Lincoln, the learned and elegant translator of Herodotus, 16th Feb.

Bennett. On the 22d Jan., at Gaweott, after a long and painful illness, Augustus Frederiek, youngest son of the late Rev. Woolley Leigh Bennett, Rector of Water Stratford and Foxcote, in the county of Bucks, in the 30th year of his age.

Best. On the 12th January, at Malta, aged 25, the Rev. Robert Stanser Best, B.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, eldest son of the late Archdeacon Best, of Frederiekton, New Brunswick, and grandson of the late Right Rev. Robert Stanser, D.D., formerly Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Beverley. Louisa Harcourt, Countess of Beverley, died on the 31st Jan., at the family mansion in Portman-square. Her ladyship was third daughter of the late Hon. James Archibald Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, and sister of the late Lord Wharncliffe. She was born 4th October, 1781, and married 22d June, 1801, George Percy, present Earl of Beverley, by whom she leaves surviving issue, three sons and two daughters.

Bingham, Priscilla, relict of Lieut.-General Richard Bingham, of Bingham's Melcombe, co. Dorset, 1st Feb. She was of the Baronetial family of Carden. At the decease of her husband she succeeded by his devise to all his estates for life, which estates now devolve on the General's nephew, the present Richard Hipplesey Bingham.

Bird, the Rev. John, late of Amptthill, Beds, 27th Jan., aged 45.

Blackburne, Emma Anne, second daughter

ter of the late Rev. Thomas Blackburne, Rector of Prestwich, 12th Feb.

Blunt, Anna Matilda, wife of James Tillyer Blunt, Esq., 16th Feb., aged 26.

Bond, the Rev. Essex Henry, 11th Feb., at Merton Parsonage, aged 52.

Boulton, Sydney, eldest daughter of the late John Boulton, Esq., at Bath, 12th Feb.

Boys, Thomas, Esq., of Blackheath, 30th Jan., aged 75.

Braithwaite, Mrs. John, of Cobham, Kent, 4th Feb.

Bridgwater. On the 4th Feb., at his residence, Tollington Park, near Hornsey, Symonds Bridgwater, Esq., formerly collector of H. M. customs, and president of the Board of Council in the island of Dominica, West Indies.

Brisbane. On the 22d Jan., at Brisbane House, Ayrshire, after a few days' illness, Captain John William Douglas Brisbane, R.N., only surviving son of the late Vice Admiral Sir Charles Brisbane, K.C.B.

Brocklehurst, Mary, wife of John Brocklehurst, Esq., M.P., 1st Jan.

Brooke, Thomas Langford, Esq., of Mere Hall, Cheshire, 24th Jan. This gentleman, second son of Thomas Langford Brooke, Esq., of Mere, by Maria, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Sir Thomas Broughton, Bart., succeeded to the property on the decease of his elder brother in 1840. He married in 1817 Eliza, daughter of John W. Clorigh, Esq., of Oxtou House, co. York, but had no issue. The Brookes of Mere were founded by Sir Peter Brooke, M.P. (a younger son of Thomas Brooke of Norton), who purchased, in 1652, the manor of Mere.

Brydges, Frances Isabella, youngest surviving daughter of the late Sir S. Eger-ton Brydges, Bart., 27th Jan.

Budd, Charlotte, wife of Henry Budd, Esq., of Russell Square, 30th Jan.

Burford, William George, Esq., of Chigwell, Essex, 5th Feb., aged 30.

Burland, John B. Harris, at Wotton-under-Edge, aged 15.

Burnet, Maria, wife of the Rev. Dr. Burnet, Rector of St. James's, city, 4th Feb.

Campbell, John, Esq., M.D., late of Cawnpore, aged 49.

Camps, John, fourth son of the late Wm. Camps, Esq., High Sheriff of the Counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, 10th Feb.

Canterbury, Archbishop of. Dr. William Howley was born in 1765, at the village of Alresford, six miles from Winchester. His father was the Rev. Dr. William Howley, vicar of Bishops Sut-

ton and Ripley, in the county of Southampton. He was the only son, and while yet young quitted the paternal roof for Winchester School, where, under the government of Dr. Joseph Warton, he laid the basis of those attainments in literature, morals, and theology, which enabled him to reach the highest position in our national church.

Having completed his studies at Winchester, Mr. Howley proceeded, in 1783, to New College, Oxford; and, after remaining for two years a scholar on the Wykeham foundation, he was elected to a Fellowship. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1787, and that of Master of Arts in 1791. Within three years from that date he was chosen a Fellow of Winchester College; and in 1804, appointed a Canon of Christ Church. In the course of the next year, he took the degree of B.D., and subsequently of D.D.; and, in 1809, on the advancement of Dr. Hall to the Deanery of Christ Church, Dr. Howley succeeded him as Regius Professor of Divinity.

The manner in which he discharged his duties as principal tutor of New College, the fame of his learning, the purity of his life, and the acknowledged piety of his character, obtained for him the cordial patronage of George III. It will, of course, be recollected that the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland, was an Oxford man. It is equally well known that at a very early age it was proposed to form a matrimonial alliance between that illustrious personage and the late Princess Charlotte, so that his Royal Highness was regarded as likely to occupy in this country the position of Prince Consort. The care of his education was given to Dr. Howley—a trust of no ordinary importance, and one which evidently augured his advancement to the episcopal bench. That the learned Professor of Divinity stood high in the estimation of his Royal pupil, there can be no doubt; it is well known that the last time the King of Holland visited this country he paid a visit at Lambeth Palace, and took especial pains to mark the high esteem with which, after the lapse of many years, he continued to regard his *quondam* preceptor. Dr. Howley was also tutor to the Marquis of Abercorn.

Dr. Howley's discharge of the duties of the Professorship added so considerably to his reputation, that on the death of the Bishop of London, in 1813, he was at once elevated to the See of London; this being the first instance

since the Revolution, of that Diocese being conferred on any other than a previously consecrated Bishop.

Bishop Howley, in this elevated and responsible situation, discharged its duties with great consistency, purity of conduct, and firmness of principle, so as to gain universal esteem. His Lordship was consecrated at Lambeth Palace; and Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III., though upwards of 70 years of age, witnessed the ceremony accompanied by two of the Princesses. In the following year, our new Bishop made his primary Visitation; and the Charge which his Lordship delivered on that occasion, on being published, produced some excitement in one or two quarters, especially amongst the Unitarians, whom he described as "loving to question, rather than learn." Their great champion, Mr. Belsham, attacked the Diocesan of London with at least as much zeal as power; and accused him of enforcing the slavish doctrines of Popery rather than the free and inquiring spirit of Protestantism. Bishop Howley, in reply, certainly succeeded in proving that one of the first duties of a Christian is to "approach the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and the will," which the great theologians of every age and almost of every Christian Church have earnestly inculcated.

For fifteen years, Bishop Howley administered the affairs of the See of London with prudence and piety, firmness, and well-regulated energy. Within that period, many important events occurred, of which he was not altogether an unconcerned spectator. The close of the war, the agitation of Parliamentary Reform, the trial of Queen Caroline, and the struggles for Roman Catholic Relief, excited the passions of the whole community, and even inspired with unwonted vigour the spirit of this retiring and gentle-minded ecclesiastic; but it neither became his station nor accorded with his character to leave behind him any very prominent memorials of political strife.

Residing in the vicinity of the Court since 1813, a man of his character necessarily acquired considerable influence with the Royal Family. Many members of that illustrious house sought from him counsel and consolation in their dying moments, as is well known to the public. Nor were the offices which he administered to the Sovereign, and the immediate relatives of the Monarch, confined to death-bed scenes;

he assisted at all those marriages of the Royal Family which followed close upon the death of the Princess Charlotte, the baptisms of the several issue of those unions, the funeral of George III., and the coronation as well as the funeral of George IV.

In 1828, on the death of Archbishop Sutton, Dr. Howley was elevated to the See of Canterbury: this good fortune was attributed by the Archbishop's political opponents to the support which he gave to the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline. Bishop Howley, on that occasion, laid it down with much emphasis that the King could do no wrong either *morally* or *politically*.

Nevertheless, the new Archbishop, within eight months of his elevation, protested against the policy of the Minister from whom he had received his appointment; and when the principle of the great government measure of that year (the Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829) came under discussion in the House of Lords, and after the Duke of Wellington had concluded his speech, moving the second reading of the Bill, the Archbishop rose, and in a zealous and learned address, moved an amendment, "That the bill should be read that day six months," "dreading," he observed, "the designs of the Papists more than the consequences which might result from a refusal of their claims." His Grace also opposed the Reform Bill on the second reading, in October, 1831, and justified his vote in favour of the late Lord Wharnccliffe's motion, on the ground that he thought the bill would "be mischievous in its tendency and dangerous to the fabric of the Constitution." Earl Grey was defeated by a majority of 41, but in the following spring his Grace offered no further opposition on that great question. We may mention as the last important part he took in the House of Lords, his energetic opposition to the Government education measure introduced by Viscount Melbourne in 1839, which he was instrumental in defeating by an overwhelming majority.

In the memoir in the *Times*, it is remarked that Archbishop Howley "had other difficulties with which to contend, and other painful duties to perform. He had baptized the Queen; he had solemnized her marriage; he had placed the Crown upon her head; he was the first ecclesiastic in the realm; and when it appeared to him, as well as to other distinguished members of the hierarchy, that in the palace of the Sovereign,

Sunday was observed in a manner rather in accordance with the gaiety of continental tastes than with the quiet reserve of English and Protestant habits, he did not hesitate to call her Majesty's attention to the subject; and it has been stated that more than once during the Melbourne Ministry, he respectfully tendered to the Crown advice not quite in accordance with the wishes of those who at that time surrounded our then youthful and inexperienced Sovereign. Though a man of remarkably mild and unassuming manners, he was by no means deficient in moral courage, nor likely to be deterred by any set of courtiers from discharging a duty due to his Sovereign, or to the Church of which that Sovereign is the head."

Upon the accession of Dr. Howley to the Archbishopric, he found the Palace, at Lambeth, in a very dilapidated condition. He almost immediately set about its re-edification and restoration. He commenced, also, extensive repairs in the Cathedral at Canterbury. At Lambeth, his Grace expended, in this munificent spirit, upwards of £80,000. As we intend, upon an early occasion, to illustrate the improvements at Lambeth, we shall leave their details for that opportunity. Upon his seat, at Addington, near Croydon, the Archbishop also expended considerable sums: this was his favourite retreat.

Archbishop Howley, though not a man of brilliant talents, has left many charges and sermons, acknowledged to be perfectly orthodox, and written with spirit, and not without elegance. Yet he was by no means eloquent in the pulpit, nor in addressing a public assembly. Extreme moderation was the distinguishing feature of his character, and his safeguard.

That the venerable Primate was an active promoter of good and liberal works is attested by the following list of the offices which he filled. His Grace was a Lord of Trade and Plantations, a Commissioner for Building Churches, a Trustee for the British Museum, and a Governor of the Charter House. He was visitor of All Souls, Baliol, and Merton Colleges, Oxford, and of King's College, London; Harrow School, Dulwich College, and of Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School. His Grace was a munificent benefactor to the various religious and charitable institutions of the metropolis, and was President of the Corporation of the sons of the Clergy; of the Anniversary Festival of the Society for

Building Churches; of the National Society for the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church; of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; of the Clergyman's Orphan School; of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; of the Grey Coat Hospital School at Westminster; of the School for the Indigent Blind; the St. Ann's Society School, &c.

His Grace was a Fellow of the Royal Society; a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; and a member of the Royal Society of Literature; and a Privy Councillor, since 1813.

Before he became Bishop of London, Dr. Howley married Mary Frances, eldest daughter of John Belli, Esq., of Southampton. The issue of that marriage were two sons and three daughters. One of the Archbishop's sons was for a short time an officer in the Guards, but he died of consumption at the age of twenty. His other son only lived to be twelve years of age. The Archbishop's eldest daughter married, in the year 1825, Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and died in ten years after her marriage. Another of his daughters was married to a Mr. Wright, and a third to a Mr. Kingsmill.

The latter years of the deceased Prelate were not much distinguished from the general quietude of his life. Even within a year of his decease he appeared in public almost as frequently as usual, though, of course, he gradually ceased to preach, and very rarely during the last four or five years addressed the House of Lords. At length, the infirmities attendant upon extreme old age became every day more apparent; a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic shattered his enfeebled constitution; his malady yielded to medical treatment; but, in a short time, he sank into irrecoverable debility: his end was tranquil, and within a short period of his decease, he was in full possession of his faculties.

Cape, Major Thomas, late E.I.C.S., 20th Jan., aged 87.

Cerjat, Lieut-Colonel Charles S., formerly of the 1st Dragoons, 9th Feb., at Lausanne, Switzerland.

Chalmers, Frances, relict of Patrick Chalmers, Esq., of Auldbar, 10th Feb., aged 70. This lady was eldest dau. of John Inglis, Esq., of Vere Hills, co. Lanark, an East India Director. She married in 1801 the late Patrick Chalmers, Esq.,

of Auldbar, and by him was mother of Patrick Chalmers, Esq., of Auldbar, formerly M.P. for Montrose.

Charleville, Harriet Charlotte Beaugolois, Countess of Charleville, 1st Feb., at Naples. Her Ladyship was third dau. of the late Colonel Campbell, of Shawfield, by his wife the Lady Charlotte, dau. of John, fifth Duke of Argyle. Lady Charleville was married in 1821, and leaves issue, Charles, Lord Tullamore, two other sons, and one dau.

Cleaveland, Mary Innes, wife of Captain Frederick Cleaveland, R. Horse Art., 2nd Feb.

Clifford, Thomas Michael, son of George Clifford, Esq., 14th Feb., at Wycliffe Hall, co. York, aged 27.

Cobbett, Elizabeth Mary, wife of William Cobbett, Esq., 12th Feb.

Colyear, Lieut. Edward, T.A., 3rd Regt. Bombay Army, 12th Nov., at Sukkur, Seinde, aged 20.

Compton, Samuel Woodfield, Esq., 6th Feb., at Walford House, Herts., aged 71.

Cooper, The Rev. William, of Dublin, 23rd Jan.

Cotton, Matilda, relict of Henry Calvey Cotton, Esq., 3rd Feb., at Chorlton Lodge, Cheshire, aged 85.

Dampier. On the 25th Jan., at Colins-Hays, near Bruton, Somerset, in the 37th year of his age, Henry Ludwell Dampier, Esq., eldest son of the late Rev. John Dampier, of Colins-Hays.

D'Arcy, Lieut-Colonel, late R. Artillery, K.L.S., 7th Feb., aged 69.

Diekens, Thomas, Esq., 11th Feb., at Vale Lodge, Leatherhead, aged 80.

Disney, Colonel Algernon, 23rd Jan., aged 68. Colonel Disney was younger brother of the present John Disney, Esq., of the Hyde, co. Essex, being second son of the late Rev. Dr. John Disney, of the Hyde, a descendant of the very ancient Lincolnshire family of Disney, of Norton Disney. He was born at Flintham Hall, 1st June, 1780.

Disraeli, Isaac, Esq., D.C.L., 19th Jan., aged 82. Isaac Disraeli, whose surname has now been made by himself and his son famous in English literature, was the only child of Benjamin Disraeli, a Venetian merchant, who resided at Enfield, in Middlesex, where the young Disraeli received his early instruction. His education was, however, completed in Holland. At Amsterdam and Leyden he acquired several modern tongues, and attained much classic knowledge: proceeding to France in 1786, he turned his attention to the French language and literature. Thence returning to England, he commenced

his course of authorship by some verses published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; he put forth, in 1791, a "Defence of Poetry," which he however soon suppressed. Happily delivered from the commercial pursuits to which at first he seemed destined, and placed in a position of pecuniary independence, Mr. Disraeli was enabled to devote his long life to letters. His numerous works bear proud testimony to his fervour in doing so. His favourite study was the literary character itself, to the illustration of which he wrote twelve volumes, and projected many more, intending to constitute of them a great work, after the manner of Bayle. For many years a history of English literature had been expected from his pen, but his attention seems to have been ultimately diverted from it to his "Commentary on the Life and Reign of Charles I.," an historical labour which procured for him from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L. The design thus superseded, was subsequently fulfilled, partly in his "Amenities of Literature." But, before this, he had produced those memorials of his talents and fame, "The Curiosities of Literature," the "Quarrels and Calamities of Authors," and "The Illustrations of the Literary Character." Mr. Disraeli was struck with blindness in 1839, a calamity which did not prevent his publication of the "Amenities of Literature," which his daughters' help enabled him to produce. Mr. Disraeli was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*; in early youth he also published some poems and romances, the latter of which were anonymous. Few writers have been so much attached to literature, from a profound love for it, as this indefatigable author. Many a mind has been excited to literary effort and success by his graceful and entertaining lucubrations. Mr. Disraeli died of influenza, at his country seat, Bradenham House, Bucks, at the age of eighty-two years. Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., M.P., author of "Coningsby," &c., is his eldest son.

Doane, Richard, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, 8th Feb. This gentleman was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, the 12th of Feb., 1830; and he had first practised for some time on the Northern Circuit. He subsequently devoted his exertions principally to the Old Bailey, and was for many years one of the most eminent counsel there. His care and judgment in conducting a Crown prosecution were generally recognised and appre-

- ciated; he has been engaged in some memorable defences of prisoners; among others, he acted professionally in behalf of Good, who was tried for the horrible murder near Putney. To much legal knowledge and acumen, Mr. Doane added a kindness of disposition, and a pleasantness of manner, which won the esteem and friendship of all who knew him.
- Dobson, William, Esq., of Verulam-buildings, Gray's Inn, 15th Feb., aged 56.
- Douglas. On the 8th Jan., at the Deanery, Madeira, aged 24, Mary Turner, wife of Francis Brown Douglas, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh, and daughter of C. M. Christie, Esq., of Durie, Fife.
- Doyle, Major-General Carlo Joseph, 3rd Feb. Major-General Carlo Doyle entered the British army as an ensign in 1803, and after passing through the various grades, he became a Colonel in 1837, and on the occasion of the brevet this year, he received the rank of Major-General. The service of this gallant General was long, active, and glorious. Hanover, during the war of 1805 and 1806, and the Peninsula campaigns of 1808 and 1809, were among the scenes of his effective career; he was at the battles of Corunna and Fuentes d'Onor, and at other memorable engagements. In 1813, he was Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India, and in 1817 he was with the grand army during the Pindarrec and Mahratta wars. General Doyle was at one time Governor of Grenada. The General died at his residence, Regent-street, in the 62nd year of his age.
- Drummond, John George Home, Esq., of Abbotsgrange, 5th Feb. Mr. Home Drummond was second son of the late George Drummond, of Blair Drummond, and grandson of Henry Home, so celebrated in the literary world as Lord Kames.
- Duff, Major George, formerly of the 19th Lancers, and of Sumner House 21st Jan.
- Elmhirst. On the 4th Feb., at Horn-castle, Mrs. Sarah Elmhirst, sister of the late Colonel Elmhirst, of West Ashby-grove, in the county of Lincoln, aged 84.
- Elmore, Altamont Charles, Esq., 11th Feb., at Enfield, aged 68.
- Evans, Major-General Richard, L.C.B., and K.C.F., Colonel of the 37th Madras N.I., 7th Feb.
- Every. On the 3rd Feb., at his seat, Old-park, aged 66, John Every, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant and magistrate for the county of Kent, second son of Sir Edward Every, Bart., of Egginton-hall in the county of Derby.
- Eyre, Mrs. Henry, 15th Jan., at Upper Berkeley-street.
- Finlëy, Maria, wife of the Rev. John Finlëy, Vicar of Studley, co. Warwick, 10th Feb.
- Fish, Samuel, Esq., at Highbury, 7th Feb.
- Fletcher, Frances, relict of Joseph Fletcher, Esq., of Ealing, 28th Jan.
- Flower, Thomas, third son of the late William Flower, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, 26th Jan., aged 42.
- Fordham, George, Esq., of Odsey House, co. Cambridge, 25th Jan., aged 62.
- Frith, The Rev. Edward C., of Bridgen-place, Kent, 26th Jan., aged 67.
- Fullom. On the 3d Feb., at Kennington, aged 73, John Fullom, Esq., 2d Royal Veteran Battalion, formerly of Her Majesty's 43d Regiment, and many years Adjutant of the Royal Military Asylum.
- Gage. On the 2nd Feb., at Tonbridge-wells, Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas Gage, sixth baronet, of Hengrave-hall, co. Suffolk, and aunt of the present baronet.
- Gellatly, James, Esq., M.D., at Seven-oaks, Kent, 31st Jan., aged 52.
- Gibbs, Charles, Esq., of Camberwell, 24th Dec., aged 54.
- Goater, John, Esq., of Southampton, 5th Feb.
- Goddard, The Rev. Dr. Charles, Sub-Dean of Lincoln, 21st Jan., aged 78. The Rev. Charles Goddard, D.D., was for many years reputed a divine of great learning and research; he possessed an original and highly cultivated mind, and evinced much knowledge of general, classical, and theological literature. In his earlier life, Dr. Goddard had held diplomatic and consular appointments at various European Courts; he subsequently took holy orders, and became successively a Prebendary and Archdeacon of Lincoln; the latter dignity he held thirty years. He was distinguished for several able charges which he delivered, and which were printed, on matters relative to ecclesiastical law, a subject on which his knowledge was unrivalled. On being made Sub-Dean of Lincoln, he resigned his former appointments; the Sub-Deacry he held till his death, together with the Rectory of Ibstock, in Leicestershire, and one of the Queen's Chaplaincies. Besides his charges, he was the author of numerous single sermons and tracts, and of "Bampton Lectures," which he delivered some time since on the nomination of Lord

- Grenville, to whom he was domestic chaplain. All his publications bear testimony to his depth of thought, vigour of mind, and power of abstraction from everything but the subject before him.
- Goffe, William, Esq., of Pitt House, new Romsey, Hants, 24th Jan., aged 71.
- Gordon, John, Esq., of Liverpool, 23rd Jan., aged 76.
- Grace. On the 8th Feb., at his residence, in St. James's-square, Bath, in the 78th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Grace, D.D., late Archdeacon of Ardfert, rector of Ballinivoker, and vicar of Westport, Ireland.
- Greene. On the 3rd Feb., at Bury St. Edmund's, in the 29th year of her age, Emily, wife of Edward Greene, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. H. Y. Smythies, vicar of Stanground-cum-Farct, Hunts.
- Groves, Olivia Halliday, wife of Captain Edward Groves, E.I.C.S., 2nd Feb.
- Gull, -Mrs., relict of Captain Thomas Gull, 14th Feb.
- Hampden, Sarah, widow of Jarrett Hampden, Esq., uncle of the Bishop of Hereford, 5th Feb.
- Hanrott, Mrs. Henry Augustus, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, 2nd Feb.
- Harwood, William, Esq., late of Bristol, 11th Feb., at Hampstead.
- Hemming, William, Esq., late High Sheriff for co. Worcester, 24th Jan., at Foxlydiate House, aged 68.
- Hewett, Julia, relict of Gen. Sir George Hewett, Bart., G.C.B., 24th Jan.
- Higginson, The Rev. Henry, Chaplain E.I.C.S., 5th Feb.
- Hoffham, Mrs. Elizabeth Sophia, 16th Jan., at Exmouth.
- Holland, George, Esq., 5th Feb., at Louth Park, co. Lincoln, aged 82.
- Holland, Mary, relict of the Rev. John Holland, 16th Feb.
- Holland, Isabella Esther, wife of the Rev. Edmund Holland, of Benhall Lodge, Suffolk, 23rd Jan. Mrs. Holland, was youngest dau. of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart., of Rokeby, co. Louth. She married in 1839, and leaves issue two sons and three daughters.
- Howden, Cordelia, wife of Oliver Howden, Esq., 13th Feb., at Edinburgh.
- Howley, (see Canterbury.)
- Hughes. On the 27th Jan., in Cleveland-row, St. James's, Dorothea, the beloved wife of John Hughes, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law. This lady was the eldest surviving daughter of the late Richard Hughes Lloyd, Esq., of Plymog, co. Denbigh; Gwerclas, co. Merioneth; and Bashall, co. York; whose male ancestors, scions of the Welsh line, whence sprung the Royal house of Tudor, had been seated at Plymog from a very early period. The grandfather of this gentleman, Edward Lloyd, Esq., of Plymog, married Dorothea, daughter and heiress of Hugh Hughes, Esq., of Gwerclas, Baron of Kymmer-yn-Edeinion, whose progenitors had been uninterruptedly seated at Kymmer, from the demise in the thirteenth century of their immediate ancestor, the chivalrous Owain Brogyntyn, Lord of Edeirnion, son of Madoc ap Meredith, last Monarch of the Royal Dynasty of Powys. Of this marriage there was issue, an only son, Hugh Hughes Lloyd, Esq., who succeeded to the estates of Plymog and Gwerclas, and married Margaret, daughter and heir of Richd. Walmsley, Esq., of Coldecoates Hall, co. Lancaster, and of Bashall, representative of the knightly and historic family of Talbot of Bashall, the senior line of the illustrious house of Shrewsbury. The lady, whose decease occasions these few remarks, was born at Gwerclas, 3rd Jan., 1809, and married 5th July, 1832, her relative, John Hughes, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, youngest son of the late William Hughes, Esq., of Pen-yo Clawdd, representative in the male line of the Hughes's, of Gwerclas; by whom she leaves an only child, Talbot de Bashall Hughes, born in 1836. Mrs. Hughes's interment in the family vault, in Gayton church, Northamptonshire, took place on the 3rd Jan.
- Hume, The Rev. John Henry, Vicar of Hilmarton, &c., 22nd Jan.
- Hyde, Mary, wife of the Rev. H. W. C. Hyde, of Grove-lane, Camberwell, 22nd Jan.
- Ianson, Thomas, Esq., of Prior House, Richmond, co. York, 8th Feb., aged 78.
- Irvine, Lieut. T. I., R.N., 15th Jan., aged 59.
- Jarvis, Richard, Esq., of Cambridge-terrace, 1st Feb., aged 75.
- Jennings, John, Esq., Assistant Commissary General, 27th Jan., aged 62.
- Jopp, Capt. William Baillie, 64th Regt., youngest son of the late Keith Jopp, Esq., 11th Jan.
- Kemble, Hester, wife of E. B. Kemble, Esq., 22nd Jan., at Purley, near Croydon.
- Kemp, James Lyon, Esq., son of the late Henry Kemp, Esq., E.I.C.S., at Bunbury, Western Australia, 11th Aug. aged 22.
- Kennedy, Captain William, formerly of the 3rd Regt. Royal West India Lancers, 2nd Jan., aged 67.

Kyrle, The Rev. William Money, of Hom House, Much Marcle, co. of Hereford, and Whetham, Wilts, aged 71. This much respected gentleman was second son of the late William Money, Esq., of Much Marcle, and succeeded to the family estates, in the counties of Hereford, and Wilts, and Northampton, at the decease, in 1843, of his elder brother, Major-General Sir James Kyrle Money, Bart., on which occasion, to evince his respect for the memory of his ancestor, Sir John Kyrle, Bart., of Much Marcle, whose property he inherited, he assumed, by royal license, the surname of Kyrle, after that of Money. In Mr. Money Kyrle vested the representation of four very ancient and eminent families—the Kyrles, of Herefordshire; the Ernles, of Wilts; the Washbournes, of Worcestershire; and the Stoughtons, of Warwick. Of the first, was the celebrated John Kyrle, immortalized by Pope as “The Man of Ross;” and, of the second, Sir John Ernle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, *temp.* Charles II. and James II. The deceased gentleman, a Master of Arts, of Oriel College, Oxford, was an acting magistrate for the county in which he resided, and took a leading part as a Protectionist, in opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws. He married in 1805, Emma, daughter of Richard Down, Esq., of Halliwick Manor House, Middlesex, and has left surviving issue, five sons and one daughter.

Lacey. On the 5th Feb., after a few days' illness, at the house of her step-daughter, Miss Caroline Lacey, Windmill-street, Gravesend, Mrs. Sophia Lacey, aged 57, widow of the late, Rev. Henry Lacey, and eldest daughter of the late John Sing, Esq., Bridgeworth, Salop.

Lance, The Rev. William, M.A., 21st Jan., at Netherpton Rectory, near Andover, aged 86.

Laurie, William, Esq., third son of the late Patrick Laurie, Esq., of Urrall, co. Wigton, 1st Feb., at New York.

Law. On the 8th Feb., at his residence Staplegrove-lodge, Somerset, Captain Edward Bedwell Law, late of the Royal Waggon Train, and formerly of the 24th Light Dragoons, aged 65.

Lewis. On the 6th Feb., in his 24th year, George Henry Lewis, of the Middle Temple, Esq., barrister-at-law, second son, of the Rev. G. W. Lewis, minister of St. Peter's, Southwark.

Leyros. On the 30th Jan., at Montdidier, France, in the 76th year of his age, Lewis Nicolas Leyros, for many

years, the faithful attendant and Secretary of his late Majesty, Charles X.

Lloyd, Thomas, Esq., of Kennington, 22nd Jan., aged 54.

Lowndes, Harriet Wilson, relict of the late and mother of the present William Lowndes, Esq., of Bury, Chesham, Bucks, 29th Jan. This lady was daughter of John Kingston, Esq. She leaves besides her eldest Wm. Lowndes, of the Bury, the present High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, another son, the Rev. Chas. Lowndes. The family of Lowndes of Chesham, inherit the distinguished honour of quartering the Plantagenet arms, being in a direct descent, through heiresses, from Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, dau. and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV.

Luce, Capt. Daniel, 22nd Jan.

Luttrell, Arthur John Fownes, son of Col. F. Fownes Luttrell, Kilne Court, co. Somerset, 28th Nov., in the East Indies, aged 15.

MacDonnell, Anne, relict of Col. Edwd. MacDonnell, late of the 105th Reg., 31st Jan., aged 73.

Maclean, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John K.C.H., 31st Jan.

Maddock, Jane, wife of the Rev. Benjamin Maddock, M.A., 31st Jan.

Maitland. Sir Alexander Charles Gibson, Bart., 7th Feb. Sir Alexander Charles Gibson Maitland, Bart., of Clifden Hall, Mid Lothian, was the son of the first Baronet, the Hon. General Alexander Maitland, a scion of the House of Lauderdale. He was born the 21st Nov., 1775, and married Helen, dau. and heiress of Alexander Gibson Wright, Esq., of the Gibsons of Duric, in Fifeshire, and cousin of the present Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart. Sir Alexander Maitland succeeded his father as second Baronet, on the 14th of February, 1820; his death occurred at Edinburgh on the 7th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-two. He has had a numerous family, of whom three sons and five daughters survive. He is succeeded in the Baronetcy by his grandson Alexander Charles, the issue of his son, Alexander Maitland, a Scottish Advocate, who died in 1831. The Baronet just deceased had two brothers, one of whom, William, was drowned in the Bay of Bengal, while a Midshipman on board the Portsmouth, East Indiaman. The other, Augustus, an officer of rank in the army was mortally wounded at Egmont Op Zee, in 1797. Maitland, Gen. Frederick, Col. of the 58th Reg., 27th Jan., aged 85.

Mathew, Felton, Esq., the first Surveyor-Gen. of New Zealand, 26th Nov., at Lima, aged 46.

Maxwell, Anne, relict of Major Maxwell, 22d Jan.

Maynard, the Rev. George Forster, rector of St. James's, Barbadoes, 13th Feb., at Gower-st., aged 59.

Moberly, Capt. John, R.N., 15th Jan., at Canada.

Molyneux, Sir George, Bart., 25th Jan. Sir George King Aldereron Molyneux, Bart., of Castle Dillon, co. Armagh, was son of the late Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart., and grandson of the Right Honourable Sir Capel Molyneux, Bart., M.P. for the University of Dublin, by Elizabeth, his second wife, only dau. of Lieut.-General Aldereron, Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies. Born 17th Oct., 1813, he married 6th July, 1837, Miss Emma Green, and leaves issue one surviving son, now Sir Capel Molyneux, Bart., and two daughters, Elizabeth and Emily Catherine. The Castle Dillon family is an offshoot of the ancient stock of Molyneux of Septon, in Lancashire, springing more immediately from Sir Thomas Molyneux, who commanded the forces of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, but was defeated and slain by the combined insurgent Lords at Radcot Bridge, near Farringdon, in 1388. Daniel Molyneux, Esq., M.P., son and heir of the first settler in the sister kingdom, was appointed in 1586, Ulster King of Arms; and his celebrated collection of Irish Family History, now amongst the MSS. of Trinity College, Dublin, prove him to have been an accurate and very learned antiquary.

Moore, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Moore, of Saville-row, 17th Feb.

Morrice, John, Esq., of Harley-street, 30th Jan., aged 76.

Moss, Sophia, relict of Charles Moss, Esq., 14th Feb., at Bath.

Mousley, Mrs. W. Eaton, 4th Feb.

Murray, William, third son of John Murray, Esq., of Touchadane and Palmaise, 26th Jan., aged 12.

Naghten, Louisa, youngest dau. of the late Thomas Naghten, Esq., 17th Feb., at Crofton House, Titchfield, aged 21.

Newman, Sir Robert William, Bart., 24th Jan., aged 72. Sir Robert died at his beautiful seat of Mamhead, in the co. of Devon. His family has been established at Dartmouth for several centuries, and may be traced in the public records of that town so far back as the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VII. The worthy Baronet, who sat in Parliament at one time for the city of

Exeter, and served as High Sheriff of the co. of Devon. in 1827, obtained his title of honour from the Whig Government of Lord Melbourne, in 1836. He was born in Oporto, 18th August, 1776, and married 21st Sept., 1813, Mary Jane, third dau. of Richard Denne, Esq., of Winchelsea, by whom, who died 28th July, 1834, he leaves four sons and four daughters: the eldest of the former being the present Sir Robert Lydston Newman, Bart., of Mamhead.

Nouaille, Anne, relict of the late Peter Nouaille, Esq., of St. John's, Sevenoaks, and second daughter of the late William Woodgate, Esq., of Summerhill, Tunbridge, Kent, 2d Feb., aged 74. Oakes, Mary, wife of William Oakes, Esq., of Hatch-court, co. Somerset, 28th Jan., aged 77.

Oddy, Margaret, widow of J. Jepson Oddy, Esq., of St. James's-square, and Darnall, co. York, 31st Jan.

O'Reilly, James Archbold, Esq., of Boyne Lodge, co. Meath. This excellent and respected gentleman died a short time since at Kingstown, near Dublin. His loss is deeply deplored by his family and friends, and will be severely felt by the poor of his neighbourhood, to whom at all times, but more especially in the recent season of wretchedness and destitution, he was the most charitable benefactor. High-minded, courteous, and well-informed—sprung from an ancient Milesian family, and related to the leading Catholic Aristocracy—Mr. O'Reilly enjoyed the respect of all parties in his native country, and had the honour of being presented to King George IV., on his Majesty's visit to Dublin, as the descendant of Ireland's native Princes. His father, John O'Reilly, Esq., of Rahattan, county Wicklow, derived from a branch of the O'Reillys, Princes of Breffny, and his mother, Jane, dau. of James Archbold, Esq., of Eadestown Castle, county Kildare, was descended from some of the oldest families in Ireland. At the period of his decease, Mr. O'Reilly had attained an advanced age. By Cecilia, his wife, eldest dau. of Columbus Drake, Esq., of Roristown, co. Meath, he leaves surviving issue, three sons and one daughter.

Palmer, Harriet, relict of Sir Charles Thomas Palmer, Bart., of Warlip Hall, 22d Jan.

Parker, Thomas James, Esq., Lieutenant Royal Regiment, third son of the Rev. Thomas J. Parker, Rector of High Halden, Kent, 26th Jan., aged 32.

Parrott, John, Esq., 15th Feb., at Aylesbury, aged 63.

Pedder, Frederick Hoffham, Esq., J.P. for co. Sussex, 30th Jan. aged 54.

Peete, William, Esq., F.L.S., late of Dartford, 4th Feb., aged 76.

Phillips, James, Esq., at Bishop's Waltham, Hants, aged 77.

Pitman, James, Esq., 12th Feb., at Dunchidecock, co. Devon, aged 69. This gentleman, Major of the East Devon Militia, and a county magistrate, and Deputy Lieut., represented a family who has been seated at Dunchidecock, for many generations, being recorded in the parish registers since the year 1552. Mr. Pitman was born in 1778, and married in 1804, Catherine, eldest dau. of John Harris, Esq., of Radford, by whom he leaves a large family.

Pole, Mary, relict of the late Sacheverell Chandos Pole, Esq., of Radborne, 16th Feb., aged 74. Mrs. Chandos Pole was daughter of the Rev. Henry Ware, D.D. of Dublin, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Wrightson Mundy, Esq., of Markeaton, M.P. for Leicestershire, and great great grand daughter of the celebrated Sir Jas. Ware, the historian. Her marriage to Mr. Poole took place on the 16th March, 1791; that gentleman assumed by sign manual in 1807, the additional surname of Chandos, as representative of the renowned Sir John Chandos, K.G., and died in 1813, leaving surviving issue, Edward Sacheverell Chandos Pole, Esq., now of Radborne, Henry Reginald, in holy orders, and Elizabeth Mary, married to the present Lord Byron.

Reece, William, Esq., of Connaught-sq., 27th Jan., aged 83.

Reid, the Hon. James, late Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, 19th Jan., at Canada, aged 79.

Reynell, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas, Bart., K.C.B., Col. 71st Regiment, 10th Feb. Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Reynell, Bart., and K.C.B., was the third son of Thomas Reynell, Esq., who fell at the battle of Saratoga, in 1777, and whose direct ancestor, Richard Reynell, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in Ireland, was created a Baronet in 1678. Sir Thomas Reynell entered the British service, as an Ensign, in 1793, and rose through all his grades to that of Lieutenant-General, being so appointed in 1837. He was also made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order; he was Colonel of the 71st Regiment; and he succeeded to the Baronetcy on the decease of his brother in 1829. Sir Thomas passed nearly fifty-five

years in the army—a period of brilliant distinction to himself, and of valuable service to his country. During the late war he was always actively engaged: he was in the West Indies, in Holland, in Egypt, in India, in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. In addition to the Commandership of the Bath, he was decorated with the insignia of a Knight of the Austrian Order of Maria Theresa, and of the fourth Class of the Order of St. George, through the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, when Sir Thomas was wounded, in command of the 71st Highland Infantry. Sir Thomas Reynell married the 12th of February, 1831, the Lady Elizabeth Pack, daughter of George, first Marquis of Waterford, and widow of Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B. Sir Thomas died at his seat, near Arundel, on the 10th inst.; and, as he leaves no issue nor male relation, the Baronetcy, one distinguished from its creation by lawyers, statesmen, and warriors, becomes extinct.

Rickman, Mary, wife of James Rickman, Esq., of Courland House, Wandsworth, 18th Feb.

Robarts, Harriette, wife of Frederick Robarts, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, 14th Feb., aged 36.

Roberts, Henry Edwd., Esq., of Gloucester-place, 2d Feb.

Rochfort, Col. Gustavus, son of the late Gustavus Rochfort, Esq., of Rochfort, M.P. for Westmeath, 2d Feb.

Ross, Lieutenant George, 36th Madras Infantry, 17th Jan.

Rumsey, Rebecca, youngest dau. of the late Dr. Rumsey, of Amersham, 26th Jan.

Ryan, Edward John, Esq., surgeon, 31st Jan., at Farningham, Kent, aged 47.

Saumarez, the Hon. Martha Harriet, last surviving daughter of the late Admiral Lord de Saumarez, 20th Jan.

Scard, Mrs. Anne, 30th Jan., at Kew.

Sibley. On the 9th of December last, on his march from Lahore to Agra, at Missouri, Bengal, aged 27, James Sibley, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 54th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, third son of Robert Sibley, Esq., of 39, Great Ormond Street, having been engaged in the late actions on the Sutlej and also in Cabul.

Simmons. On the 17th of August, at sea on his passage home from Sydney, New South Wales, Lieutenant Wm. Henry More Simmons, H. M. 58th Regiment, fourth son of the late Capt. T. F. Simmons, R.A., of Langford, near Bristol, aged 27.

- Smith, Thomas, Esq., M.D., of Bury St. Edmund's, 12th Feb., aged 83.
- Smyth, Captain J., late of the 69th Regiment, of Dromore House, near Coleraine, 29th Jan.
- Soames, Joseph, Esq., late of Park Street, 2d Feb., at Stanmore, aged 42.
- Soane, John, Esq., of Waltham Abbey, Essex, 8th Jan., at Madeira, aged 24.
- South, Lieut.-Col. Samuel, 20th Jan., aged 88.
- Southgate, J. W., Esq., of Park House, Sydenham, Kent, 30th Jan., aged 63.
- Spens, Charlotte, relict of Lieut.-Col. Archibald Spens, E.I.C.S., and mother of Archibald Spens, Esq., of Manor House, Inveresk, N.B.
- Spiller. On the 14th Feb., in Upper Southwick Street, Hyde Park, in the 35th year of his age, George Spiller, Esq., only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Francis John Spiller, 8th Regiment Bengal Cavalry.
- Spyring, J. S. S., Esq., 14th Feb., at Brighton, aged 74.
- Statham, the Rev. Samuel Freeman, 14th Feb., at Cranford, aged 65.
- St. Clair. On the 4th Feb., at her residence, Albion Street, Hyde Park, Augusta St. Clair, daughter of the late William St. Clair, Esq., of Shedoway, Fifeshire and sister of the late Major-General St. Clair, C.B., K.H., &c.
- Stevens, Mary, wife of Henry Stevens, Esq., 2d Feb., at Wyrardisbury, Bucks, aged 60.
- Stewart, Charles, Esq., of Londonderry, 15th Jan., at Torquay, aged 64.
- Strutt, Major-General William Goodday, Governor of Quebec, 6th Feb., at Tofts, Essex, aged 86.
- Swinfen. On the 19th Jan., of influenza, aged 71, Susannah, the wife of S. Swinfen, Esq., of Swinfen Hall, Staffordshire, and sister of the late Sir Thomas Durrant, Bart., of Scottow Hall, Norfolk.
- Tench, the Rev. John, B.D., Rector of Rollewright, Oxon., 22d Jan., aged 82.
- Terry, Stephen, Esq., of Barbrook House, near Bath, 30th Jan., aged 58.
- Thomas, Elizabeth Lucretia, wife of Sir W. L. George Thomas, Bart., 21st Jan.
- Thomas. On the 20th Jan., at the Vicarage, Westleigh, near Bideford, aged 83, Lieutenant-General Thomas, formerly of Brookhill, Devon, Lieutenant Governor of Tynemouth and Cliffe Fort, Northumberland, and a magistrate for the county of Devon.
- Thomson, Mary, wife of the Rev. Dr. James Thomson, 29th Jan., at Madrid.
- Thruston, Emily, second daughter of Captain Thruston, R.N., of Talgarth, co. Merioneth, 1st Feb.
- Toller, Edward, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, 28th Jan., aged 81.
- Tomlin, Mrs. Alfred, of the Grove, Clapham Road, 18th Feb., aged 39.
- Todd, Sir William D'Arcy, K.H., 25th Jan., aged 77.
- Tooke, Amelia, wife of William Tooke, Esq., of Russell Square, 12th Feb.
- Toone, Sarah Frances, relict of Colonel Toone, 31st Jan., at Keston Lodge.
- Tuffnell. At Wilsford, Wilts, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Uliana Margaretta Tuffnell, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Charles Tuffnell, of Bath, and daughter of the late Rev. John Fowell, D.D., Rector of Bishopsbourne, Kent.
- Turner, Harriet, eldest daughter of Joseph Turner, Esq., of Sunbury, 3d Feb.
- Turner, Charles, Esq., 15th Feb., at Brompton.
- Uthoff, the Rev. Henry, Rector of Huntingfield, 9th Feb., aged 90.
- Unett, Jane, relict of Henry Unett, Esq., of Marden, co. Hereford, 31st Jan., aged 84.
- Vade, Miss Harriet, at Leamington, 3d Feb.
- Varley, Charlotte, relict of Thomas Varley, Esq., 11th Feb., aged 47.
- Vere, Mrs., 14th Feb., at Clapham, aged 87.
- Vincent, General John, Colonel of the 69th Regiment, 21st Jan., aged 83.
- Waite, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Dr. Waite, 18th Jan.
- Walmesley, Mary, relict of Edward Walmesley, Esq., 9th Feb.
- Warre, Caroline, wife of George Warre, Esq., at Oxford Square, aged 71.
- Waters, Edmond Thomas, Esq., 28th Jan., at Lansdowne Crescent, Cheltenham, aged 84.
- Watson, Elizabeth, wife of William Watson, Esq., of Tredegar Square, 17th Feb.
- Waymouth, Sarah, relict of Henry Waymouth, Esq., 6th Feb.
- Webb, Harriet Augusta, wife of Lieut.-Col. Webb, 11th Feb.
- Welsh, Thomas, Esq., of Brighton, 24th Jan.
- West, Goldsborrough Francis, second son of Frederick George West, Esq., aged 16, 5th Feb.
- Wetherall, Mary, wife of Captain Wetherall, R.N., 2d Jan., aged 60.
- White, Miriam, wife of John White, Esq., J.P. and D.L. for co. Devon, 4th Feb.
- White. On the 11th Feb., at 2, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood, in his 7th

- year, John Stode Carey Robert, only child of the late John White, Esq., of Upcerne House, Dorset, and of the Isle of Wight.
- Wilkins, the Hon. Lewis Morris, many years Judge of the Supreme Courts, Nova Scotia, 2d Jan., aged 80.
- Williams, John, Esq., of Gwersyllt Park, co. Denbigh, 15th Jan., aged 82.
- Wilson. On the 4th Feb., in her 49th year, at the house of her uncle, Rear-Admiral Beaufort, Frances Maria, the wife of Lestock Peach Wilson, Esq., and daughter of the late Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., of Edgeworthstown, Ireland.
- Wilson, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Haarlem, 5th Feb.
- Woodroffe. On the 4th Feb., at Farthinghoe Lodge, Brackley, Northamptonshire, Skynner George Woodroffe, Esq., eldest son of the late George Woodroffe, Esq., of Chiswick, aged 33.
- Woods, Katherine, only surviving daughter of the late Edward Woods, Esq., of Shopwy, Kent, 27th Jan., aged 63.
- Wray, Isabella, relict of Captain Wray of Cleasby, co. York, 8th Feb.
- Young, Emily, eldest daughter of the late Sir Samuel Young, Bart., 3d Feb.
- Young, Sir George, Bart., Captain R.N., This gentleman, who held the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy, died on the 8th Feb., aged 50. He was the eldest son of the late Sir Samuel Young, Bart., by Emily, his wife, daughter of Charles Baring, Esq., and grandson of Sir George Young, Knt., Admiral of the White, a distinguished naval commander. The deceased Baronet married, in 1835, Susan, only daughter of the late Mr. Sergeant Praed, and by her leaves issue.
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THE PATRICIAN.

ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

NO. VIII.—MASANIELLO.

AT this period of insurrection and insubordination among the states of Europe, the historic mind naturally recurs to those revolts of bygone times, which have been notorious in the annals of the world. Few instances of popular breakings out, bear more resemblance to present events, than the celebrated rising of the common people in Naples, in 1647, under the guidance of the fisherman Masaniello. Examples are very rare in history of a king being created by the mob; the simple reason is, that the crowd, in its moment of victorious excitement, naturally inclines against the formation of Sovereign power. To this Masaniello is an exception. The triumphant mob of Naples made him, in all but name, an absolute monarch; and he exercised imperial sway over the city, until, after a reign which lasted but a span, he fell with the voice of the same fickle mob against him. The humble and short-lived royalty of the fisherman of Amalfi, has in it something which strangely resembles the rise and ruin of Louis Phillipe. The course of the one must be counted by days—of the other, by years; yet, they were both the creatures of the people; they both found the regal state a scene of perpetual turbulence, terror, toil, and treachery; both had to encounter the assassin; finally the power of both instantaneously crumbled into dust. The same breath did and undid the two. But our subject is history not politics; and we confine it to Masaniello. The poor plebeian fisherman had the courage and daring of a lion; he was chivalrous in thought and deed; his whole soul was with Naples, and he died but too faithful to those who were unfaithful to him. His wild career eminently appertains to romance, and, therefore, though an oft told tale, we trust we may be pardoned for narrating it here. Thanks to the eloquent pen of Lady Morgan, we can do so easily. Her history of Masaniello, from which we borrow, is written with wondrous spirit and winning grace.

It was under the government of the Duke of Arcos, Viceroy over Naples for Philip IV., King of Spain, that this insurrection broke out, triumphed, and sunk eventually to nothing.

After the inheritance of the crown of Naples had passed into the hands of the Spanish monarchs, that kingdom had been governed by a series of

Spanish nobles with the title of Viceroys, deputed to that high office for the purpose of supplying by persuasion when available, by actual violence when needful—by every imaginable extortion, the armies with which that imperious and grasping dynasty aspired to predominance in Europe. Knowing that this furnishing of money for the purposes of their monarch was a portion of the duties they undertook—that their office was of short duration, and that court favour or banishment into private life awaited its termination, it is sufficiently obvious that they would not be checked by any over-scrupulous regard for the erring prejudices which the governed might entertain of their personal rights, or by the vociferous demonstrations of unpopularity which might attend their removal at the termination of their viceregal career.

There is a state of public feeling, that though veiled in the silence of brooding reserve, contains a mine of resistance, which the faintest spark may kindle into unextinguishable explosion. In this state were the people of Naples, when the Duke d'Arcos, the viceroy of the kingdom, and one of the most rapacious governors whom distant despotism ever intrusted with its unlimited power, laid an impost on all fruits coming into the capital, calculated to produce an increase of revenue of seventy millions *per annum*. The government thus became the instigator of one of the most singular revolutions to which the pressure of extreme misery ever incited a spirit-broken and enduring people.

In the summer of 1647, when the public fermentation was beginning unequivocally to declare itself, the approaching celebration of the great national and religious festival of our Lady of Carmel appeared, for the moment, to obliterate all less joyous impressions. The principal spectacle of this "*gran festa*" was a sort of war-game, played by the youths of the city. A Turkish fortress was erected in the centre of the *Mercato del Carmine*. The crescent glittered on its ramparts, and it was defended by three or four hundred youths, who, with the name of Alarbes, were supposed to represent a species of Turkish militia. The besiegers of this stronghold of infidelity, the representatives of the Neapolitan nation, never failed to conquer the Alarbes; as the people never failed to rejoice in a victory which imaged the triumph of the cross over the crescent,—of the Neapolitans over their hated neighbours, the Turks.

The chiefs elected to command these opposed forces were, Scipione Gannatajo Pione, a bold brave youth of eighteen, who led on the Turks, and TOMMASO ANGELO MAYA, the captain of the Neapolitans, whose familiar and abbreviated appellation of MASANIELLO, now belongs to history. On the morning of the 7th of July, 1647, the two commanders came to review their forces in the market, previously to the celebration of the festa. They were all habited alike in the customary Neapolitan suit of coarse linen trousers and tunic, fastened with as coarse a girdle, and without stockings; their arms were long canes or reeds, to which a pitched faggot was attached for burning the citadel at the hour of attack. Every eye was turned on Masaniello as he marched into the Mercato; for his election was a preconcerted event, and he had long been looked on as one who represented, in his story and condition, the sufferings and the grievances of the people at large. Masaniello was a handsome youth, of a lofty stature and prepossessing air, acute, vivacious, endowed with an instinctive love of justice and hatred of oppression, and with a simple but powerful eloquence, the language of strong feelings and clear intellects. Though his profession was no higher than that of a fisherman, carrying on a little

commerce between Amalfi (his native village in the gulf of Salerno,) and the market of Naples, yet he is said to have taken a pride in an employment which the founder of his Church, and the favourite apostle of his Redeemer had rendered sacred; and at an early age he obtained an extraordinary influence over his companions.

Masaniello, though he had married in boyhood, and was already a father, had by prudence and industry contrived to save a small sum of money, and to support his little family with respectability for one so humble, when his young wife, who attended the markets with grain and fruits, endeavouring to pass the barriers without paying the toll, was seized and thrown into prison, and a fine levied on her husband of a hundred ducats. Plunged into the deepest indigence by an exaction which exhausted the savings of his laborious life, the hatred of the beggared fisherman of Amalfi against the tyranny of the underlings in office, became deep as the wretchedness into which they had plunged him. From effects so personal, his sullen and discontented spirit extended its broodings to the causes in which they originated; and in this mood he was found in the hut, which now (in the place of the vine-covered cottage he had been forced to abandon) afforded him a temporary shelter; and he was elected captain of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni, to fight for the honour of Christ and our Lady of Carmel.

Masaniello and Pione had severally taken the field at an early hour of the morning, and begun their ordinary evolutions in the Mercato, when a dispute arose between the gardeners of Pozzuoli, their customers, and the officers of the new *gabelle* on fruits. The peasantry and the citizens alike refused to pay a tax which the Viceroy had solemnly promised to abolish from the 30th of the preceding month. The officers insisted, and the conflict became general and fearful. The gardeners flung their fruits on the earth, declaring they would rather give them to the people, than permit them to be seized by their common bloodsuckers. The General of the police attempted to interfere, by order of the Viceroy, and the tumult became still more violent, when Masaniello, springing on the steps of the church, commanded silence; and with the air and voice of one inspired, exclaimed, "My people, from this moment there is no *gabelle* in Naples!" He was answered by the approving acclamations of thousands. His own little troop, and that of Pione, rallied round their leaders, and were joined by some others. This force he divided into two corps, and placing himself at their head, he marched forth amidst the *vivas* of all Naples, to the Viceroy's palace, to demand a religious performance of the promise so often reiterated and so often broken. The shrewd and clever Duc d'Arcos, the profound diplomatist and master of that "*fourberie que l'on appelle politique*," thus taken on the hip, was confounded and intimidated. He sent away his family to the citadel of the Castello-Nuovo; he doubled his German guards, surrounded himself with his court, and trembled as he presented himself at the open balcony, beneath which the young fisherman of Amalfi, at the head of his boy-bands, armed only with reeds, called for a parley with the representative of majesty.

The Viceroy again promised the abolition of the *gabelle* upon fruit; but when the multitude cried out, "upon flour also," he replied with a shew of returning firmness, "that he might *moderate*, but could not abolish, any *gabelle* save that on fruit." It was then, that, after a moment's pause, Masaniello ordered his troops to follow him; and rushing through the gates of the palace, forced the foreign troops to fly before him. Traversing the sumptuous apartments, he commanded that all the splendid trappings

of luxury, which were there accumulated at the expense of the people's blood, should be destroyed, without reserving a single object, save the king's picture, which he said was "the image of a constituted authority, betrayed and abused by its worthless and rapacious ministers." To this he bowed reverentially, and this alone was saved from the common wreck.

The Viceroy and his court having escaped, by secret passages, fled to the Convent of the Minims, and thence found means of retiring to the fortified citadel of St. Elmo. Through the mediation of the popular Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomarini, D'Arcos condescended, from amidst his German and Spanish guards, to negotiate with Masaniello, promising to sign a paper, by which he bound himself to abolish the imposts upon victuals, and secretly offering an enormous pension to Masaniello, to engage him to abandon the people, or to betray them.

"I pray your eminence to tell the Viceroy," said Masaniello with disdain, "that he alone can reduce the people to order, by the fulfilment of his promise. Let him abolish the *gabelles*, and he will find their lives and means devoted to the king, and their obedience secured to his own authority." The Cardinal is said to have remarked, that the air and manner of Masaniello exhibited all the elevation and firmness of a soul which belongs to the highest order of character.

On the receipt of this proposition, the Viceroy shut himself up in St. Elmo, and thus formally abandoned the city to a low-born youth of three-and-twenty, who in the space of a few hours beheld himself its absolute master, without having incurred the reproach of shedding one drop of blood.

The character of Masaniello, as it developed itself under the pressure of novel and extraordinary circumstances, seemed to display almost superhuman qualities and capabilities. He scarcely took any food, slept but little, was in perpetual activity. At once mild and resolute, severe and just, he remodelled the police, and directed its operations with absolute authority and with admirable intelligence. He erected batteries on the most exposed points, threw artillery into suspicious situations, invested the convent of San Lorenzo, the repository of the arms and archives of the city, and took it almost without resistance, although the government had stationed a party of Calabrian banditti in the belfry to defend it. He restrained the people from all acts of violence, protected the nobility, and administered justice with inflexible impartiality. As unambitious as disinterested, he was solely occupied with the great object of restoring the people to their ancient franchises, and forcing the Viceroy to a formal renunciation of the *gabelles*.

Hitherto this bloodless revolution had been effected without the loss of a single life. But while Masaniello was endeavouring to preserve the tranquillity of the city, and to negotiate for the formal abolition of the imposts, the Viceroy in his fortress was laying plans for a civil war, by fomenting disputes between the aristocracy and the people, and by drawing towards Naples the troops stationed at out-quarters. He erected barricades round the royal palace to preserve a communication with the Castello-Nuovo; placed foreign guards at all the avenues; released the Duca di Matalona (one of the Caraffi) from prison, to induce him to intrigue with the people for the destruction of Masaniello, by a promise of pardon for all past offences, and of honours beyond his utmost ambition.

Hitherto the simple wisdom of Masaniello, and the unanimity of the

people, had defeated the Viceroy's policy; the troops marching upon Naples were met by him and his irregular forces, and taken prisoners. When brought triumphantly to Naples, and treated by Masaniello's orders with kindness, the Germans availed themselves to such an extent of his hospitality, that, in a state of intoxication, they ran through every quarter of the city, shouting "*Viva il popolo! Viva Masaniello!*"

The investment of *San Lorenzo*, the defeat of a division of German and Spanish troops near Torre del Greco, the pertinacity of Masaniello, who, at the head of 150,000 men, steadily demanded the abolition of the *gabelle*, and the restoration of the charters of Ferdinand of Arragon and Charles V., convinced the Viceroy that the measures, as yet attempted, were unavailing; and he resolved to use more cruel means. The actors in this tragedy were a troop of banditti in the service of the government; the scene, the church of the Carmelites; and the time, the moment when the Cardinal Filomarino was to occupy the attention of the people by reading to them a treaty of peace, by which the Viceroy once more pledged himself to abolish the *gabelle*, and to restore the royal charter. All Naples abandoned itself to confidence and joy; the market-place, the church, the convent, were crowded to excess; but among the people it was observed, that there mingled men whose dark and unknown faces and mysterious carriage excited suspicion. Among these Masaniello recognised Antonio Grosso, a well known captain of banditti, and some of his terrific band; but Perrone, a man of low character but much talent, who, acting as a spy for the government, had gained a great ascendancy over Masaniello, restored confidence by frankly avowing that some outlaws from the Abruzzi had entered the town to witness the spectacle, and share in the triumphs of a cause which they had warmly espoused. Confidence thus restored, Masaniello was proceeding carelessly towards the church, when a single shot from an arquebuss whistled by him in the cloisters, and he had scarcely pronounced the word "*traditori*," when a discharge of fire-arms, mingled with the shrieks of thousands, echoed through the vast edifice. The cry of "*Masaniello is assassinated,—down with the banditti*," repeated through the church, was heard in the market-place. The multitude rushed in to the assistance of their chief; the assassins were driven out and forced to fly; some few were poniarded on the steps of the altar; others were struck down in the cloisters, and all was confusion and sanguinary contest, when Masaniello himself arrested the carnage by his voice and presence. Not a shot had reached his person—the people deemed him invulnerable, and cried "*Al miracolo! Viva Masaniello! Viva nostra Signora del Carmine!*" A hundred and fifty banditti are said to have fallen victims to the popular rage; one of them, and that one Antonio Grosso himself, before he died, confessed to a priest, that the conspirators against the life of Masaniello were the Duca di Mataloni, his brother Don Peppo Caraffa, Perrone, and the Viceroy, by whom the others were employed. Thus the *first blood* flowed.

From this period the career of Masaniello became clouded: the plot thickened. At one time he entered into a treaty with the Viceroy, and rode to meet him in state. Masaniello was, on the occasion, mounted upon a superb charger, dressed in robes of white and silver, his cap garnished with imperial plumes. The Cardinal Filomarini was at his side, and he was followed by sixteen companies of cavalry and infantry, and by 50,000 of the Neapolitan population. This acme of power proved too intoxicating for Masaniello. He became fierce, tyrannic, and severe. Many thought

him mad, and the people began to turn against him, though he was still devoted to them. The Viceroy seized the opportunity, and had him assassinated by his own plebeians, in the church called the "Chiesa del Carmine." A romantic writer thus gives the particulars of his death:—

The deed that was to be perpetrated was committed to four of the people. They had followed Masaniello into the church; they had witnessed his last display there; and when the populace turned in disgust from their idol, they ventured to accuse him of tyranny in his madness. A cry was soon raised of "Death to Masaniello! Peace to the suffering city!" All concealment of their purpose was now abandoned, and they exclaimed,

"Long live the King of Spain! let no one henceforth obey or name the name of Masaniello!"

This cry was also taken up, and the square of the Carmine rung with *vivas* for the Viceroy. The assassins then forced their way into the monastery; but they no sooner found themselves in the corridor leading to Masaniello's cell than they appear to have been seized with something of the alarm which had previously saved his life from the aim of Perrone. Determining to proceed with some precaution to their purpose, they paused at the door of his cell, and called to him in tones of friendliness, and as if hurried,

"Signor Masaniello! Signor Masaniello!"

The unfortunate youth heard them; the tones of gentleness had become rare in his ear of late, and he replied,

"Do you come in search of me? I am here: what want has my people of my services?"

He threw open the door, and their carabines touched his very bosom. The cry that then rung above the report of their weapons was the same that he had uttered in the first similar attempt in the Carmine.

"Traditori ingrati!"

And he fell dead! His head was cleft from his body, and one of his murderers, enveloping it beneath his dress, hurried into a coach kept ready for him, and bore it to the feet of the Duke d'Arcos. His body was thrown out to the wild beasts of the market-place, who, as their custom was, trailed it through the mire of all the streets of the city, until, wearied with the pastime, they placed it on a pike in front of the grain stores.

Thus fell one of the very few who have obtained the sovereign power from a people in insurrection.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXI.—THE TRIAL OF DR. DODD.

AMONG the numerous deaths which took place in England under the former cruel forgery statutes, there is not one more lamentable than the execution of the Rev. William Dodd. It is impossible to read the narrative of his unhappy fate without the deepest sorrow—without feeling that, whatever might have been his guilt, he fell the victim of a merciless prosecution, and of a merciless and unreasonable rigour in the consummation of the sentence of the law.

The Rev. William Dodd, D.D., was Prebendary of Brecon, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Minister to the Magdalen Hospital. He also stood high in the estimation of the public as a divine, a popular preacher, and an elegant scholar. He was the promoter of many public charities, and of some he may be said to have been the institutor. The Magdalen for reclaiming young women who have swerved from the path of virtue; the Society for the Relief of Poor Debtors, and that of the Humane Society, for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, owe their institution to Dr. Dodd. He was patronized by the King, and more immediately by Lord Chesterfield, and his church preferments were lucrative; but his expenses outran his income, which induced him to commit this forgery on his former pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield.

Another singular circumstance in the life of Dr. Dodd was, his publication, a few years previous to his execution, of a sermon, intitled, “The frequency of Capital Punishments inconsistent with justice, sound policy, and religion.” This, he says, was intended to have been preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, but omitted on account of the absence of the court during the author’s month of waiting.

The following extract will shew the unfortunate man’s opinion on this subject. He writes thus:—

“It would be easy to shew the injustice of those laws which demand blood for the slightest offences; the superior justice and propriety of inflicting perpetual and laborious servitude; the greater utility hereof to the sufferer as well as to the state, especially wherein we have a variety of necessary occupations, peculiarly noxious and prejudicial to the lives of the honest and industrious, and in which they might be employed, who had forfeited their lives and their liberties to society.”

The Earl of Chesterfield, who, to say the least, took so unkind a part in this prosecution, was Philip Stanhope of Mansfield Woodhouse, who succeeded his relative, the great Lord Chesterfield, as fifth Earl, on the 24th March, 1773. By his second wife Henrietta, daughter of the first

Marquis of Bute, he was father of his successor, the present Earl of Chesterfield.

The forgery committed by Dr. Dodd, was this. The doctor being in want of cash to pay his tradesmen's bills, and having been preceptor to the Earl of Chesterfield, he pretended that his lordship had an urgent occasion to borrow £4200 but did not choose to be his own agent, and begged that the matter might be secretly and expeditiously conducted. He employed Mr. Robertson, a broker, to whom he presented a bond not filled up or signed, that he might find a person who would advance the requisite sum to a young nobleman who had lately come of age. After applying to several persons who refused the business, because they were not to be present when the bond was executed, Mr. Robertson, absolutely confiding in the doctor's honour, applied to Messrs. Fletcher and Peach, who agreed to lend the money. Mr. Robertson returned the bond to the doctor in order to its being executed; and on the following day the doctor produced it as executed, and witnessed by himself. Mr. Robertson, knowing Mr. Fletcher to be a particular man, and who would consequently object to one subscribing witness only, put his name under the doctor's. He then went and received the money, which he paid into the hands of Dr. Dodd, £3000 in notes of Sir Charles Raymond and Co., the remaining £1200 in bank-notes. The money being thus obtained, the doctor gave Mr. Robertson, £100 for his trouble, and paid some of his own debts with a part of the remainder.

It appears that the doctor intended to replace the money and pay off the bond, in a short time, without the knowledge of any person but the broker, and the gentlemen of whom the money had been borrowed. It happened, however, that the bond being left with Mr. Manly, (attorney for Messrs. Fletcher and Peach) he observed, in the writing of the condition, a remarkable blot in the first letter E in the word SEVEN, which did not seem to be the effect of chance, but done with design. He thought it odd, but did not suspect a forgery; yet he shewed Mr. Fletcher the bond and blot, and advised him to have a clean bond filled up and carried to Lord Chesterfield for execution. Mr. Fletcher consented; and Mr. Manly went the next day to his lordship, who, having previous notice of the intended business, asked him if he had called about the bond. Mr. Manly said he had; and his lordship answered, I have burnt the bond. This appeared very extraordinary, but was soon explained by Lord Chesterfield's saying, he thought the gentleman had called about a bond for £500 which he had given some years before, and had taken up and burnt. When Mr. Manly produced the bond in question, Lord Chesterfield was surprised and immediately disowned it. Upon this Mr. Manly went directly to Mr. Fletcher to consult what steps to take. Mr. Fletcher, a Mr. Innes, and Mr. Manly, went to Guildhall to prefer an information respecting the forgery, against the broker and Dr. Dodd. Mr. Robertson was taken into custody, and with Fletcher, Innes, Manly, and two of the Lord Mayor's officers, went to the house of the doctor in Argyle-street.

They opened the business, and the doctor was very much struck and affected. Manly told him, if he would return the money, it would be the only means of saving him. He instantly returned six notes of £500 each, making £3000; he drew on his banker for £500; the broker returned £100; and the doctor gave a second draft on his banker for £200, and a judgment on his goods for the remaining £400, which judgment was immediately carried into execution. All this was done by the doctor in full

reliance on the honour of the parties, that the bond should be returned to him cancelled; but notwithstanding this restitution, he was taken before the lord mayor, and charged as above mentioned. The doctor declared he had no intention to defraud Lord Chesterfield, or the gentlemen who advanced the money. He hoped that the satisfaction he had made, in returning the money, would atone for his offence. He was pressed, he said, exceedingly for £300 to pay some bills due to tradesmen. He took this step as a temporary resource, and would have paid it in half a year. My Lord Chesterfield, added he, cannot but have some tenderness for me, as my pupil. I love him and he knows it. There is no one wishes to prosecute. I am sure my Lord Chesterfield don't want my life—I hope he will shew clemency to me. Mercy should triumph over justice. Clemency, however, was denied; and the doctor was committed to the Compter, in preparation for his trial. On the 19th of February, 1777, Dr. Dodd, being put to the bar at the Old Bailey, addressed the court in the following words:—

“My Lords,—I am informed that the bill of indictment against me has been found on the evidence of Mr. Robertson, who was taken out of Newgate without any authority or leave from your lordships, for the purpose of procuring the bill to be found. Mr. Robertson is a subscribing witness to the bond, and as I conceive, would be swearing to exculpate himself, if he should be admitted as a witness against me; and as the bill has been found upon his evidence, which was surreptitiously obtained, I submit to your lordships that I ought not to be compelled to plead on this indictment: and upon this question I beg to be heard by my counsel. My lords, I beg leave also further to observe to your lordships, that the gentlemen on the other side of the question are bound over to prosecute Mr. Robertson.”

Previous to the arguments of the counsel, an order, which had been surreptitiously obtained from an officer of the court, dated Wednesday, Feb. 19th, and directed to the keeper of Newgate, commanding him to carry Lewis Robertson to Hick's-hall in order to give evidence before the grand inquest on the present bill of indictment; likewise a resolution of the court, reprobating the order; and also the recognizance, entered into by Mr. Manly, Mr. Peach, Mr. Innes, and the right hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, to prosecute and give evidence against Dr. Dodd and Lewis Robertson, for the forgery, were ordered to be read: and the clerk of the arraigns was directed to inform the court whether the name Lewis Robertson was indorsed as a witness on the back of the indictment, which was answered in the affirmative. The counsel now proceeded in their arguments for and against the prisoner. Mr. Howarth, one of Dr. Dodd's advocates, contended that not any person ought to plead or answer to an indictment, if it appeared upon the face of that indictment that the evidence upon which the bill was found was not legal, or competent to have been adduced before the grand jury. Mr. Cooper, counsel on the same side, followed this idea, and hoped that Dr. Dodd might not be called on to plead to the bill of indictment, and that the bill might be quashed. That great lawyer, Francis Buller, likewise argued, most ably, on the same side.

Mr. Mansfield, and the other counsel employed for the prosecution, replied to these arguments with equal ingenuity and professional knowledge. It was now agreed on, that the trial should be proceeded in; and that the question respecting the competency of Robertson's evidence, be

reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges. Hereupon Dr. Dodd was indicted for forging a bond for the payment of £4200, with intent to defraud certain parties mentioned in the indictment, and the facts already stated were sworn to by the respective witnesses. When the evidence was gone through, the court called upon the doctor for his defence, which was as follows:—

“My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Upon the evidence which has this day been produced against me, I find it very difficult to address your lordships: there is no man in the world who has a deeper sense of the heinous nature of the crime for which I stand indicted than myself. I view it, my lords, in all its extent of malignancy towards a commercial state like ours; but, my lords, I humbly apprehend, though no lawyer, that the moral turpitude and malignancy of the crime always, both in the eye of the law, of reason, and of religion, consist in the intention. I am informed, my lords, that the act of parliament on this head runs perpetually in this style, *with an intention to defraud*. Such an intention, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, I believe, has not been attempted to be proved upon me, and the consequences that have happened, which have appeared before you, sufficiently prove that a perfect and ample restitution has been made. I leave it, my lords, to you, and the gentlemen of the jury, to consider, that if an unhappy man ever deviates from the law of right, yet, if in the single first moment of recollection he does all he can to make a full and perfect amends, what, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, can God and man desire further? My lords, there are a variety of little circumstances too tedious to trouble you with, with respect to this matter. Were I to give a loose to my feelings, I have many things to say which I am sure you would feel with respect to me: but, my lords, as it appears on all hands, as it appears, gentlemen of the jury, in every view, that no injury, intentional or real, has been done to any man upon the face of the earth, I hope that therefore you will consider the case in its true state of clemency. I must observe to your lordships, that though I have met with all candour in this court, yet I have been pursued with excessive cruelty; I have been prosecuted after the most express engagements, after the most solemn assurances, after the most delusive soothing arguments of Mr. Manly; I have been prosecuted with a cruelty scarcely to be paralleled; a person, avowedly criminal in the same indictment with myself, has been brought forth as a capital witness against me; a fact, I believe, totally unexampled. My lords, oppressed as I am with infamy, loaded as I am with distress, sunk under this cruel prosecution, your lordships and the gentlemen of the jury, cannot think life a matter of any value to me: no, my lords, I solemnly protest that death, of all blessings, would be the most pleasant to me after this pain. I have yet, my lords, ties which call upon me; ties which render me desirous even to continue this miserable existence:—I have a wife, my lords, who for twenty-seven years has lived an unparalleled example of conjugal attachment and fidelity, and whose behaviour during this trying scene would draw tears of approbation, I am sure, even from the most inhuman. My lords, I have creditors, honest men, who will lose much by my death: I hope, for the sake of justice towards them, some mercy will be shewn to me. If, upon the whole, these considerations at all avail with you, my lords, and you gentlemen of the jury; if, upon the most impartial survey of the matters, not the slightest intention of injury can appear to any one; and I solemnly declare it was in my power to replace it in three months; of this I assured Mr.

Robertson frequently ; and had his solemn assurances that no man should be privy to it but Mr. Fletcher and himself ; and if no injury was done to any man upon earth, I then hope, I trust, I fully confide myself in the tenderness, humanity, and protection of my country."

The jury retired for about ten minutes, and then returned with a verdict, that the prisoner was Guilty ; but at the same time presented a petition, humbly recommending the doctor to the royal mercy. On the first day of the sessions held at the Old Bailey in May, Dr. Dodd, being put to the bar, was addressed by Mr. Justice Ashton in the following terms :—

"Dr. William Dodd.—When you were brought up in last February sessions to plead to an indictment found by the grand jury of Middlesex for forgery, before you pleaded, or the trial was proceeded upon, a question was submitted to the court by you, with the advice of your counsel, which was reserved for the opinion of the judges ; that is, whether you was bound to plead to, and ought to be tried upon, that indictment, as the name of Lewis Robertson, committed for the same forgery, appeared to be indorsed as a witness upon the bill of indictment, and that he had been taken before the grand jury to be examined as a witness, by means of an order directed to the keeper of Newgate, which had been improperly obtained, on the 19th of February, and which was afterwards vacated by the court.

"The judges have met, and have fully considered the whole matter of this objection ; and they are unanimously of opinion that the necessity of some proper authority to carry a witness who happened to be in custody before the grand jury to give evidence, regards the justification of the gaoler only ; but that no objection lies upon that account in the mouth of the party indicted, for in respect of him the finding of the bill is right, and according to law.

"The judges, therefore, are of opinion, that the proceedings upon that indictment against you are legally had, and that you was thereupon duly convicted according to law. Of this opinion I thought it most proper thus early to apprise you, that you might be prepared for the consequence of it at the close of the sessions."

To this address Dr. Dodd replied in the following terms :—

"My Lord,—I humbly thank your lordship, and the rest of the learned judges, for the consideration you have been pleased to give to the objections made by my counsel on that awful day of my trial ; and I rest fully satisfied, my lord, in the justice of your lordships' opinion."

On the last day of the sessions Dr. Dodd was again put to the bar, when the clerk of the arraigns said,—“Dr. William Dodd, you stand convicted of forgery—what have you to say why this court should not give you judgment to die according to law ?”

Hereupon Dr. Dodd addressed the court in the following terms :—

"My Lord,—I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered ; and when I became a clergyman I considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor, I hope, an useless minister ; I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved—my pulpit became popular ; and, I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me some have been preserved from sin, and some have been re-

claimed.—Condescend, my lord, to think if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must embitter my punishment !

“ Being distinguished and elevated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself, and thinking my integrity, what others thought it, established in sincerity and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation seized and overwhelmed me ! I committed the crime, which I entreat your lordships to believe that conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation who are now among the penitent in heaven !

“ To an act now waiting the decision of vindictive justice I will not oppose the counterbalance of nearly thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity—in relieving such distresses I now feel—in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence than by declaring, what I hope will appear to many, and what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend finally to defraud : nor will it become me to apportion my own punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious, and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn : my name and my crime fill the ballads in the streets ; the sport of the thoughtless and the triumph of the wicked.

“ It may seem strange, my lord, that, remembering what I have lately been, I should still wish to continue what I am : but contempt of death, however speciously soever it may mingle with heathen virtues, has nothing in it suitable to Christian penitence.

“ Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horrors of a violent death, the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous to recompense the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance : but, above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed and calmer preparation.

“ The gloom and confusion of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, the horrors of suspense, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave not the mind in a due disposition for the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little life be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, prepare myself to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge, who shall distribute to all according to their works—who will receive and pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy !

“ For these reasons, my lords, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live ; and most humbly implore that I may be recommended by your lordship to the clemency of his Majesty.”

The recorder now proceeded to pass sentence in the following terms :—

“ Dr. William Dodd,—You have been convicted of the offence of publishing a forged and counterfeit bond, knowing it to be forged and counterfeit ; and you have had the advantage which the laws of this country afford to every man in that situation, a fair, an impartial, and an attentive trial. The jury, to whose justice you appealed, have found you guilty ; their verdict has undergone the consideration of the learned judges, and they found no ground to impeach the justice of that verdict ; you yourself

have admitted the justice of it; and now the very painful duty that the necessity of the law imposes upon the court, to pronounce the sentence of that law against you, remains only to be performed.

"You appear to entertain a very proper sense of the enormity of the offence which you have committed; you appear to be in a state of contrition of mind, and I doubt not have duly reflected how far the dangerous tendency of the offence you have been guilty of is increased by the influence of example, in being committed by a person of your character, and of the sacred function of which you are a member. These sentiments seem to be yours: I would wish to cultivate such sentiments; but I would not wish to add to the anguish of a person in your situation by dwelling upon it.

"Your application for mercy must be made elsewhere; it would be cruel in the court to flatter you; there is a power of dispensing mercy, where you may apply. Your own good sense and the contrition you express will induce you to lessen the influence of the example, by publishing your hearty and sincere detestation of the offence of which you are convicted; and that you will not attempt to palliate or extenuate, which would indeed add to the degree of the influence of a crime of this kind being committed by a person of your character and known abilities; I would therefore warn you against anything of that kind. Now, having said this, I am obliged to pronounce the sentence of the law, which is—That you, Dr. William Dodd, be carried from hence to the place from whence you came; that from thence you are to be carried to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

To this Dr. Dodd replied, Lord Jesus, receive my soul!

The exertions made to save Dr. Dodd were perhaps beyond all example in any country. The newspapers were filled with letters and paragraphs in his favour. Individuals of all ranks and degrees exerted themselves in his behalf: parish officers went in mourning from house to house, to procure signatures to a petition to the king; and this petition, which, with the names, filled twenty-three sheets of parchment, was actually presented. Even the lord mayor and common council went in a body to St. James's to solicit mercy for the convict. As clemency, however, had been denied to the unfortunate Perreaus, it was deemed inadvisable to extend it to Dr. Dodd: it having been observed to his Majesty, that if Dr. Dodd was pardoned, the Perreaus were murdered. This unhappy clergyman was attended to the place of execution, in a mourning coach, by the Rev. Mr. Vilette, ordinary of Newgate, and the Rev. Mr. Dobey.—Another criminal, named Joseph Harris, was executed at the same time. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds of people that thronged the streets from Newgate to Tyburn. When the prisoners arrived at the fatal scene, and were placed in the cart, Dr. Dodd exhorted his fellow-sufferer in so generous a manner as testified that he had not forgotten the duty of a clergyman. He was also very fervent in the exercise of his own devotions.

After his conviction, Dr. Dodd wrote a pathetic address to his fellow prisoners, from which the following is an extract:—

"There is always," says the doctor, "a danger lest men, fresh from a trial in which life has been lost, should remember with resentment and malignity the prosecutor, the witnesses, or the judges. It is scarcely possible, with all the prejudices of an interest so weighty, and so affecting, that the convict should think otherwise than that he has been treated, in

some part of the process, with unnecessary severity. In this opinion he is perhaps singular, and, therefore, probably mistaken: but there is no time for disquisition; we must try to find the shortest way to peace. It is easier to forgive than to reason right. He that has been injuriously or unnecessarily harassed, has one opportunity more of proving his sincerity, by forgiving the wrong, and praying for his enemy.

"It is the duty of a penitent to repair, as far as he has the power, the injury he has done. What we can do is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the sentence of the law has its full force, some will be found to have affected a shameless bravery, or negligent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behaviour of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement. We owe to God sincere repentance; we owe to man the appearance of repentance. Men have died with a stedfast denial of crimes, of which it is very difficult to suppose them innocent. By what equivocation or reserve they may have reconciled their consciences to falsehood, it is impossible to know; but if they thought that, when they were to die, they paid their legal forfeit, and that the world had no further demand upon them; that therefore they might, by keeping their own secrets, try to leave behind them a disputable reputation; and that the falsehood was harmless, because none were injured; they had very little considered the nature of society. One of the principal parts of national felicity arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country, the stability of possession, and the serenity of life. He, therefore, who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity. For my own part, I confess, with the deepest compunction, the crime which has brought me to this place; and admit the justice of my sentence, while I am sinking under its severity."

During Dr. Dodd's confinement in Newgate, a space of several months, he also employed his time in the exercise of his pen. The principal of these writings were his *Thoughts in Prison*, in five parts, from which we give a few extracts. "I begin these *Thoughts*," says the unhappy man, writing in Newgate, the 23rd of April, 1777, after his condemnation, "merely from the impression of my mind, without plan, purpose, or motive, more than the situation of my soul."

"I continued them on a thoughtful and regular plan; and I have been enabled wonderfully, in a state which in better days I should have supposed would have destroyed all power of reflection, to bring them nearly to a conclusion. I dedicate them to God, and the reflecting serious, among my fellow-creatures; and I bless the Almighty for the ability to go through them, amidst the terrors of this dire place (Newgate), and the bitter anguish of my disconsolate mind! The thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I am neither able nor willing to read over these melancholy lines, with a curious or critical eye. They are imperfect, but in the language of the heart; and had I time and inclination, might, and should, be improved.—But——

(Signed) "W. D."

The unfortunate author's "Thoughts on his Imprisonment," are thus introduced—

"My friends are gone ! harsh on its sullen hinge
Grates the dread door—the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch—
The dire keys clang, with movement dull and slow,
While their behest the pond'rous locks perform—
And fasten'd firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude, to sorrow left.

"But wherefore fasten'd? Oh ! still stronger bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,
To solitude and sorrow could consign
His anguish'd soul, and prison him tho' free !
For whither should he fly, or where produce
In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless head ! whence every laurel torn ;
On his bald brow sits grinning infamy—
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging arrows of disgrace."

After dwelling on the miseries of that dreary confinement, at sight of which he formerly started with horror, when his duty as a Christian called him to that den to visit it, he adds :

"O dismal change ! now not in friendly sort
A Christian visitor to pour the balm
Of Christian comfort in some wretch's ear—
I am that wretch myself ! and want, much want,
That Christian consolation I bestow'd,
So cheerfully bestowed ! Want, want, my God,
From thee the mercy, from my fellow man
The lenient mercy, which thou know'st my gladsome soul
Ever sprang forth with transport to impart.

"Why then, mysterious Providence, pursu'd
With such unfeeling ardour ? Why pursu'd
To death's dread bourn, by men to me unknown !
Why—stop the deep question ; it o'erwhelms my soul ;
It reels, it staggers ! Earth turns round : My brain
Whirls in confusion ! my impetuous heart
Throbs with pulsations not to be restrain'd ;
Why ?—Where ?—O Chesterfield, my son my son !"

Whether the writer is warranted in adopting the last words of David on Absalom, considering the wide difference of their situations, may be questioned ; yet great allowance is to be made for him, circumstanced as he was ; and so soon after his trial, he must have been more than man, not to have retained some resentment against his prosecutors, especially his pupil Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

The unfortunate divine then proceeds :

“ Nay, talk not of composure ! I had thought
In older time, that my weak heart was soft,
And pity’s self might break it. I had thought
That marble-eyed Severity would crack
The slender nerves which guide my reins of sense,
And give me up to madness ! ’Tis not so ;
My heart is callous, and my nerves are tough ;
It will not break ; they will not crack ; or else
What more, just heaven ! was wanting to the deed,
Than to behold—Oh ! that eternal night
Had in that moment screened from myself !
My Stanhope to behold ! Ah ! piercing sight !
Forget it ; ’tis distraction : speak who can !
But I am lost ! a criminal adjudged ! ”

All must indeed deplore the violent stretch of the law which deprived this gentle and gifted sinner of an existence so full of repentance and atonement.

HELLENIC LOVE SONG.

α.

'Εἰς οὐρανὸν γλαυκὸν μοι
 Βλεπεῖν διδῶσι χαρὰν,
 Πολλῶ δὲ ἴδιον μοι
 'Εἰς ὧπα 'μου 'γαπήτῳ·
 Τὰ γὰρ νεφῇ σκυιάζει
 Τὴν αἰθερα τὰ πολλὰ,
 Δὲ μηποτ' ἀχλὺς ἔλθε
 Ερωμένης ἐπ' οφρύον.

β.

'Ο οὐρανὸς τε λάμπει
 Πολλοῖσι μὲν ἀστήρσι,
 Αυτῆς δὲ τῶν οφθαλμῶν
 Στίλβει φάος περιττόν·
 Σύνδυσιν νυκτὶ ἀστ' ῥες
 'Ανάδυσιν οὐ τινες καὶ.
 'Αλλ', ὦ γλύκιστ', σὴ ἀνγὴ
 'Ως 'Εστίας πῦρ αἰέν.

I.

Though fondly I gaze
 On the blue of the sky,
 More fondly, dear maid,
 On the blue of thine eye ;
 For the clouds oft o'ershadow
 The bright vault above —
 No mist ever darkens
 The brow of my love.

II.

The heavens are shining
 With many a star ;
 But the light from thy glances
 It passeth them far.
 For the stars, with the night, set,
 Some to rise never ;
 Thy light, as the vestals',
 Burns purely for ever.

A DAY IN PRAGUE.

BY A VACATION RAMBLER.

WHAT associations of interest crowd upon the mind on entering the venerable city of Prague! In addition to its historical claims on the attention of the traveller—whether you refer to the numerous sieges which so frequently called forth the heroism of its defenders, and proofs of which may be seen to this day in the dilapidated condition of its ancient Cathedral, or to its acknowledged fame as a seat of learning, and to the many distinguished men who have flourished there—not the least celebrated among whom was the renowned John Huss—the beauty of its situation is such as would arrest and rivet the regard of the most careless wanderer; and from the heights of the Laurenziberg—from the Bruska bastion, and, indeed, from almost endless points of view, the most charming and picturesque landscapes meet the eye, and one would hardly know whether to pity or to despise the traveller who would easily weary of gazing. The situation of the city itself is unrivalled, being partly built in a valley, through which flows the Moldau, with its massy and curiously ornamented bridge, and partly on the slopes rising from the river, on whose summits stand strikingly prominent, the long façade of the Hradschin, the ancient palace of the Bohemian Kings, and the curious structure of the Domekirche or Cathedral; while the numerous turrets and domes which rise up around you give quite an eastern aspect to the city, and tell the delighted tourist that he is approaching the country of the mosque and minaret.

Myself and fellow travellers arrived in Prague on the 29th of September, 1846, after a most wearisome journey of 315 miles by railway, from Vienna, which had occupied the entire day, from six o'clock in the morning until half-past ten at night. Hour after hour had we traversed the apparently interminable plains of Moravia and Bohemia, whose almost boundless extent, with scarcely an object of interest to enliven it, still presented to the eye the same monotonous landscape, until, in very weariness, we sought relief by closing the eyelids, and indulging in dreamy reveries of the more beautiful scenes we had just been visiting, or sketching in anticipation those which still remained to be seen. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction, that we found ourselves at length comfortably housed in the “Drei Linden,” the best hotel in Prague.

We had only time to devote one day to the interesting objects of attraction which this time-honoured city presents. The reader would be wearied if I were to detail them in full. It must suffice, therefore, to glance at the most remarkable.

There is the unique bridge over the Moldau, considered the longest in Germany; it measures 1790 German feet, and twenty-eight statues of saints adorn the parapets on either side. The most singular of these is

one in bronze of St. John Nepomuk, who, as the legend says, was thrown into the river from the spot on which his statue stands, in consequence of his refusal to betray the secrets entrusted to him in confession by the Queen of King Wenceslaus. It is said, that for three days after he was drowned, flames were seen to play over the water under which he lay, and to this circumstance was owing the discovery of the body. A cross with five stars marks the spot to this day. In the year 1729, he was made a saint, and his body placed in the gorgeous silver shrine in the Cathedral, which still retains his remains. St. John Nepomuk has, in consequence, become the patron saint of bridges throughout Catholic countries, and his statue may repeatedly be seen upon them, an object of great reverence to the passers by.

Over this bridge you pass into that quarter of the city called the *Klein-site*—now, as formerly, the place of residence of the nobles of Bohemia. There are some fine old palaces here, much decayed, but by far the most interesting is that which belonged to the celebrated Wallenstein. There is not much remaining to tell of its former grandeur, but of its extent the reader may judge when he is told that one hundred houses were pulled down to make a site for this immense building. Here the great general lived in a state of royal splendour, and his family, bearing the same name, are still resident in a part of the palace. Visitors are shewn an indifferent portrait of the hero, and the horse which carried him at the battle of Lutzen has been stuffed and carefully preserved.

Ascending the hill on this side of the river, you turn aside to take the enchanting view of the city and its surrounding features from the heights of the Laurenziberg, and to see the beautiful library of the monastery of Strahow, which is kindly shewn to strangers. The room is lined with polished walnut wood and richly gilt, and contains 50,000 volumes, and some curiosities; amongst which is an autograph of the celebrated astronomer, Tycho Brahé, who settled in Prague in the time of the Emperor Rudolph II.; a portrait of Ziska, the blind Hussite chief; and also a portrait, by the artist himself, of Albert Durer, painted in 1506.

On the summit of the hill stands the Hradschin, the ancient palace we have mentioned as belonging to the kings of Bohemia, for some years the residence of Charles X., ex-King of France. It contains 440 apartments, but there is little to interest the traveller in them. The oldest part of the building comprises the great Gothic Hall of Ladislaus, where the Bohemian nobility take the oath of allegiance to their King on his coronation. Murray's useful Hand-Book relates, that "on the narrow terrace immediately under the palace walls, two small stone obelisks mark the spot where the nobles Slawata and Martinitz, the two unpopular members of the Imperial government, with their creature and secretary Fabricius, fell from a height of nearly eighty feet, when thrown out of the window of the council-chamber by the armed nobles and deputies in 1618. The tyrannical and intolerant edicts which they had drawn up and issued in the emperor's name, against the Bohemian Protestants, gave rise to this summary and unjustifiable mode of exclusion. The actors in it excused themselves by saying that it was an ancient Bohemian custom thus to treat intrusive enemies, and only expressed their wonder that their victims had escaped with life, considering the height from which they fell.

"The preservation of the Imperial counsellors was attributed to their being received on a dunghill, which very opportunely lay in the way to break their fall, and they were immediately picked up and put to bed by the

Lady Penelope Lobkowitz. Fabricius, who was thrown out last, and who is said to have begged pardon of his superiors for incommoding them by falling upon them, was afterwards raised to the peerage, as a reward for his services or sufferings, under the title of Graf Von Hohenfall, which may be translated into English, Count of Somerset. The two stones are set up as votive tablets, in consideration of the miraculous escape, and bear the arms of the two nobles. The windows of the green chamber, out of which they were ejected, are still pointed out.

“ ‘ This foolish exploit was rapidly followed by events which gave it an abiding place in history. It was the first act of violence in the great struggle of Thirty Years, and the war which ended in 1648 with the unsuccessful siege of Prague, was begun in 1618, on the spots of ground still marked out by these obelisks.’—*Reeve*.”

The Domekirche deserves mention. It stands close to the Hradschin, and is rich in Gothic ornaments, though much injured by the different ravages of war to which the city has been exposed. The whole building is being restored. It contains some objects of great interest. In the centre is the Imperial Mausoleum built by Rudolph II. It is of white marble—with some fine sculpture by the well-known artist Colin, of Mechlin. Amongst the other curiosities are a fragment—it is said—of the seven-branched candlestick which stood in the Temple of Jerusalem, at any rate evidently of very early workmanship; and a fine specimen of Byzantine art in a head of Christ, said to be a copy from one in the Vatican by Thomas of Mutina.

The shrine of St. John Nepomuk is gorgeous. The weight of silver which composes it is said to be thirty-seven cwt. The body lies in a chrystal coffin inclosed in a silver one, and borne aloft by angels almost as large as life, also of the same costly material. Silver candelabra and lamps, which remain always lit, add to the magnificence of the effect, and above all are four angels, also of silver, which seem to hover in mid air, as though sent to guard the sacred remains of the saint. The reader would be wearied with the description of the immense accumulation of riches, and the extraordinary relics, which adorn the Schatzkammer or treasury of the Dom. We had some difficulty in gaining access to it, as a priest of the church is alone allowed to shew them, but they amply repay the attention of the traveller.

Much might be added of singular interest to this slight sketch, but we hasten to say that towards the close of the morning we found ourselves in the *Judenstadt*, that quarter of the city allotted as a residence to the Jews; and though, owing to the relaxation of the laws affecting this people, it is not now imperative upon them to live there, by far the greater number still remain to tenant their ancient locality. There is nothing attractive about the buildings, except their antiquity, and the streets are narrow and dirty. We found them somewhat deserted until we approached that part of the *Judenstadt* where the ancient Synagogue stands, but the attraction thither of the inhabitants informed us that a service was being performed, which we subsequently discovered was one of those usual at the beginning of the old Jewish year, and considered by them of so much importance, that upon that day and upon one other only in the year is the old Synagogue used. The building is said to be upwards of 900 years old, and it is certainly older than anything in Prague. It is very dilapidated, covered within and without with the dust and dirt of centuries, and, as such, we had expected to find it silent, deserted, and cold.

We were therefore surprised and delighted to find that we were fortunate enough to be in Prague on one of the two days when this venerable sanctuary, usually abandoned to the sole tenancy of the insect tribe, is crowded with worshippers, and its blackened and crumbling walls made vocal to the song of praise; for upon these two days do the Jews meet to chaunt within their ancient Synagogue those same psalms which their ancestors had for ages sung before them. We entered the building. The scene which met our view was a fit one for the pencil of Rembrandt. His wonderful power of displaying darkness made visible could alone have portrayed the scene. The blackened walls—the flickering glare of the lights which made the darkness palpable—the altar with the sacred scrolls of the law—the strange and striking aspect of the Hebrew worshippers, the appearance of some betokening squalid poverty, while the rich diamonds on the fingers of others told with tenfold effect in such strange proximity, for the poor and the rich were mingled together indiscriminately; and while such was the sight which met the eye, almost more strange was the character of the chaunt, whose cadences—now mournful, betokening the very depth of humiliation, and now rising to extatic heights of joyous exultation, not unmelodiously saluted the ear. The apartment of the building we entered was filled with men; the women occupied an adjoining passage, where, through an opening in the wall, they could join in the service.

After spending some time in the interior of both compartments, where we were treated with great courtesy and attention, we left the ancient building which had afforded so interesting a spectacle, and bent our steps to the adjoining cemetery belonging to the same people. It consists of a plot of land literally choked with graves and gravestones, among which rise, occasionally, aged elder trees, almost as dead as those tenants of the tombs, whose final resting-places their twisted and straggling branches overshadow. We noticed various curious devices on the tombs illustrative of the different tribes, and, here and there, a lengthened inscription betrayed the resting place of some honored individual, whose claims to the gratitude of his family or nation demanded a more than ordinary notice. It was curious to observe in the dilapidated shed at the entrance of the cemetery, the kind of coffin invariably used. A few deal boards carelessly nailed together, utterly destitute of ornament, formed the narrow tenement in which the rich and poor alike find their common abode in death. The whole scene was one deeply to rivet the attention, and to make the most thoughtless traveller a moralist for the nonce. In the Synagogue and in the cemetery—in the living worshipper of the former and in the silent tenant of the latter—in the present still isolated state of the Jew, resting in the old faith of his forefathers, wherever in the wide world he is to be found, and in the past story of their eventful history, there was indeed subject matter enough for contemplation. The Judenstadt of Prague will ever be a spot to be remembered with intense interest.

We will only say further, that in another respect we were highly favoured in our visit to Prague. It was the fête of St. Wenzel, the patron Saint of Bohemia, and, in consequence, a considerable holiday. We strolled out in the evening after having refreshed ourselves from the fatigue of the day's wanderings, and were attracted to the *Rossmarkt* (Horse market), a wide street in the city, in the centre of which stands the statue of the Saint. On the occasion of

his fête a temporary altar is here erected, which is guarded by sentinels, and around which people of all ranks may be seen to kneel. As we approached it on this calm autumn evening, whose air we had gone forth to breathe, a large concourse of citizens were assembled around it, chaunting forth in the solemn silence of the evening hour, and under the clear moonlit canopy of Heaven, their wild Bohemian hymns, with not unmusical effect, to the honor of their patron saint. This singularly curious and interesting scene completed the record of our day in Prague. We returned to our hotel thoroughly fatigued, and sank to sleep with the measured chaunt of the Jew, and the wild song of the Bohemian, alternately ringing in the ear.

DIALOGUES AMONG THE DEAD.

FROM AN ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE
SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

(Concluded.)

DIALOGUE III.

CHARLES BLOUNT, EARL OF DEVONSHIRE; THOMAS CAREY, SON OF
LORD MONMOUTH; CHARLES COTTON, AND JAMES BEATTIE.

Cotton.—Who is that melancholy shade, who seems to linger alone in such deep thought by the river's side?

Carey.—It is Charles Blount, Lord Montjoy, whom James I. created Earl of Devonshire, and who died immediately afterwards.

Cotton.—I have heard of him as a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, a gallant soldier, and a learned man. Sir Robert Warnton has given his character in his "*Fragmenta Regalia*," in colours, which always filled me with interest.

Carey.—He was unfortunate: he formed an attachment to Essex's sister, the wife of Lord Rich, which brought on a divorce, and caused great scandal when he married her. He was a most sensitive man, loved reputation, fell into grief, and died in the flower of his age. If you address him, be careful not to touch upon this string.

Cotton.—I will tear open the wound of no one's sorrows: I had sorrows enough of my own.

Carey.—But your simple and sweet poems are full of cheerfulness and content.

Cotton.—I endeavoured to learn the art of content, and to find it in the quiet of the meadows, woods, and streams.

Carey.—Was not fishing your delight?

Cotton.—Yes, I followed the example of dear old Isaac Walton.

Carey.—What were your grievances?

Cotton.—Debts, debts, debts; the most wearing, irritating, and insulting of all grievances! There is no human being so malignant as a creditor; all the laws are in his favour, and every extortion is practised in the execution of them.

Carey.—But how happened you, with such simple tastes, and such a love of retirement, to get into debt?

Cotton.—The easiness and confiding disposition of my nature. The persecution is always in proportion to the injustice of the debt. Creditors draw you into snares with the most perfidious promises of indulgence, which with malice *prepense* they never intend to keep; and then, when the chains are round you, they shew their teeth, and their fangs, and their ravenous appetite of blood.

Carey.—But in the depths of rural solitude, on the bank of the lonely stream, you were safe?

Cotton.—I was accustomed there to lull myself with the delusion that I was safe : but still cankering cares and fear and gloominess crossed me ; and in the midst of my meditative enthusiasms, came like a chilling cloud and damped all my joys. Thus it is, that, as Knowles said of justice,

“ The farther off it goes,
The swing of sorrow deals the mightier blows.”

Carey.—But you loved society ?

Cotton.—I loved the society of a few friends in the imagined security of a tranquil country retreat.

Carey.—You had lived among honourable alliances : did you find no friends among them ?

Cotton.—There are no friends in difficulties, and the ties of blood are then extinct—forgotten.

Carey.—What sour and dark notions for a man of the kindest heart, whose beautiful poetry glows with cheerfulness and benevolence !

Cotton.—There was the fountain of my tears and my misfortunes ! I endeavoured to drink oblivion to my injuries instead of resenting them.

Carey.—I endeavoured myself to soothe my wandering and obscure life by poetry. Though the son of a peer of an eminent and historical family, my name has been unknown, or forgotten ; and I have been confounded and sunk in the better celebrity of a love-poet of a different name and house, “ Thomas Carew, the rival of Waller ! ”

Cotton.—Lord Clarendon, in his own life, has given the character of my father, as one of his early friends. He also felt the sufferings of adversity and pecuniary embarrassments.

Carey.—You married the dowager of a nobleman ; did not this repair your fortunes ?

Cotton.—It brought expenses with it.

Carey.—Did not your sister marry Stanhope, the Dean of Canterbury ?

Cotton.—A man immersed in his theological and literary occupations !

Cotton and Carey (advancing to Lord Devonshire)—Will you allow us a few moments' conversation with one, who left behind him so amiable a character ?

Lord Devonshire.—I am but a poor dejected spirit, and can say nothing which will interest you.

Carey.—You lived in the glorious days of our heroic Queen, and can say much, if you will.

Devonshire.—My ancient and noble family had a ruined fortune, when I began life ; and it was not my nature to push myself under adverse circumstances. I was in my innate disposition, thoughtful and studious. I went once to court, as my birth called me to do. The Queen was curious about all new faces, and when she learned my name and the house I sprang from, and as she loved old nobility, though with the Tudor jealousy she was inclined to depress them, she noticed me. I believe that my very shyness interested her. She drew me forth from my obscurity. Essex was my friend : I attended him to Ireland, and won some notice by my sword. Essex was the most generous, delightful, indiscreet, and wild, of men. It would be painful to re-trace the

succession of temptations by which his sister and I fell into a guilty passion for each other. I could neither resist the passion, nor bear the stings and regrets that accompanied it.

Cotton.—You had many things to gratify you ; your rank, birth, learning, accomplishments, and beauty of form ; you were praised and beloved.

Devonshire.—All lies in the seats of our minds and hearts ; we have not dominion over ourselves ; some are unquestionably melancholy from excess of sensitiveness. Every grief of life overcame me ; every frown touched me.

Carey.—Here comes a spirit congenial to you in this respect, though born under very different circumstances, in an opposite rank of life, and in a very dissimilar age.

Cotton.—Who is he ? He comes in an humble guise, with a most stern, tranquil step, and downeast countenance !

Carey.—That shade is Beattie, the Scotch author of the beautiful poem of the Minstrel.

Devonshire.—I have heard some of his pathetic moral stanzas repeated here. I should be pleased to converse with him.

Cotton.—Oh, he loved the country, as I loved it ; he was an enthusiast for the charms of nature. There is a sincerity in his description, which goes to the depths of the heart.

Devonshire.—We are happy to hail a pure and eloquent poet.

Beattie.—You do me more honour than I deserve ; I have but small claims to your approbation for my poetry. I endeavoured to serve the cause of truth by my philosophical disquisitions.

Cotton.—Oh, that cold dry philosophy ! give me the tongues of the Muses : I will listen to no other.

Carey.—We are apt to be vainest of that, which costs us most labour ; and is most against the vein of nature.

Devonshire.—My excellent and wise poetical friend, Samuel Daniel, instilled into me the lofty claims of poetry, to the merit of the noblest instruction.

Beattie.—I was too much inclined to think that poetry was but an idol ; and ought only to be an occasional amusement.

Cotton.—You had morbid notions on that subject.

Beattie.—I had no obstinate opinions : my disposition inclined me to yield.

Devonshire.—Why should you have been low-spirited ? Your lot fell on a condition far beyond the hopes of your birth ; you had an easy competence, and you had fame, and esteem, and books, and literary leisure.

Beattie.—But I had domestic misfortunes and losses of the most heart-rending kind.

Devonshire.—Alas ! who had not ?

Beattie.—But the imagination will not work when its wings are too wet.

Carey.—In some, the vigour is stronger, the deeper they are dipped in woe.

Devonshire.—But then they wear out the sooner.

Cotton.—You ought to have finished your Minstrelsy, you have carried your subject but a very little way. The course you had to pursue was sufficiently obvious.

Beattie.—I had a total failure of spirits ; and I found it beyond my strength.

Carey.—You wanted self-confidence ; and Gray taught you to be too fastidious. The more you wrote, the better you would have written.

Beattie.—It was not the custom of poets in our days to write much.

Devonshire. I cannot see how a vein that once flows from a true spring can be dried up.

Beattie. Is there no icy wind, no arresting cold ?

Devonshire.—The hand of death may stop the current of the life-blood, as it did mine before half my course was run.

Carey.—We were fearfully and variously made. In some the fire which lights soonest, burns longest, and the nerves which tremble most, are most enduring.

Cotton.—I had a rebound in all my sorrows ; and my greatest pleasures arose out of my most harassing cares.

Devonshire.—My grief was deep and settled ; I could not “ sit smiling on it, like Patience on a monument.”

Carey.—Some have contended that those excessive sensibilities of temperament are mere whims and affections.

Devonshire.—He who is hard and stupid, will, of course, contend that others cannot be cast in a more delicate mould.

Beattie.—I do not think that a very sensitive frame is best calculated for enjoyment, in the human condition.

Cotton.—Yet, if from default of it, we are preserved from pains, how many pleasures do we lose ?

Carey.—My birth, my alliances, the credit I obtained for an easy vein in song-writing—the literary reputation of my family—a sort of wandering, unsettled, adventurous life, opened to me a near view of a great variety of characters ; and I found the greater part of men of genius, or superior understanding, melancholy. My illustrious relation, Lord Falkland, was, at least latterly, immersed in melancholy ; Denham was melancholy ; Milton was melancholy ; Lovedale was melancholy ; Cowley’s melancholy sat upon him as a soft blue cloud, but a little streaked and pierced with gold. Lord Pembroke was melancholy ; Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, was melancholy ; Sir Henry Wotton was melancholy ; Davenant had a strong cast of melancholy. My father was very melancholy ; and so was Cotton’s father. Ben Jonson had profound fits of melancholy. All know Burton’s ingenious book upon melancholy.

Devonshire.—Melancholy makes us love books ; and books increase melancholy. We cannot muse upon the calamities of life without being melancholy. And then, as to our passions, we are melancholy when they are unsuccessful, and melancholy at the gratification of them.

Cotton.—It is easy to philosophize ; but not easy to practise all its lessons. My mind often suggested to me the means of a pure and unalloyed happiness ;—but then some momentary temptation to indiscretion, or carelessness, undid all. First, we must lay aside ambition, and despise worldly greatness ; then we must calm every other irritating passion ; we must preserve our independence by not being at the mercy of any one for a single demand. Then we must love and worship the grandeurs and beauties of natural scenery ; we must live a great part of the day in the open air ; we must watch every change of the seasons, and the sky, and we must have some constant, not wearying and not un-

dignified employment; we must avoid all unenlightened and unamiable society; and we must learn to be tranquil and cheerful in solitude,—

“And when we cannot conquer, learn to fly!”

Beattie.—Very beautiful lessons, certainly;—but, as you say, very difficult to be put into execution.

Devonshire.—I believe high aristocratical distinctions to be founded in wisdom, as calculated for the general peace and welfare of society: but I am not at all convinced that they make the individuals who possess them more happy. They do not nourish that contentedness which alone can secure ease of mind and zest of enjoyment. Besides, if we look to experience, we shall find that they who have given to the world the fruits of great literary intellect, have rarely been of this order. How few poets have there been, or are there, among peers?

Beattie.—The same observation cannot have escaped any thoughtful observer, when men of this class have genius, and write poetry, they have many advantages.

Carey.—But their luxurious rank induces indolence; and the fruits of the mind cannot be properly brought forth without great industry. There must be some strong spur,

“To scorn delights, and live laborious days.”

Cotton.—I wrote for my pleasure, and wrote with a running pen.

Beattie.—You had a happy ease, which few possess; and every one must work according to the character of his own genius.

Devonshire.—I toiled severely over the midnight lamp in my early youth; but then came ambition, and love, and wars, and cares, and overwhelming calumnies.

Carey.—A mere description of natural scenery, is far from being the highest display of poetical genius. The movements of the human heart, and the conflicts of society under grand circumstances, are far greater. Inanimate natural scenery is mere materialism, and as I understand that the great poet Pope has been tried by this last narrow test, much injustice has been done him.

Beattie.—The native emotions of the bosom and workings of the intellect—not the descriptions of men's actions in a state of highly artificial, arbitrary, or accidental manners—are nobler subjects of poetical representation than all the grandeur of the mountains, and vallies, and oceans of man's globe; and in these there must be some mixture of art and human combination. There is no sublime or instructive poetry, in which human contemplations or feelings do not mingle.

Devonshire.—I never could read poetry which dealt in mere fantastic and whimsical fiction and flowers; which had not some sober reference to human sensibilities and human interests; which did not instruct us or elevate us, or melt us into tears. There must be a mixture of moral emotion in every good poem.

Cotton.—Are we allowed no playfulness?

Devonshire.—Not as entitling us to much poetical praise!

Cotton.—Then how many must be struck off the list of eminent poets?

Carey.—The list is small, and it is glory that it is so!

Beattie.—Your Lordship never wrote verses !

Devonshire.—I never pretended to be a poet ; but I may judge of poetry.

Carey.—Yes, because you had a noble, heroic, sensitive, and refined heart. He who cannot feel poetry, is fit for that which Shakespear said, that “ he who has not music in his soul ” was fit for. But there are those, whose fancies are as black and arid as a sand-rock ; and who, having no fancy, can have no feeling, and who yet pride themselves upon a dry intellect, which they call good sense. They boast of their reason ;—but without imagination, what has reason to work upon ? If poetry represents falsely, feels falsely, thinks falsely, then it is not genuine ; but if it does all these things truly, then how many charms and uses it unites.

Beattie.—You treat the subject with a sagacious comprehension, something beyond philosophy. You dignify the art I loved, and which many endeavoured to persuade me was a trifling waste of a being, of which I should have to give a severe account. When I heard this, I recalled to myself what must be the art, to which Milton, the holiest of men of stupendous imagination, dedicated so large a portion of his life !

Devonshire.—I studied most of the Italian poets more than the English, with the exception of Spenser, as Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, took so vast and lofty a flight beyond my colder countrymen.

Beattie.—Yes, even Milton, sublime and perfect as he was, borrowed many high and deep tones from Dante ; and never reached some passages of sublimity farther, and invention equal to Dante !

DIALOGUE IV.

JOHN AUBREY, DR. THOMAS FULLER, ANTHONY WOOD, SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE, AND WILLIAM COLE.

Aubrey.—Oh, here comes the shade of one who has noted down every thing which he could collect of the small pens of his day.

Fuller.—Be careful how you salute him, he is humorsome.

Wood.—What name did he bear, and what was his occupation ?

Aubrey.—The Rev. William Cole, the Antiquary, of Milton, a village near Cambridge.

Dugdale.—Was he a genealogist ?

Aubrey.—He registered in his MSS. such pedigrees as came in his way.

Dugdale.—But was he exact ? Did he examine proofs before he wrote down a pedigree ?

Aubrey.—When he compiled it himself, he of course drew it up from documents, which seemed to him satisfactory ; and it is not probable that he copied any genealogy to which he did not give faith ; and he was expert in deeds, tombs, epitaphs, heraldry, and old writings.

Fuller.—But he was a gossip ; he loved petty scandal, and was credulous.

Aubrey.—He might be credulous ; but credulity is often charged upon those who have a proper and intelligent curiosity.

Wood.—They called me credulous, because I was very anxious to collect necessary information for my great biographical work of Literary

Notices ; and really, Dr. Fuller, nobody loved a good story, an anecdote, or a *bon mot*, better than you.

Dugdale.—My duty was to confine myself to dry facts.

Aubrey.—And facts which had no fruit, which gave us no knowledge of life. My curiosity extended to the characters of eminent men, private and public ; as well as to those events which were out of the ordinary course of nature.

Cole.—You seem to be talking on subjects which have always interested my mind. I have left behind me very voluminous collections of the same nature.

Wood.—Do they contain literary notices, biographical and bibliographical ?

Cole.—Sometimes ; but they are much more miscellaneous than your excellent *Athenæ*. I wrote down everything as it occurred, without order.

Fuller.—Mere loose conversations, and tattle into the bargain : and you indulged your prejudices and humors in the coloring, as well as the admission of a story.

Cole.—They who hated me, said so. I had numerous enemies, who could not bear an exact observer of their actions, or their conversations.

Wood.—You were, I think, a scholar ?

Cole.—I ought to have been so ; I was an Etonian, and I loved scholarship.

Fuller.—You were acquainted with Gray, the poet, and Horace Walpole ?

Cole.—I knew them both well ; often visited Gray, and corresponded much with the other.

Aubrey.—I have good intelligence how eminent both these men were ; but the knowledge of Walpole was of a nature which would have pleased one most. He had an inexhaustible fund of stories and pleasantries.

Cole.—Gray was a far superior man to Walpole ; not like him, a man of the world, but the reverse. Walpole was often trifling, Gray never so ; Walpole had a light mind, and a light heart ; Gray was moral, severe, melancholy, tender, benevolent, and sublime. His spirits were low, and this produced indolence and seclusion ; and these, all sorts of diseases. He did not make himself agreeable to mixed company ; his shyness, reserve, and fastidiousness, chilled and offended people. But he had the most exact, as well as the most extensive knowledge ; the deepest erudition ; the finest taste ; and the most considerate mind, of any man I ever knew, and, I believe, of any man of the age. Walpole, also, had much genius, but it was irregular, and sometimes *petit*, and he was puffed up by a mixture of vanity, pride, luxury, and self-indulgence. His desire to say or write smart things, made him sometimes inexact, and sometimes unjust. His fondness for bijou was almost childish.

Aubrey.—You corresponded with Walpole on many subjects of historical curiosity ?

Cole.—He sometimes wished to have the aid of my researches, as he knew that I registered everything that came to my knowledge ; and we not unfrequently pursued the same track.

Fuller.—You must have led a dull life.

Cole.—Not at all. I was master of my own time, and labour. I was dependant on no one. I had a constant, progressive, and easy employ ;

my curiosity was always kept awake ; and I found continual means to gratify it.

Wood.—You did not love poetry ; how could you be suited to Gray ?

Cole.—We had many studies in common : Gray was an excellent antiquary ; he was minutely familiar with all the lore of castellated and ecclesiastical architecture ; he knew the history of families ; the badges of chivalry ; and all the splendour of heraldic blazonry. I had something of his memory for these things, the more of his imagination.

Fuller.—Did he not complain of your dryness, and your want of selection in the materials you amassed ?

Cole.—Never. Indeed, I shewed my MS. volumes to no one ; but I dare say he knew my habit of registering all I learned. He would not have objected to this. He had that sort of enlarged mind, which would permit every one to work in his own way, and be useful in his own department.

Wood.—We were all condemned to be traduced and disparaged by others, whatever we undertook. The literary world now knows the inestimable value of my compilations regarding the Oxford writers ; but I was exposed in my life to incessant cavils ; and I was called a trifler ; a little-minded collector of useless inanities ; a dry digger of bones ; a preserver of what was not worthy of notice ; a nomenclator of forgotten authors, who deserved only oblivion ; a raker-up of dead dust to blind the eyes of the living ; a raiser of the price of waste paper to trunk makers and pastry-cooks ; a loader of men's memory with barren impertinence.

Fuller.—A biographical compiler has, no doubt, a very different task to execute from him who is to instruct and interest by his reflections, his sentiments, his criticism, and his eloquence. His business is to collect facts, as the materials for buildings which others are to erect.

Dugdale.—I wish this candid and just mode of judging, had been extended to me. I am criticised for the want of what I collected, and what was out of the pale of my work.

Aubrey.—And when I entered into opinions, and anecdotes, and speculations, I was blamed for my gossip. But I have preserved many things which are now read with interest and instruction.

Wood.—But you had something of a maggoty and crazy head.

Aubrey.—Thus it is, that the indulgence you require for yourself, you refuse to others.

Fuller.—In order to instruct, I adopted a style which was intended to attract and amuse. I conveyed my histories and biographical characters, in a manner conversational, lively, and piquant. I dealt in adages, *bon mots*, jests, similes, and figures. My business was to use a popular form, as well for the sake of the public, as of myself. I desired to scatter wisdom, as well as curious facts, among the people. I performed my purpose ; I executed what I undertook. But then come the critics, and pretend to blame me for the very things which form the pith of my designs. “The information collected by Dr. Fuller,” they say, “is good and multifarious ; but we wish he could have laid aside that epigrammatic, joking manner.”

Aubrey.—Let a man well consider wherein his strength lies, and then let him pursue it, firmly and undauntedly. He who vacillates, never does anything great or valuable.

Fuller.—No one will deny that there are gradations of merit in

the various departments of literary labor. Among mere compilers, there is a vast difference. Some may compile all rich ore; others may collect rubbish, indiscriminately, with it: the taste and judgment which make the selection, are commonly intuitive. A voracious appetite is not nice; just as he, who is "*helluo librorum*," swallows all. To use Hesiod's adage, "Half is" often "more than the whole," in almost every sort of literary information. They who collect together everything that has been said or done, destroy the charm; they leave nothing for the reader's imagination or ingenuity. The same principle prevails as in poetry, where the poet's business is to make a selection of leading circumstances, and characteristic features. A life, or history, written with much minuteness and detail, is always tedious. A great painter, or a great author, dashes out the ruling points with bold strokes, and leaves the rest to be filled up by those who gaze upon the work.

Dugdale.—All this is very fine, but we humble antiquaries, and historical compilers, must take all as we find them, and not lose our labors in gathering nothing but gems.

Cole.—Some of us have not that innate clearness of perception, which can nicely distinguish degrees of light. We can estimate substance rather than quality; and facts, rather than opinions. With us, facts are valuable for themselves, and therefore, the more the quantity, the more the value. Our work is never done; and we go on to heap and heap, without digesting, arranging, polishing, setting, or building.

Wood.—So you might do; but not I. I had an unity of design, and I accomplished it.

Cole.—I was a better antiquary than you. Where did you give proof of criticism? You only related things, as you received them. And you, Sir William Dugdale, it is complained that you committed many errors in your *Baronetage*!

Dugdale.—Wood has pointed out a few; and snarling Charles Horaby a few more, with a most unmerited asperity; but they are mere trifles, such as must necessarily occur in every voluminous work of multifarious acts. They have never touched my reputation, and still less my veracity. No one has ever attempted to support a charge against my good faith.

Cole.—I admit it to be a great work, and I am astonished at the research and industry with which it was brought together.

Fuller.—Had it been published when my "*Worthies*" were compiled, I should have made great use of it.

Cole.—Time accumulates wisdom; and let no single age suppose it can be wise or intelligent, in right of its own productions only.

Aubrey.—To revive the spoils of time was a passion with me; and some called it a blind passion working like a mole underground; yet I could not be repressed by such uncandid and dull sarcasms. I spent my life in the gratification of a curiosity useful to others; and my name is not yet forgotten.

Cole.—I published nothing in my life; but my MSS. have since been a fund for compilers and anecdote-hunters.

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE QUESTIONS OF "WHO IS A GENTLEMAN, AND WHO AN ESQUIRE?"—GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE King's Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners is a demi-military corps, and is more pregnant with history than one would imagine from its present appearance, which differs exceedingly in complexion from what it was at its institution. It has changed, not only with the fashions of the times, but, according to some writers, with the exigencies of the Court; and though an insight into its establishment and revolutions may be of no importance to national history, yet it may be found to deserve some attention, being still a splendid branch of the royal escort. It was originally composed of cadets of noble families, and of the higher order of gentry, who were afterwards transplanted, for the most part, into the army.

The time of the establishment of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners (as it was styled,) has been generally mis-attributed, some appropriating it to the reign of King Henry VII., and others to that of Queen Elizabeth: but the truth will be found in the reign of King Henry VIII. in 1509, and not long after his accession to the throne. His father had instituted, at his coronation in 1485, a body of fifty archers under the title of *Yeomen of the Guard*; but the young and spirited King Henry VIII. was too high-minded to be contented with an escort of Yeomen, and therefore erected this new and sumptuous *Troop of Gentlemen*, to attend his person and service. Hall, the chronicler, gives the following account of its establishment, in which his contemporaries agree: "Also this yere, (1539) the Kyng ordered fyftie Gentlemene to bee speres, every of them to have an Archer, a demi-launce, and a Custrell, and every spered to have three greate Horses, to bee attendant on his persone, of the which bende, the Erle of Essex was Captain, and Sir John Pechie, Lieutenant, who endured but a while, the apparell and changes were so greate, for there were none of them, but they and their Horses, were appareled and trapped in clothe of golde, silver, and golde smithes woork, and their servantes richely appareled also." The same author also mentions in the thirtieth year of the same reign, that "in December, 1539, were appointed to wayte on the Kynges highness person fyftie Gentlemen called Pencioners or Spears, lyke as they were in the first yere of the Kyng." The original Statutes or Ordinances for the erection and government of this corps, together with the oath to be taken by each individual, signed by king Henry VIII. may be seen in the Cottonian Library, with the following title; which is inserted as the best evidence of the original formation by King Henry VIII.

"Certain ordenances and statutes devised and signed by the King's

Majestie for a retinewe of Speres or men of arms, to be chosen of Gentlemen that be common and extracte of noble blood. Withe a forme of their othe."

The original duties of the corps of Gentlemen Pensioners were performed in 1821 at the coronation of our late sovereign George the Fourth, of glorious memory, when the whole band marched in two columns on either side of His Majesty's royal person from the Hall to the Abbey, returning in like manner to the banquet, when they had the honor to carry up the first course to the sovereign's table, whilst the Yeomen Guard under the command of their Captain and Exons did the like duty at the table of the Knights of the Garter. After the death of His Majesty and during the lying in state, the body was guarded day and night, having six of the corps upon each side, bearing the standards of England, Hanover, &c. The whole band at the funeral followed in procession to the place of interment in St. George's Chapel, with their axes reversed.

At the coronation of His Gracious Majesty William the Fourth with His Royal Consort, the whole corps was on duty at the Abbey, being formed into two guard companies. One company having received the King at the Abbey door, escorted His Majesty to the platform before the altar, then having opened and falling to the right and left, the other party of the corps having guard of the Queen advanced forward with Her Majesty, and the whole formed in line behind the royal chairs until after the ceremony, when their Majesties were in like manner conducted to their carriages. Upon this occasion the corps was under the command of Thomas Lord Foley, who retained the Captaincy until his death in 1833, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas Henry, to whom his Majesty was graciously pleased to present the appointment.

In 1813, it was ordered by his late Majesty that the uniform dress of the corps should be similar to that worn by a captain of Dragoon Guards, the sword and spear to be of the regulation pattern worn by captains of Horse Guards Blue; the badge a portcullis surmounted by a royal crown, the epaulets having the portcullis with a Lancasterian crown. The captain of the corps is, by right of his office, one of the three gold-sticks upon state occasions. In the Gazette of March 18, 1834, "It is ordered by command of his Majesty that the Honorable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, or Pensionaires, shall in future be called or known by the style and title of His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms."

There is little doubt that the Bees de Corbin in the French establishment, and the band of pensioners at their establishment and governance, mutually borrowed from each other. In the account given by Pere Daniel, a very exact parallel is found between our Gentlemen Pensioners in early times, and the Gentils-hommes du Bec de Corbin in France, who were formerly regarded, during several reigns, as the principal and most honourable guard of the King, being styled "*La Grande Garde du Corps*." The French corps was composed of one hundred gentlemen of rank under the command of a Captain, Lieutenant, and an Ensign, and were expressly instituted by Louis XI. in 1474, as a *Garde du Corps*, each being armed with a lance, and attended by a man of arms and two archers, and as they were, for the most part, formed from gentlemen of the King's Household or Pensioners, "*Gentils-hommes de son Hotel ou Pensionaires*," the whole troop was called "*La Compagnie de Gentils-hommes de la Maison du Roy ordonnès pour la Garde de son Corps*."

The band of Pensioners constituted Henry's guard on the field of the cloth of gold and were with him upon all occasions in military and on state duties. Before the occasion of Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection the band had the entire charge of defending the Queen in the palace of Whitehall, against the rebels.

The last occasion upon which the Gentlemen Pensioners were called out into actual military muster was in 1745, when the king was preparing to take the field in person and meet the rebels in their march from the northern parts of the kingdom. Lord Hobart, who was at that time captain of the band, being Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, and then employed in his Majesty's service in the said county. Sir William Wynne, the lieutenant of the Pensioners, who was the commanding officer in Lord Hobart's absence, issued the following order :—

"December 5, 1745. Sir,—The rebels having advanced to Derby, the King has signified his intention to set up his standard on Finchley Common; you are therefore commanded to acquaint the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Honorable Band of Pensioners to be in readiness with their servants, horses, and arms, to attend his Majesty there. I am, sir, your friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM WYNNE.

"To the Clerk of the Cheque."

The standard bearer of the corps does not have occasion to unfurl his banner at St. James's Palace or Windsor Castle. I have, however, a drawing of the standard which was used in 1639. The flag is in three divisions, the first and broadest next the staff, is argent, a cross, St. George gules. The second division is, gules, two battle-axes in saltire, or, and studded, which are the insignia or arms and weapons of the band. In chief, a crown of the second, lined ermine. In the third division, (which is forked nearly its whole length) where the flag begins to fork off, is a scroll, or, with the following inscription: 'Per tela, per hostes.' The narrow parts of the fork are in diagonal compartments, ornamented with a rose, thistle, fleur de lys, and harp, surmounted of crowns and adorned with foliage work; the original was without doubt most elaborately embroidered in gold. The flag-staff is represented as having been nine and a half feet long, the standard seven feet.

J. K.

P.S.—In trials for high treason, as recorded in the State Trial Papers, many of the jury are described as of a trade or calling, as Merchant, &c. and Esquire. How is this apparent anomaly to be reconciled?

[The enquiry in this learned correspondent's postscript will be found answered in the *Patrician* for February, p. 111, in the instance of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who are esquires as magistrates, and may be and often are also tradesmen.]

HISTORIC RUINS.

Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.

"Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."—MASON.

CROWNING the top of a hill, beneath which is a pretty rural village, and at the distance of a mile, or mile and half, from the little metropolis of the Isle of Wight, the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle allure the inquiring tourist. Nor is he disappointed of the object in his pilgrimage. So fair are these ruins, so important the events that they have witnessed, and so romantic and sad, that the Muses of Painting, History, and Tragedy might contend who should mark them for her own.

The ground occupied by this castle is said to have been the site of a Roman camp; and, in the shape of some of its mounds and trenches, antiquarians profess still to trace the hand of the enslavers and civilizers of the ancient world. Having grown into a castle, it was in the year 530 besieged and taken by Cerdic, the founder of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex. On the Norman conquest, this castle, together with the lordship of the Isle of Wight, was granted to a kinsman of the Conqueror, William Fitz-Osborne, who had been the victor's marshal at the battle of Hastings. Everywhere it was the policy of the triumphant strangers to overawe the natives, by strengthening the old, and erecting new fortresses; and in the time of Fitz-Osborne, or his son Roger Earl of Hereford, this castle is supposed to have received considerable additions. Henceforward the seignory of the island, together with Carisbrooke, its chief seat, was held by a succession of powerful barons, to whom it passed, sometimes by private inheritance, sometimes by royal grant, till at length, through the favour of Henry VI., Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight. He, however, had no surviving issue; and with him this little kingdom began and ended.

From Edward IV. the brother of his Queen received a grant of this lordship, and, after the King's death, became one of the first victims to the relentless ambition of Richard Duke of Gloucester. Anthony Widvile, Earl of Rivers, stood in the same degree of relationship as Gloucester to the little King, Edward V., and, not being of a lineage which could give him pretensions to the crown for himself, he was the natural guardian of it for his nephew. As such he was feared by Gloucester; and by the command of the paternal uncle, the maternal uncle of the helpless sovereign expired on the scaffold.

Passing on to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find the castle of Carisbrooke then in the possession of the crown, and receiving considerable additions.

"The principal entrance," says Mr. Brannon, a native artist, in his accurately illustrated quarto called *Vectis Scenery*, "is through an ivy-vested stone gateway, between the two western bastions, which by an inscription over the arch (1598, E. R. 40.) appears to have been erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This leads to another of higher date and greater dimensions, guarded by two noble round towers, which yet

‘A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wear,’

and opens to the bare court, or inner fortification. At the north east-angle, on an artificial mount, stands the keep, a multangular tower of untold antiquity."

How little could Elizabeth, that proud and successful asserter of prerogative, have supposed that, in enlarging this castle, she was but strengthening the prison of one of her imperial successors! Yet such to Charles I. became the royal Castle of Carisbrooke.

After the success of the Parliamentary forces, and after he had been delivered into the power of the conquerors, through the treachery of the Scotch, the unhappy monarch escaped to Carisbrooke, confiding in the loyalty of Hammond, the governor; and thence, at a safe distance, hoping to negotiate with his enemies. He at first had no reason to be aggrieved at the personal treatment which he received; as is evinced by the following letter addressed to Lord Lanerick, one of the three commissioners from Scotland, deputed to treat with the king.

"LANERICK,—I wonder to hear (if that be true) that some of my friends should say, that my going to Jersey had much more furthered my personal treaty than my coming hither; for which, as I see no colour of reason, so I had not been here if I had thought that fancy true, or had not been secured of a personal treaty, of which I neither do, nor I hope shall repent; for I am daily more and more satisfied with this governor, and find these islanders very good, peaceable, and quiet people. This encouragement I have thought not unfit for you to receive, hoping at least it may do good upon others, though needless to you, from

Your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend,

Carisbrooke, 23rd Nov. 1647.

CHARLES R.*

The chiefs of the army, however, had views and interests far different from those of either the king or parliament. They removed his friends from the garrison, and directed that he himself should be treated as a prisoner. During his confinement here, Charles more than once vainly attempted to escape. In the inner court, above the raised chamber, which was once the banqueting hall, is a mullioned window. There is a hole in the top and bottom of the stone centre of each compartment of this window, where an iron had been placed; but it having been discovered that the captive king had nearly succeeded in squeezing his body through this narrow aperture, with the purpose of effecting his escape, the space was still further contracted by introducing two side bars instead of the central one.

* Burnet's *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, p. 326.

His situation at this period is thus described by Clarendon :

"The King remained under strict and disconsolate imprisonment, no man being suffered to speak with him, and all diligence used to intercept all letters which might pass to or from him ; yet he found means sometimes, by the affection and fidelity of some of the inhabitants of the island to receive important advertisements from his friends ; and to write and receive letters from the Queen, and looked upon it as a good omen, that in that desperate lowness of his fortune, and notwithstanding all the care that was taken that none should be about him but men of the most barbarous and inhuman tempers and natures, void of all reverence towards God and man, his majesty's gracious disposition and generous affability still wrought upon some soldier, or other person placed about him, to undertake and perform some offices of trust in conveying papers to and from him."*

While in this state of suffering, Charles poured out his soul to God in a prayer, which though little known, is well authenticated. In the succeeding reign it was published in the following form :—

"MAJESTY IN MISERY, OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

Written by his late Majesty King Charles the First, during his captivity at Carisbrooke Castle, *Anno Dom.* 1648.

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs,
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine,
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and Law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous loyalty),
With this dim diadem invested me ;

With it, the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe ;
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread,
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war and christen it THE CAUSE,
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws.

Tyranny bears the title of TAXATION ;
Revenge and robbery are REFORMATION ;
Oppression gains the name of SEQUESTRATION.

* History of the Rebellion.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season,
Attend me by the Law of God and Reason,
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the Crosier and the Crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the Creed.

The church of England doth all faction foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each Imposter,
Ex tempore excludes the *Pater noster*;

The Presbyter and Independent seed,
Springs with broad blades, to makes religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplaced by every pavier,
With such a bloody method and behaviour,
Their ancestor did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose faithful womb,
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance,
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my Majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned,
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant,
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promised to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, to advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die—
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his annointed ?

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
 Yet though we perish, bless this church and state.

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

After Charles I. had been beheaded, the castle was used as a prison for some of his children; and here his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, died at the age of fifteen. She was buried in the neighbouring church of Newport.

Carisbrooke has no interesting recollections of a later period. It is time, therefore, to draw this slight sketch of its history to a close.

The castle continues to be nominally the seat of the governor of the island; a sinecure officer, whose emoluments have of late years very properly been abolished.

Within the walls of the castle are some buildings still habitable; and here Lord Bolton, who was governor at the commencement of the nineteenth century, spent much of his time; but he was the last governor who made Carisbrooke his abode.

It might be negligent to conclude without stating that amongst the curiosities which the visitors of the castle are expected to admire, is a well of extraordinary depth and purity, said to have been dug by the Romans; and that, from the keep, a distant glimpse may be obtained of the higher portion of the grounds of her Majesty's marine residence of Osborne House.

Limerick Castle.

"Though many a vanished year and age,
 And tempests breath—and battle rage—
 Have swept o'er Limerick, yet it stands—
 A fortress."

I do not know any historic ruin in the United Kingdom, that has more proud recollections associated with it than the subject of my present paper. It interests the historian—the antiquarian—the lover of picturesque scenery. To an Irishman, proud of the martial fame of his countrymen, it is an object almost of reverence. Voltaire, speaking of the military character of the Irish nation, said—"They fought well everywhere, but at home." The Castle of Limerick attests, they fought as well at home as abroad. Heroic deeds are blended with every nook and corner of its towers. Indomitable courage—when the privations of famine were thinning the ranks of the besieged—speak from the tottering walls and vacant court-yards. The annals of Ireland can trace the prowess of Irishmen on the soil of Erin, to a more remote period than the defence of Limerick, in 1691, 1692. Well has the late O'Connor asserted the valor of his countrymen!*

"That the Irish from the ninth to the eleventh century were unable to free themselves from the Danish and Saxon aggression, was a misfortune

* Military Memoirs of the Irish nation.

equally shared by Britain and France, in both of which countries these piratical powers won territory to a large extent, and permanently established themselves and their institutions; but neither France nor Britain has the glory of having expelled their invaders, after two centuries of oppression, in a great pitched battle, as the Irish, led by their national monarch, Brian, of the Tributes, did at Clontarf. In the military annals of these ages, therefore, if the balance of valour were to be struck among the three nations we have named, it would incline not to M. Voltaire's countrymen, who submitted to the yoke of Rollo; nor to the countrymen of these writers, who have so often from England taunted us with his petulant observation; but, it would be awarded to us, who from that very home in which they suppose us incapable of valor, set to both this example of successful warfare, which neither of them was able to imitate."

The appearance of the castle, flinging a shadow from its huge circular towers upon the mighty Shannon flowing beneath its walls, bespeaks the interest of the modern visitor.

Methought no scene so full of solemn feudality and historic renown had ever met my gaze. Six centuries had it braved the tempest shock and battles' brunt. Built during the visit of King John to Ireland, the Norman style of architecture is plainly discernible in its details. Warrior races have gone down: the Norman Plantagenet, and the Tudor Stuart, have passed away; the Hanoverian Guelph, now happily sways the empire's sceptre of these realms; yet no visible change has come over the grim fortress, and it stands the same dark embattled loop-holed mass, as in the days gone by. The events which agitated Ireland to its centre, shook these walls with the thunder of war. Limerick shared all the blows which the fury of contending parties dealt in this country. Whoso would seek a full and perfect knowledge of Limerick and its history, must turn over every leaf in the records of Ireland. None stand more prominently forward than the sieges of Limerick, and to those stirring events, I propose to confine my notice of the castle and its historic glory.

The first memorable one was during the wars of the commonwealth, when Cromwell and his iron troopers were spreading death, and desolation, and war, wherever they urged their Puritanical ranks. In 1651, the Earl of Castlehaven induced the citizens of Limerick to allow him to defend the city for the king, against the assault of Ireton, the leader of the Parliamentary forces. The siege being turned into a blockade, famine, sickness, and death, were added to the calamities of war for the besieged, while the inclemency of a winter unusually severe did deadly work on the former. A desperate sally made by the garrison, under the command of O'Niel, nearly put the English army to the route, but having rallied, they became doubly anxious to reduce the city. Then ensued one of those terrific scenes in the annals of human warfare, at which the mind grows cold, and the soul shudders. The pent-up citizens, and the garrison within the beleaguered fortress, were obliged to sustain nature on the smallest possible allowance of food, and seeing no prospect of being able to replenish their daily decreasing store, came reluctantly to the sad determination of turning outside the walls all useless mouths, who, from their age or sex, were incapable of taking part in the defence, and who required food to prevent starvation. We may well suppose such an event to have been deferred until hope was entombed in the coffin of despair. Many a fond mother was torn from the bosom of her brave sons—many a faithful

wife from her sorrowing husband—many a fair daughter from her once proud father—many a devoted girl from the object of her pure and trusting love. The women indiscriminately, old and young; the men too old to fight, or too young to bear arms—all—all must leave, that the scanty store of food yet housed within the city, might last a few days longer for the half-famished soldiery. May God avert such horrors as these from our land! With sad hearts and bitter farewells the mournful band departed. They were not allowed to go far! A report had reached the English camp that a plague had stricken the city, and Ireton refused to permit the wretched outcasts to come forth, fearing they would communicate the distemper. The hapless fugitives were, at the command of Ireton, immediately whipped back, and obliged again to enter the city walls. There being now no hope of holding out, and considerable resistance offered by some of the garrison to the desire for capitulation, some officers took possession of one of the gates, and, turning the cannon against the city, obliged the others to come to terms. The city then surrendered on conditions; the garrison were permitted to march out unarmed, to the number of 2,500, and the inhabitants were allowed time for removing themselves and their effects elsewhere. The insignia of royalty were removed, and for five years the city was subjected to a strict military occupation.

But more remarkable events were in store. After the battle of the Boyne, the Irish army, relieved from the presence of the king, retreated in admirable order on Limerick. The French, who accompanied the Irish, were quartered in the city and suburbs. On the approach of William, with 20,000 veteran troops, a council of war, attended by the French and Irish commanders, discussed the question—"Whether or not the city should stand on the defensive?" Lauzun, the French general, declared the place absolutely untenable, adding, with a sneer, "his master's troops could take it with roasted apples." The French officers were anxious, doubtless, to leave a country which presented all the dangers of war, without any amusements, fetes, or banquets, to recompense for the perils of the field. The Irish themselves were divided. Alas! when are they united? The native Irish and Anglo-Irish formed two adverse bodies. The former consisted of the O'Niels, Mac Guires, Mc'Mahons, O'Ferralls, O'Reillys, O'Garas, the Irish Bishops, Patrick Sarsfield, and other Irish officers, whose families were stripped of their estates, in the time of the first James or Cromwell, and who hoped to regain them by the continuance of the war, and defeat of the English. On the other hand, Lord Tyrconnell, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to James II., with the Hamiltons, Talbots, Nugents, Dillons, Burkes, Rices, Butlers, Plowdens, Sheldons, all of English race, preferred William as King of Great Britain and Ireland, to James, King of Ireland only, and despairing of replacing the latter on his ancestral throne, were anxious to preserve their possessions by accommodation. The Irish defensive party prevailed, on which the French allies, with Tyrconnell, retired to Galway. It is said, that to force the Irish to surrender, the French and Tyrconnell removed as much of the ammunition and stores as time would allow, but the brave garrison was undaunted; neither the sneers of the contemptible Frenchman, "That his master could take the city with roasted apples," nor his still more iniquitous conduct of deserting the Irish, and removing their supplies of ammunition, induced despair. On the contrary, their ardent and enthusiastic spirits rose more buoyant than ever. The defence of Limerick, to the last extremity, was resolved, and without distinction of rank, age, or sex, men, women, and children, from

the general to the lowest drummer-boy, labored from sun-rise to sun-set, working at the fortifications.

I cannot omit a bold exploit of Sarsfield, at this period. A deserter from the English camp having disclosed the route and strength of the convoy guarding William's battering train, consisting of six twenty-four pounders, and two eighteen pounders, Sarsfield resolved to intercept and destroy them. Taking with him 500 horse, he crossed the Shannon at Killaloe, and traversing the passes of the country, with which he was perfectly familiar, lay concealed in the mountain defiles till the English came up. Arrived at their halting-place, and seeing no cause for watchfulness, the convoy turned their horses to graze, and betook themselves to repose and refreshment. Suddenly the Irish fell upon them, cut down those who offered any resistance, and made the rest prisoners. Sarsfield not being able to carry off the cannon, crammed them to the muzzles with gunpowder, then piled the other stores over them, and laid a train, and fired it—just as a strong body of troops, sent by William, on hearing of Sarsfield's advance, arrived in time to witness the complete success of the enemy.

The siege was necessarily postponed until William could procure a fresh supply of artillery. On the 18th of August, 1690, the trenches were opened. Thirty pieces of heavy ordnance sent the balls smashing through the old city walls, and the outworks were miserably weak. No glacis, fosse-pallisades, half-moons, or horn-works, retarded the enemy's approach. An old wall with some antiquated flanking towers, unsupported by ditch or parapet, constituted the defence.* But though there were no bulwarks without, there were bold hearts and strong arms within. While the walled cities of Italy, and Spain, and Gaul, fell before the conquering Roman in the days of his noblest and most glorious triumphs, Rome itself had no bulwark but the valour of her resistless legions; and thus the indomitable spirit of the defenders of Limerick supplied the want of every artificial protection. Boisleau, a captain of the French guards, had indeed exhibited some engineering skill to aid the besieged. The cannon of King William having effected a breach a hundred feet wide, the King, in order to spare effusion of blood, by avoiding an assault, summoned the place to surrender. That word not being in the vocabulary of the garrison, they sent a fierce refusal, adding, "they would die in the breach, rather than yield the city." On the 27th of August, 10,000 men were ordered to storm.

To cross from the trenches, there being no ditch, was the work of a moment, and the English were at the summit of the breach before the alarm was raised. The cry of "the foe! the foe!" spread fast on every side. A battery erected opposite the breach arrested the career of the assailants for some time, but confident in their numbers and discipline, and led on by their officers, the English descended into the city. The garrison, now thoroughly aroused to a sense of their danger, thronged the streets, and fought man to man. The English, unable to withstand such a determined and bloody resistance, were forced back to the breach. Here, meeting fresh reinforcements, they tried to effect a lodgement, and a terrible conflict ensued. The women of Limerick were resolved not to be inactive on this eventful occasion. They ranged themselves by the side of the garrison, encouraged the troops by their shouts, assailed the be-

* Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation, page 118.

siegers with stones, and exhibited the valor of their Celtic ancestors in their conflicts with the Danes. A *sortie* of the garrison came on the assailants in the rear, and bearing all before them, entered the breach in triumph. The English retired after a contest of four hours, in which they lost 1,700 men.

The gallant defence of Limerick by the Irish caused a complete change in the estimate of the Irish character at the court of France. The Irish were no longer a cowardly, but a brave people—supplies of all kinds were ordered for them; money, arms, ammunition, food, clothing.

The energetic mind of the late Thomas Davis has graphically described the events I have tried to tell in sober prose, and I am sure of a ready pardon for repeating the tale in his vigorous and soul-stirring stanzas.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Oh! hurrah for the men, who, when danger is nigh
Are found in the front, locking death in the eye;
Hurrah for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
King William's men round Limerick lay,
His cannon crashed from day to day,
Till the southern wall was swept away,

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.*

'Tis afternoon, yet not the sun,
When William fires the signal gun,
And like its flash his columns run

On the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

[The four first lines are repeated in each verse, which is suited to the popular Limerick air of Garryowen, and the following spirited description of the siege follows each repetition:—]

II.

The breach gaped out two perches wide,
The fosse is filled, the batteries plied;
Can the Irishman that onset bide

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*?

Across the ditch the columns clash,
Their bayonets o'er the rubbish flash,
When sudden comes a rending crash

From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

III.

The bullets rain in pelting shower,
And rocks and beams from wall and tower;
The English men are glad to cower

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

But, rallied soon, again they pressed,
Their bayonets pierced full many a breast;
Till they bravely won the breach's crest

At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

* Limerick of the azure river.

IV.

Then fierce grew the Irish yell,
 And madly on the foe they fell,
 Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
 Not the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 The women fought before the men,
 Each man became a match for ten,
 So back they pushed the foemen then
 From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

V.

But Bradenburgh the ditch has crost,
 And gained our flank at little cost,
 The bastion's gone—the town is lost ;
 Oh ! poor city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine,
 Like rockets rise the German's fine,
 And come down dead 'mid smoke and shine,
 At the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

VI.

Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
 And back the beaten English flung,
 Till Willam fled his lords among,
 From the city of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.
 'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,
 By Irishmen for Ireland's right—
 May all such days have such a night
 As the battle of *Luimneach linn-ghlas*.

Limerick had not yet done with sieges. On the 8th of June, 1691, the English army opened a fresh campaign ; and on this same day, forty French transports, under a convoy of twelve ships of war, commanded by Count Nurmond, reached Limerick, having on board, as Commander in Chief of the land forces, Lieutenant-General St. Ruth ; too soon, alas ! to terminate his brilliant career on the bloody field of Aughrim. A large armament of military stores, clothing, ammunition, and provisions, was hailed with thanksgiving by the Irish—the *Te Deum* was sung, and in a short time the army was ready to take the field. The taking of Athlone by the English, and defeat of the Irish, with the fall of the brave St. Ruth at Aughrim, are events too important to be briefly noticed here, and we pass on to Limerick, where Tyrconnel was employing the evening of his life in preparing for a severe struggle. Though bowed with age, and weighed down with corpulency, he is said to have evinced considerable activity in directing repairs to the fortifications, providing magazines, and enforcing discipline. He formed an entrenched camp under the protection of the cannon, and setting the example, exacted an oath from the officers and soldiers to defend King James's rights to the last, and not to surrender without his consent. He despatched an express for succour to St. Germain, and in all these measures he was ably seconded by Sarsfield, at that time created Earl of Lucan.

Sarsfield, one of the most popular Irishmen that ever lived, was descended from a noble family, and inherited a large fortune of £2000 a year. He combined all the accomplishments of a perfect gentleman, with the graces of a person manly and chivalrous. He had served as Ensign

in France, in the regiment of Monmouth, and as Lieutenant of the Guards, in England. When King James came to Ireland, he got a regiment of cavalry, with the rank of Brigadier-general. The feat he performed of destroying William's convoy of artillery, raised him to the highest pitch of popularity with the troops. He is renowned to this day—*canitur adhuc*. He is represented as a man fervently attached to his country and religion, and was devoted to the king he considered his lawful sovereign. Sarsfield, for his conduct at Limerick, got a patent as Earl of Lucan, and assisted Tyrconnell in preparing to put the city in a state to defy the assailants who menaced it. In the midst of the preparations, on the 11th of August, Tyrconnell died of apoplexy. The senior officer, D'Usson, assumed the command, but Sarsfield attended to all the details, watched the progress of the works, and infused his invincible courage into the breasts of all. His ardour inspired the troops with confidence, and dissipated the dismay produced by the disaster at Aughrim.*

An officer of the Irish army, high in command of the cavalry, named Henry Luttrell, had been ordered to meet the garrison of Galway at Six-mile-bridge. This base traitor entered into a negotiation with the English to betray Limerick. A letter addressed to him by Sebastian, the Secretary of De Ginkle, was, through mistake, placed in the hands of Sarsfield; it revealed the horrible design. Luttrell's arrest, a bold and decisive measure, stamped the loyalty of Lord Lucan with a zeal not to be damped by personal friendship, nor relaxed by personal danger. Luttrell was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and reserved to abide the King's pleasure.† He fell afterwards by the hand of an assassin—possibly one who wished to avenge the wrongs of his country by slaying her unfaithful son. The tradition of the district asserts, that when a storm is on the Shannon, the waters are disturbed by the spirit of the traitor Luttrell.

De Ginkle having been induced to attempt a siege, which, at that late season of the year, was difficult in supporting, and the issue no way certain, at last commenced operations, and the batteries, when completed, opened their fire on the 30th of August. The guns from the town returned the fire with steadiness and effect. A vast reinforcement appeared on the English side. Eighteen ships came up the river within cannon shot, and united to destroy the devoted town. The incessant discharge soon left smoking ruins where houses stood, but though a breach was effected, the assault was delayed; probably, the memory of the former reception withheld the assailants, or, perhaps they hoped dissension within would supply the necessity of force from without. Meanwhile, the batteries and ships poured forth their destructive missiles; the besieged never relaxed their efforts to return the compliments received. They raised breastworks behind the breaches; extinguished the fires which threatened to crush the city; made sallies to destroy the trenches. Thus matters continued to the middle of September, when De Ginkle despatched Colonel Earl to King William, to apprise him of the difficulties of the siege, and the probability of his being compelled to raise it. But treachery had not done its work. Brigadier Clifford, though suspected, was allowed to continue in command of 1,500 horse, guarding the passes of the

* Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation, page 168.

† Ibid, p. 169

Shannon. D'Usson, the governor, had ordered the Irish cavalry out to the Clare side of the river, on which side it was open for reinforcements and provisions. De Ginkle resolved on posting a portion of his army on the opposite banks, which he effected through the negligence or treachery of Clifford. A bridge of boats was run across, and Clifford, after a slight resistance, fell back, never apprising Lieutenant-General Sheldon, who commanded the Irish horse, of his danger: Sheldon was luckily on the alert, and made a masterly retreat to Six-mile-bridge. The English, having thus made good their ground on both sides, and secured the previously open country, resolved on turning the siege into a blockade. For the purpose of destroying the harvest in the neighbourhood, a large body of cavalry and infantry were ordered to the right bank of the river, on the 22nd. When opposite Thomond Gate, eight hundred pikemen, of the Irish army, under Colonel Lacy, sallied out to check the advance. Now ensued one of the most murderous and fierce encounters known in history. The narrow causeway of Thomond Bridge was choked with the men engaged in furious conflict. The Irish fought with the desperation of men resolved rather to die than yield, while constant reinforcements of fresh troops came to the aid of the English. The Irish, borne back by the press, again advanced, like the tide of ocean, gathering strength as it recedes, to sustain a fresh impetus. Lacy, at length, driven back to the gate, found it closed. The Major, as it is said, fearing the English would come in pell mell with the troops of the garrison, imprudently shut out his own people, whereby the greater number of them were cut to pieces. It is computed, that of the 800 Irish, 600 were slain, 150 drowned, and the remainder taken prisoners, their retreat being cut off. The loss of so many brave men much disheartened the garrison, and a capitulation was talked of. Sarsfield in vain combated the notion; he urged the near approach of winter—that the defences were still good—the supplies abundant—French succour close at hand; but he was unseconded. A formal resolution to surrender was carried in the council. Fearful that some of the gates would be betrayed, and no terms obtained, Sarsfield ultimately acquiesced in the wishes of the majority.

On the 23rd of September a cessation of arms was agreed to. Lord Lucan and General Wachop proposed to treat for the nation at large. On the 28th these two, with others, as Irish commissioners, negotiated the articles of surrender. The treaty of Limerick is said to have been signed on a large stone, now called the treaty stone, near Thomond bridge. Some of the Irish army entered the service of King William, but the main body, to the number of about 19,000, headed by Lord Lucan, repaired to France, and became the Irish brigade, so celebrated in the annals of Europe.

On the 23rd of October, just ten days after the city had been delivered over to the English, Chateau Renaud's fleet, consisting of five men-of-war, and eighteen ships of burden, laden with stores and ammunition, appeared in the Shannon.

The Irish, under the brave Sarsfield, embarked on board this fleet, and entered the French service. The popular name of the recruits of the Irish Brigade, was "The Wild Geese," and their departure is celebrated in the following ballad by Dr. Drennan:—

THE WILD GEESE, A BRIGADE BALLAD.

I.

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood,
The blush of morning sun appears !
To men who gave for us their blood—
Ah ! what can woman give but tears ?
How still the field of battle lies !
No shout upon the breeze has blown !
We heard our dying country's cries ;
We sit deserted and alone.
Och hone, och hone, och hone, och hone !
Ah ! what can woman give but tears ?

II.

Why thus collected on the strand,
Whom yet the God of mercy saves ;
Will ye forsake your native land ?
Will you desert your brothers' graves ?
Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
Oh ! guard your orphans and your wives ;
Like us, make Erin's cause your own ;
Like us, for her yield up your lives.
Och hone, och hone, och hone, och hone !
Like us, for her yield up your lives.

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THE UNDER-TEACHER.—A SKETCH FROM IRELAND.

[WE made application to the writer of "Air Bubbles," in our March Number, for another gathering of his wandering fancies for our present part, and were unsuccessful by reason of our contributor's multiplied engagements. "I send you, however," he writes to us, "a sketch recently received by myself, from a friend in the north of Ireland, which may interest your readers all the more, as it is a simple delineation of real occurrences. My friend is endowed with transparent veracity, with much genius, and (as you will see) a gentle and sensitive heart. He writes only what he has actually beheld. The divinely-sent visitation, which swept across Ireland during the year gone by, included all classes among its victims, from the peer downward to the peasant; and you have here a single instance of suffering simply and gracefully recorded." We willingly give insertion to this pathetic sketch, which is not without its own moral. Next month we shall hope for a paper from the friend who has been the vehicle in forwarding it to us.—ED.]

"How often, in years long departed, have we, very dear H., when denizens together of old '*Alma Mater*,' spoken of the great world which lay without those learned walls as a world of trouble. How often, in the course of our evening strolls through the great metropolis, have we paused to mourn with unavailing sympathy over the traces of affliction and bereavement in the dwellings of our brethren in the flesh. How often, too, as we sauntered through the leafy glades of your noble park, in the bright noonday of summer, have we felt our hearts glow in sweetly mysterious communing with the gladness of Nature that environed us—the lordly sun set in the firmament above, the old ancestral trees that cast their shadows across the lawns, the daisy-pranked meads, and the murmuring river that sung to us a pœan to its Maker's praise.—How often, at such seasons, did not we pause to bless the Being who had spread the paradise around us, and had completed his mercy by bestowing on us (what we had often remarked as a deficiency in others) a heart to FEEL it. But in the midst of our blissful enjoyment of the latter glorious scenes, how often have the first-spoken thoughts recurred—thoughts of man's suffering and sorrow—and in silence every feeling of triumphant joy died away, when we came to ask ourselves,

'Why was there misery in a world so fair?'

"I was led into these reminiscences of our past hours by a scene which I witnessed this evening.

"I told you of the fever at present prevalent here. It has slain its hundreds and its thousands already. During the day I had learned that the wife of an under-assistant in our grammar-school, or, as it is more

dignifiedly termed, 'The College,' had fallen that morning a victim to its virulence. She was a young woman, the mother of five little girls, the eldest of them not more than eight years old; and I have since heard that her own fatal illness was originally induced by over-anxiety and unremitting attendance upon some of her young family. They are now in health, but are—motherless.

"After a lonely dinner, I was sallying forth to take my usual stroll. As I turned the corner of one of the streets of D——, I was accosted by the curate of the parish, with whom I have a slight acquaintance. He was going, in his professional capacity, to officiate at the obsequies, and invited me to join him, which I did.

"The house of mourning was situated near the school, a little outside the town. As we moved on towards it, the evening sun was shedding his mellowed light around our path; the trees, as they expanded their new-born verdure to his declining rays, appeared to revel in the luxuriance they had so recently received. The fields were reposing, calmly as is an infant's slumber. The little village itself appeared to have caught the spirit of stillness that reigned around. All Nature was held rapt in that heavenly hush which ever characterises that, to me, sweetest of all periods upon the infinitely-graduated scab of old Father Time—a summer's evening in the country! But the house where the young mother lay was steeped in shade; too true an emblem, methought, of that eclipsed light of affection which was lost to her husband and her little charge for ever. A hearse, with black plumes, stood at the door. As we arrived, the new-made widower appeared. He was a man whom nature seemed to have cut out for his occupation, and whom long continuance in that occupation had moulded to the very beau-ideal of its requirements. No fire in his eye; no animation in his features; no firmness in his step! His every movement was eloquent of the broken spirit which a life spent in drudgery and ill-requited toil had created; and, God help him! with what a fearful consummation had his affliction that morning been crowned?

"But how was he employed? The fever, of which his unhappy partner had died, was typhus in its most virulent form; and although the melancholy event had only taken place that morning, the physicians had strongly urged the interment over night. By reason of this suddenness, hardly ten persons were assembled to celebrate the last melancholy rite; while, from the alarming circumstances of the death of poor Mrs. H., the greatest reluctance was manifested by that few even to approach the coffin. As the door opened, I beheld the wretched man, assisted by the town-beadle, bearing out the body to the hearse. The body! how soon was the degrading epithet made applicable; let me rather say, 'his wife.' That wife who, according to the solemn engagement of their union, 'for better, for worse—for richer for poorer—in sickness and in health,' had been his only true friend; who, when disappointment had blasted his hopes, and the cold world had frowned upon him, still met him with a smile that outshone the gloom, and waked the dreary prospect into light and love again; whose changeless heart, when all others had proved traitors, still throbbed for him alone; whose bosom, when he laid him down wearied at nightfall, faithfully pillowed him to his rest; in whose eye, as it lightened to welcome him from his daily slavery, he forgot his sorrows as things past, and read promise of better things for the future; who, for long years of privation and pain, had been his guardian

angel, and had concluded them now by sacrificing herself for his little children. But here my patience fails me. Curse him for a fool! what right had he, so steeped to the lips in humiliation, to get either a wife or children?

“—— Ay, in his arms did he bring her out; those arms which had clasped her to his faithful heart, but which now, though it was their last embrace, could enfold her no more, for the coffin-plank lay between them. The little procession was soon marshalled, and we moved slowly onward. And here a marked contrast occurred to me. It was on that very day week I had seen another funeral train wend along the same path, of a different kind, and conducted in a far different mode—the obsequies of the Earl of ——. The nobleman had his gorgeous death-car, his waving ostrich plumes, his haughty hatchment, his gleaming escutcheons, his silken scarfs, his crowd of mourners; but I question if he had the one appendage of this humble bier—a breaking heart heaving wildly over his cerements. Again, a circumstance still further illustrative of their disparity, struck my attention. When, according to the touching formula of the burial service, we had committed to the grave the young mother’s remains, I accompanied the minister into the vestry-room, in anticipation of perhaps similar employment by him on my own account soon, that he might add this poor item to the list of mortality. Mrs. H.’s name came immediately after ‘——, Earl of ——’ (titles ad infin.) but her Christian name was omitted, not being known! There was another circumstance, that attempted, in show at least, to hide the equalizing prostration of Death’s hand. The rector and the curate of D—— had attended the Earl’s funeral. The curate alone was now present! But in the midst of my narrative, I am strangely interrupted; and a scene is going on before my windows, that calls me away from contemplating the frivolities of death to mourn over the stern realities of life. The street outside is at this very moment ringing with the fast-pealing sounds of music and merriment. An amateur band is parading and playing through the town, and their ill-timed minstrelsy has awakened the echoes of the churchyard where the young mother lies, stiff and stark, sleeping the sleep that knows not waking—her first slumber for many a day unbroken by thought of husband or child. Here is a theme, on which the lightest heart might moralize; and it carries me, in imagination, to the desolate scene of the widower’s hearth, where methinks I see him seated hopelessly eyeing *her* chair, now for the first time vacant indeed; his agonized spirit hovering in fruitless bewilderment over the newly-raised mound, where the partner of his heart and home lies in her lonely bed unconscious of his sorrow—the speechlessness of his mournful chamber broken only by the voices of his helpless children, asking him for ‘their mother.’

“Poor little innocents! I saw them this evening mute in meaningless astonishment, vainly trying to comprehend the mysterious preparations that preceded that parent’s final removal from the home her smile of affection had so long brightened. Alas! the day will come but too soon, as Time performs his sad office, and enlarges their comprehensions only to augment their sorrows, when they shall recall with bitter intelligence the evening their mother left them never to return more, never to come to shield their helplessness again.

“Now, H., go meditate upon this scene. I know full well how your delicately-strung feelings will vibrate in all their chords, before this ‘still

sad music of humanity ;' and, believe me, that not all the eloquence of a Massillon could enforce the moral of the Divine command, not to lay up for ourselves treasures on the earth—that is, not to permit the affections to be engrossed with sublunary things—with more convincing advocacy than this short page from the diary of real life. Happy it is for us to know that there is another world, where such mournful separations shall not subsist, where tears shall be wiped off all faces, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.

“ Ever believe me your's affectionately,

“ W. J. T.”

COUSINS.

OH! had you ever a Cousin, Jack?
 Did that Cousin happen to sing?
 Sisters we've all by the dozen, Jack,
 But a Cousin's a different thing;
 And so you would find, had you kiss'd her, Jack,
 (But let this be a secret between us),
 Your lips had been all in a blister, Jack,
 For they're none of the sister *genus*.

There's something, Jack, in a Sister's lip,
 When you give her a good-night kiss,
 That savours so much of relationship,
 That nothing can happen amiss.
 But a Cousin's lip if you once unite
 With yours in the quietest way,
 Instead of sleeping a wink that night,
 You'll be dreaming the following day.

And the voice of a Sister may bring to you, Jack,
 Such tones as the angels woo,
 But I fear if your Cousin should sing to you, Jack
 You'd take her for an angel too;
 For so soft a note is that note of theirs,
 That you'd think the voice that gave it
 Has been all the while singing "National Airs,"
 Instead of the Psalms of David.

And no one thinks it a harm, Jack,
 With a Cousin to hear you talk,
 And no one feels any alarm, Jack,
 At a quiet, cousinly walk;
 But you'll very soon find what I happen to know,
 That these walks often turn into straying,
 And the voices of Cousins are sometimes so low,
 Heaven only knows what they've been saying.

And then there happens so often, Jack,
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers,
 And looks that were moulded to soften, Jack,
 And tones on which Memory lingers,

That long ere the walk is half over, the springs
Of your heart are all set into play
By the notes of these fair, demi-sisterly things,
In not quite the most brotherly way.

I once had a Cousin, Jack,
But her name shall be nameless now,
And the sound of her songs is still young, Jack,
Though I am no longer so.
'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there is not a leaf on the tree,
But 'twixt walking and talking that Cousin has been,
God forgive her ! the ruin of me.

And now I hate all society, Jack,
And I lead a most anchorite life,
For I've loved myself into sobriety, Jack,
And out of the wish for a wife.
But, oh ! if I said half of what I might say,
So sad is the lesson 'twould give,
That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
And from Cousins as long as you live !

THE FATE OF BAUDOUIN.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND FROM THE CHRONICLES OF FLANDERS.

By H. R. ADDISON.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1220, when peace again began to bless the land, two knights wended their way slowly through the Forest of Glaucone near Valenciennes, not however equipped as they were wont to be, in full armour, but merely covered with a slight surcoat of mail, while a light *bassinet* replaced their ordinary helmet. From the richness of their apparel, they were evidently men of high rank; while the joyous tones of fair banter in which they indulged proved them to be old and tried friends.

The younger of the two, Henri de Blois, had scarcely reached the age of forty, although he had bled in the Holy Land, and gained for himself the renown of a brave warrior some two or three-and-twenty years before. His companion, the Seigneur de Ghistelle, who was five or six years older, had shared his dangers on the plains of Palestine; and now that war no longer called them as brothers to fight side by side, they remained the firm and sworn allies of the valiant crusader.

At the time we speak of, Jeanne reigned as Countess of Flanders and Hainault. She was still in her prime, and if chronicles tell truth, fair and graceful in no common degree. The fate of her father, who had suddenly disappeared some twenty years previous in the Holy Land, never having been clearly known, (some asserting that he had fallen on the field, others that he had been imprisoned, and put to death by the hands of the infidel,) Jeanne had assumed the government, and reigned over the dominions of her late father with great firmness and equity. Her husband, Ferrand of Portugal, having been taken prisoner eight years before at the battle of Bouvines, and been detained in the Louvre by the French King, the fair Countess (with a feeling natural to those times) looked upon herself as a widow, more particularly as it had been positively intimated to her that a divorce might be obtained by asking.

Many had been the offers of marriage made to her, many the brilliant alliances proffered; but they all met with a steady refusal. The heart of the Countess was evidently pre-engaged, and to whom Henri de Blois well knew; for during the fêtes the Knights were now returning from attending, she had so publicly let her love for the Crusader manifest itself, that none could be ignorant of the partiality and choice—a choice she seemed to glory in.

Henri, however, but ill returned her favourable sentiments. It is true ambition goaded him on to encourage her passion, and his vanity took part on the same side; yet it was evident to his companion, who jested with

him as they rode, that no real love existed in the heart of his friend to repay the fond advances of the love-sick Jeanne.

"Still, Henri," added the Seigneur, in conclusion of a conversation carried on, on this topic, and altering his voice to a more serious tone, "you do wrong, very wrong to let her see that you slight her proffered love. By my faith, my good friend, you know not how dangerous it is to play with a woman's passions. Once let her perceive her advances to be scorned, and you possess a mortal enemy, more fearfully to be dreaded than Saladin and his whole host."

"Hark!" interrupted his friend, "do you hear nothing?"

They distinguished, in the next moment, the piercing cries of a female; and plunging their rowels into the sides of their chargers, galloped off to the spot whence the screams proceeded.

They were just in time. Four ruffians well armed were carrying off a young and beautiful female, doubtlessly well paid for their crime by some rich and powerful Seigneur, and so indeed it proved; for on seeing the approach of the Knights, the villains fled, leaving their captive free. The affrighted girl, flying towards her preservers, threw herself on her knees to thank them, and explained to them that, having refused the hand of a neighbouring and powerful chief, he had caused her to be carried off during the absence of her father, who had been summoned, probably by some forged document, to the presence of the Countess Jeanne. Her name was Genevieve de la Tourelle.

Henri now jumped off his horse, and lifting the poor girl, who was faint and agitated, to the saddle, respectfully led the animal along with care and attention. For the first time his heart was troubled. The winning manner in which she had told her adventure, her entire confidence in his protection, and above all, her perfect beauty, at once struck him, and made captive that mind which even ambitious lures had vainly endeavoured to assault.

Overcome by the fears she had undergone, Genevieve evidently required care and repose. This sadly annoyed and perplexed the Knights, who were about to form a bed of the leaves which had fallen, when they perceived, at a distance, a Hermit returning towards his cell, a spot so completely hidden by the wood, that they had failed to observe it. They hailed the holy man, and in a few minutes more, the happily rescued *demoiselle* was lying on the anchorite's couch, while the good Father busied himself in preparing restoratives and strengthening balms for his fair patient. During these operations, his cowl fell back, and thinking himself unobserved, he omitted to replace it.

"It is he, by Heavens! It is he," cried Henri, starting up.

"Merciful Providence! It is Baudouin!" exclaimed the Seigneur de Ghistelle at the same instant.

The Monk endeavoured to replace his hood, evidently confused, and annoyed at their recognition.

"Nay, Sire," said Henri, falling on one knee, "why thus shun observation? you cannot deny to those who have served under your banner, the gratification of doing homage to the greatest and most beloved Emperor that ever sat on the throne of Constantinople."

"My son, enough of this. An accidental likeness, perhaps, misleads you. Why strive to disturb my quiet life?"

"Do you deny that you are our once loved commander?"

"I am what you behold, a poor yet contented hermit, happy in my

solitude, asking only that I may be allowed to worship my God in quiet and repose."

"Your name, Sir Friar, if I may venture to ask it?"

"My present name is assumed, my former one forgotten. I have, it is true, once, like yourselves, borne arms, and met the infidel in many a hot encounter. At times, visions of my former deeds arise, and agitate my soul; but checking these, I turn again to God, and humbly beseech him to wipe out the recollections of ambitious strife. Why then recall the past to me, whose only joys rest on the future?"

The Knights felt staggered, and for a moment consulted together.

Henri then resumed, "But should your State, your subjects, or your daughter's welfare, demand your presence, would you remain in dull inactivity, and see them sacrificed?"

"Nay strive not thus by taking me by surprise, to wrest a secret from me which I have screened within my breast for years. Look on me, treat me but as a humble minister of God; and may he bless you!"

"Let our prayers prevail. Remain not thus in obscurity," cried the Seigneur de Ghistelle, kissing the Hermit's hand. "Why seek to shun the love of your people, and thus hide yourself from the gaze of those who would die to serve you!"

"Alas! my children, you but little know the world! Where, after twenty years' absence, should I find friends and supporters?"

"In the hearts of all brave and loyal men! Behold two, at least, whose lives are at your service!"

"Nay, my good friend," replied the Hermit King; "I but too well know your courage, since I saw it tried on the plains of Orestes, near Adrianople. Your courage, Henri de Blois, I can never forget, nor the devotion of your friend here, who himself received a wound intended for you."

All doubt was now at an end. Well they remembered the day and hour to which the Emperor alluded, and in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, besought their sovereign to accompany them to Valenciennes.

After a great deal of argument, the monk reluctantly consented. It was therefore agreed, that as soon as the sufferer recovered, he should visit the city and discover himself.

The rest of the evening was passed in conversation relative to their campaigns in Palestine, when the Hermit still further strengthened their belief in his identity, by alluding to many persons, and circumstances, whom he alone could have known. After some time they discussed the great difficulty they would probably have in re-establishing Baudouin on his throne. To effect this, he would be compelled to dispossess his own daughter of her provinces of Hainault and Flanders, and his brother, Robert d'Auxerre, who had ascended the Imperial throne of Constantinople, on the disappearance of the late Emperor, of his kingdom.

Baudouin still wished to be left alone. For several years he had forgotten, and had been forgot by all the world. "Why, therefore," urged the monk, "why again appear, to lose my own tranquillity, to injure my nearest akin, and stir up strife amongst my well-loved subjects?"

To these arguments, however, the Knights refused to listen, and it was finally settled, that on the following day, they were to return, and conduct the ex-Emperor and his fair charge into the city.

The shades of evening were fast closing, and Genevieve still slept. The Knights arose, and once more doing homage to their valiant chief, retired from the cell, and hastened to spread the news through Valenciennes.

On the following morning, the two Knights, who had been indefatigable during the night in collecting the former friends and followers of the Emperor, returned to the Hermit's cell, where they found the good Father in earnest prayer. Seeing, however, the body approach, he arose from his knees, and came forth to meet them. About thirty nobles of the first families in Flanders, headed the procession, followed by some hundreds of persons on foot, more than half of whom were well acquainted with the person of their ex-Emperor. No sooner did they catch a glimpse of the monk, who had thrown over his shoulders a scarlet Armenian cloak, than one and all rushed forward to do homage to him. There could no longer be any doubt; It was Baudouin, who stood before them. Many who had joined the band, merely for the purpose of curiosity, were struck with the regal carriage and dignity of the stranger, while the greater part of the spectators, who had sought the hermitage, believing that some unfair trick was meant, were suddenly confounded, and convinced on seeing the Emperor himself, who now came up to them, and saluted each one (who had shared his Campaign in Palestine) by name.

The cavalcade was about to move off, when it was suggested that messengers should be sent forward to apprise Jeanne of the recognition and arrival of her father. Many objected to this, inasmuch as it was well known that the news had been communicated to her the night before; but these were overruled, and couriers sent off at full gallop, preceding the party, who moved at a foot's pace, halting occasionally, to give time for the Countess to arrange her plans.

Henri de Blois was perfectly happy. He rode beside the palfrey of Genevieve, whom he every hour prized more and more. Recovered from her fright, she now enchanted him as much by her wit as she had previously enchained him by her beauty. Her noble father, full of gratitude towards her deliverer, rode in the train of the restored Monarch, and smiled to see the evident looks of admiration his daughter's loveliness called forth.

In the mean time, the Countess had not been idle. On the first whisper of the intelligence, she had called together her eldest advisers. But alas! amidst their opinions, she found the most conflicting differences. She therefore dismissed them, and hurried to her oratory, there to meditate, and arrange her future proceedings.

After a rule of twenty years, after duly mourning as dead the author of her existence, was the sceptre to be thus abruptly snatched from her? Was she to be wronged and dispossessed of her dominions by one, who, probably, was an impostor? who reckoning on some accidental likeness, and counting on the lapse of time, as likely to impair the memories of the Crusaders, had suddenly started up to wrest from her her rightful inheritance? No! her every feeling revolted from the sacrifice. She would not cede a single inch of territory; she would, at every risk, oppose the claims thus forcibly thrust upon her.

It is true, that Conscience seemed to whisper in her ear the dreadful crime she was committing, if she unlawfully withheld the possessions she but held in trust for her father. Of that parent himself, good sense and candour bid her, at least, personally to ascertain the identity or otherwise. But alas! ambition pleaded in her breast, that if she recognised in him the Emperor Baudouin, she must instantly quit her state, and again become an humble individual. With these arguments distracting her, Jeanne passed the whole night without retiring to her room; and

still in doubt how to act, she saw the messengers of Baudouin enter her presence. When, however, she learnt the claims of the "impostor," as she styled him, were upheld and enforced by Henri de Blois; when she discovered that it was his hand that was about to drag her from her throne, and, above all, that he was accompanying a demoiselle of surpassing loveliness to the city, the bright fabric of her love visions instantly melted away, and with them every womanly feeling. She peremptorily refused to receive the newly-found Emperor, and commanded him, under pain of capital punishment, instantly to repair to Namur, there to be examined by a council of twenty-five members touching his identity. She ordered the city gates to be closed, and rushing to her room, gave way to all the violence of grief and passion, that find their strongest empire in the female breast.

When, therefore, the procession arrived near the city, they were met by the persons they had despatched, accompanied by two officers of the Countess, who desired them to turn round, and make for Namur at the same time delivering to Baudouin the official document, commanding him to appear and answer such questions as a council there assembled should be pleased to put to him. For a moment, a flush of anger rose to the countenance of the Emperor, but quickly recovering his serenity, he bowed to the officers, and turning about, chose six nobles as his escort, who freely proffered their services to conduct him in safety to Namur. Genevieve de Tourelle and her father, earnestly soliciting to be of the number, were permitted also to accompany their sovereign. Henri de Blois rode on his right hand, and the Seigneur de Ghistelle on his left.

The third day after their arrival at Namur was the one fixed for hearing Baudouin's cause. The council was held in a large room hung with crimson cloth and golden fringe. The commissioners (twenty-five in number,) took their seats at a long table, raised about two feet above the rest of the chamber. The Emperor had a chair placed for him immediately in front of his examiners. Three knights stood on either side of him, while the rest of the hall was filled with some of the most exalted personages in Flanders and Hainault.

After a few moments of consultation, the President thus addressed him.

"Old man, whoever thou art, know that our most gracious sovereign, anxious to prevent her people from falling into the snares, which ambition may spread out to entrap their credulity, has appointed us to examine into the present affair, and dissipate the clouds of mystery with which you are surrounded, and thus allow truth to shine forth. You are commanded, therefore, to answer with candour the questions that I shall put to you, and be correct in your replies, for on them depends your fate."

The late Hermit bowed, and the President proceeded.

"What name do you claim?"

Tranquilly looking up, the subject of their inquisitions answered, "Protesting most solemnly against the incompetency of this tribunal to one, who alone is answerable to the King of France, I will not hesitate to reply to your question. Claiming, however, whatever may be your decision, a full and impartial hearing from Louis the Eighth, to whom I will instantly prove, as is due from his first vassal, for as such I hold my estates of Flanders, that I am truly Baudouin, count of Flanders, Hainault, and Holland, Zealand, and West Friesland, and Emperor of Constantinople."

"If you are, as you assert, Emperor of the Greeks, why did you not make yourself known in Palestine?"

"Because, after so long an absence, I but too well knew I could never find friends sufficiently powerful to protect me against Theodore Lascaris, who has usurped the title of Emperor of Constantinople, and from whom (had I fallen into his hands,) I should have received more cruel treatment than the barbarians from whose fetters I had just escaped. Besides this, the first wish of an exile is to seek his native place."

"Why did you not return before the death of your brother-in-law, Philip Augustus?"

"The destiny of man is in the hands of God alone; on this point I will fully explain myself to the King of France."

The President now endeavoured to embarrass the Emperor with questions, many of which were irrelevant and vexatious. But he, by his clear perception, his dignified replies, and unhesitating manner, so completely foiled him in his attempt to abash and confuse him, that many of the members, finding themselves compromised, and clearly seeing that they were in the presence of their rightful sovereign, began to murmur, and express their conviction of the justice of the Hermit's claims. Several of the bystanders also pressed forward to do homage to him, and the whole affair took a turn so unexpected by those who had anticipated a far different result, that the President was fain to dissolve the Court, and defer judgment, until the Countess Jeanne's good pleasure should be known.

In the mean time, Baudouin vainly endeavoured to remain in obscurity. Fresh partisans daily flocked to his dwelling, offering him their fealty and support, and the affair began to be bruited through the neighbouring countries.

As no evidence could be adduced to prove that the late Emperor had been slain, no just opposition could be offered to the claims of the Hermit King, no fair plea to damp the ardour of those who every day ranged themselves on his side.

Under these circumstances, Jeanne deemed it advisable to allow of his appeal to the decision of the King of France, and accordingly sent ambassadors to Louis the king, soliciting him "to hear and decide on the claims of a cunning imposter, who, if not made an example of, would introduce anarchy and discord into the provinces of Hainault and Flanders, a wretch who had sacrilegiously dared to assume the name and appearance of her late lamented father, Baudouin the First, of blessed memory. She therefore prays his Majesty to come to her assistance, and protect her from this well imagined plot."

The King of France, urged by these and other reasons, which the Countess privately made known to him, consented to hear the case, and accordingly cited the hermit to appear before him at Compeigne on the eighth day following, there to establish his claims, and be reinstated in his rightful government, or, being proved to be a base imposter, to receive the reward due to one who had endeavoured to create a civil war. To these conditions Baudouin gladly consented, and repaired to Compeigne as desired.

Arrived within a few miles, the claimant to the Imperial Throne halted, and established himself at a small hostel, there to await the day which was to decide his fate, when, it had been arranged, he was to make his entry, solemnly escorted by his friends; the better, by publicly shewing how powerfully he was supported, to ensure impartial justice.

In the mean time he deemed it expedient to publish a narrative of the incidents, since his sudden disappearance, when fighting under the walls of Adrianople for his country and his God. Taken a prisoner, he had

been conveyed by his captors to a small town in Bulgaria, where he had been thrown into a dungeon, and detained during fifteen years. At the end of that time, his guards relaxing in their vigilance, he managed to escape; but after innumerable hardships he had been again seized by a party of wandering Arabs, who after retaining him as a slave, and making him perform every sort of degrading toil, had sold him to some Syrians, in whose service he remained during two years, carrying water, and felling trees in common with the other captives. Happily, however, during a short suspension of hostilities, he had been enabled to make himself known to some German merchants, who had taken advantage of the truce to push their commerce into the interior, but fully recognising in him the late Emperor of Constantinople, they had immediately ransomed him for a mere trifle, the Syrians being wholly unaware of the noble hostage they possessed. Once free, his heart yearned again to behold his native land. He accordingly returned; when finding his daughter in the happy possession of his late territories, and those territories happily and justly ruled, and the Countess's mind made up to the loss of her parent, he preferred remaining in solitude, (which from long habit had become his second nature, worshipping God, as he was wont to do when in the dungeons of the infidel, and praying heaven to shower down blessings on his daughter,) to creating a schism amongst his people, and bringing misery on the heads of those he loved best, by appearing, and setting forth his claims. Every dream of ambition had long ceased to convulse his breast; a future life his only hope, a place in the eternal kingdom his only glory. Since, however, he had thus been dragged forward, he felt it due to himself, due to those friends who had supported him, to prove the validity of his claims, even though he should abdicate the next hour.

A document to this effect was circulated amongst the people, who already looked upon his restoration as certain.

At length the important dawn arrived. Crowds thronged to meet the extraordinary man, who had thus boldly laid claim to one of the richest estates attached to the crown of France.

It was in vain that Louis VIII. strove to withdraw their attention by a pageant he that morning had announced.

Thousands of eager and curious spectators flocked to meet the procession, which now entered into Compiègne.

First marched several Knights on foot, four abreast, without arms or plumes. These were the most powerful and warm partizans of the ex-monarch. After them came two Knights (Henri de Blois and the Seigneur de Ghistelle) on horseback, dressed in complete armour, but without sword or other offensive weapons, bearing between them a large shield, on which was represented a chain, surrounded by broken scymetars, and surmounted by a large cross in silver. Next came two negroes bearing on a velvet cushion a large seal of massive gold; and immediately behind them a herald at arms, supporting a standard, on which was inscribed "The August Elect of God." After him other Knights, two and two, according to their various degrees of rank. And now came the object of every beholder's interest, Baudouin himself, mounted on a white charger, which he bestrode with all the dignity and grace of a gallant and experienced warrior. His majestic appearance, his snow-white steed, his beneficent smile at once prepossessed the crowd in his favour, and riveted the attention of all; and many a "God speed you" burst from the lips of the spectators as the old man, far from attempting to practise on their credulity by gorgeous apparel, or military clothing, passed by, his head uncovered. his

grey locks slightly waving with the wind, his shoulders covered with a simple and unbroidered mantle, and a robe of unpretending simplicity.

The cortege was closed by Genevieve, with other ladies of high rank, and a retinue of *huissiers*, bearing their white staves of office.

Louis, who himself presided in the Council-chamber, is said to have started on beholding the Hermit enter; but recovering his self-possession, and looking on him with a cold and stern regard, he desired the Bishop of Beauvais to propose the questions, it had been arranged should be put to the *soi-disant* Emperor. *Firstly*,—In what place he had done homage for his country of Flanders to Phillip Augustus? *Secondly*,—Where, and by whom he had been invested with the order of knighthood—and *Lastly*—Where, and on what day he had obtained the hand of Margaret de Champagne, the legitimate wife of Baudouin the first?

The interrogated demanded an adjournment of three days, for the purpose of replying to these queries, urging as a reason for thus demanding a delay, which might seem indecorous and unnecessary, the natural confusion he felt in thus being cited before one of the greatest sovereigns of his time, and almost as a culprit before the most exalted and brilliant assemblage that Europe had for many years beheld collected together, his defective memory, injured at once by age and misfortune, and the chaotic mixture of dates, almost entirely wiped out by years of captivity and slavery in a foreign land. On these grounds he ventured to ask a sufficient time to be granted him to collect and arrange his thoughts.

The postponement being allowed, the ex-Emperor delivered his answers on the third morning to the Bishop of Beauvais, who laid them before the King, who was greatly displeased at the boldness displayed in them. Taking advantage, therefore, of some slight discrepancies and errors in them, he pronounced the claimant to be an imposter, forbid him, at his peril, ever again to assume the name of Baudouin, and commanded him to quit the country within eight-and-forty hours.

Abandoned by the greater number of his most influential supporters, who shrank from him as soon as the decision of Louis was publicly promulgated, the unfortunate old man attempted to pass through Flanders on his way to Burgundy, disguised as an itinerant merchant; but Jeanne, too much interested in his capture to allow him thus easily to escape, sent a gentleman of the Court, named Erard Castence, in pursuit of him, who, overtaking him within a few miles of the frontiers, seized him, and, after confining him a few days in his own chateau, delivered him up to the Countess on receiving from her four hundred marks of silver.

He was now ordered to Lille, where he underwent every sort of torture imagination could devise. Against these he bore up for a long time. At length, broken in body and in spirit, life no longer seeming of any value to him, since he had become an object of hatred even to his own child, he consented to state, in the form of a confession, whatever his torturers desired him to make known. These falsehoods, wrung from him in the midst of his agonies, served as a pretext for his execution. He was condemned to be paraded through the streets of Lille, strapped to his horse, and then publicly executed in the Market-place.

When Jeanne received notice of this sentence for her confirmation, although she had hitherto enforced the proceedings against the old man with the eagerness more of a demon than a Christian woman, her heart began to relent; and really believing him to be her parent, she began to view the case in its right light. All the love he had shewn her as a child, the fond caresses he had showered on her in her infancy, the pride with

which he had exhibited her to his people as their future Sovereign, all arose before her view, and conscience added a thousand stings to memory, as she saw her own image arise before her, a tyrant and a parricide! She beat her breast with anguish, as she looked back upon the tortures she had caused the old man, and hated herself as she reviewed her past conduct. Ambition, after a short struggle, gave way to nature, and she was about to sign his pardon, and a full avowal of her own faults, when a servant entered, and announced the arrival of a messenger from the Count de Blois. Pleasure lit up the fair visage of the Countess. Her whole love for him rose into her bosom. He would doubtlessly applaud her conduct, and although deprived of her throne, she would yet become the bride of him she so highly prized. In the next instant the Esquire was ushered into her presence. After kneeling, he thus delivered his errand:—

“ Henri, Count de Blois, desires most humbly your permission to defend with his life, in a combat, *à outrance*, the innocence of him who calls himself Baudouin, Count of Flanders, and Emperor of Constantinople, against all gainsayers, and prays your gracious leave to solicit this trial, as a boon from our Sovereign Lord, the King of France.”

The Countess paused for a moment. She already felt within her mind the delights of an approving conscience, and conceiving the pleasure Henri would feel from hearing of her clemency and justice from her own lips, she with a smile desired his instant attendance on her.

“ The Count is at Lille, but I will, with all speed, convey your gracious wishes to him.”

“ What does he there ? ”

“ He espoused but yesterday Genevieve de la Tourelle, now Countess of Blois and Plaschendaël.”

An ill-suppressed cry escaped from the Countess, as she ejaculated, or rather whispered, the word “ Indeed ! ” Her whole soul seemed to change. Her demon spirit triumphed, and, rushing towards a table, she hastily signed a document which lay upon it. Then turning to the messenger, she added in a voice of ill-concealed anger, “ Go, Sir Esquire, and tell your Count that I refuse to receive his petition; that ere you reach him, the wretched imposter will have ceased to exist; and that, for his support of a traitor, I hereby banish him for ever from my presence and my court. Tell his fair bride we shall yet have to deal with her Lord for the many crimes of *lèse Majesté* he has committed.

The messenger bowed and withdrew, astonished at the altered manner of his Sovereign, while Jeanne, filled with the pangs of disappointed love, eagerly despatched the order for the execution of her own father, who was hung in Lille in the year 1220, to the horror and disgust of every true Christian.

Two circumstances have been handed down to us, which carry conviction to every impartial mind, that the old Hermit was the true Baudouin, and father of the Countess Jeanne, and that she well knew it. In the first place, just before his death, he described certain private marks on the person of his child, that none but her father, her mother, and her nurse, could have told, and which after her death were found to be strictly correct. And secondly Jeanne, soon after his death (after which she never held up her head,) founded an hospital at Lille, still in existence, called the “ *Hôpital Comtesse*,” and caused all the linen, furniture, plate, and every other object belonging to it, to be marked with a gibbet, a device she herself chose, and which may be seen, even in the present day, surmounting the arms of the Sovereign.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

KENNEDY OF MOUNT KENNEDY, CO. WICKLOW—EXTINCT BARONETS.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

SIR,—I do not find in your "Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies" a record of the family of Kennedy of Mount Kennedy, Ireland. I therefore venture on the following table of descent, derived in great part from old family letters in my possession. The information is meagre and unsatisfying; and I should feel grateful for further help from yourself or your correspondents.

Yours, &c.

GENEROSUS.

— Kennedy, <i>temp.</i> Elizabeth.	John Howard, Esq., <i>ob.</i> in England 1643.	=Dorothea Hassels,m. in 1636, <i>ob.</i> Dec. 30, 1684.	Roger Sotheby, Esq. of Wicklow, M.P. for that town, son of Roger Sothe- by of Birdsall, Yorkshire.
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Sir Thomas Kennedy
of Mount Kennedy.Ralph Howard of Shetton, co. Wick-
low, natus 1638; M.D. 1667; Profes-
sor at Trin. Coll., Dub.; *ob.* Aug. 8,
1710.=Catherine Sotheby, eldest
dan, m. 16th July, 1668;
ob. 1722.Sir Richard Kennedy of
Mount Kennedy, Bart.,
Second Baron of the
Exchequer, Ireland;—
patent at
Whitehall,
Oct. 3, 1662;—
resigned
1680.=Anne,
dau. of —
Bar-
ker,
Esq.Catherine K.,
m. Thomas
Burdett, Esq.
of Garrahill,
by whom
Thomas B.,
created a Bar-
onet June
11, 1723.—
(Vide Peer-
age and Bar-
onetage.)Sir Robt. Kennedy,
Bart., Se-
cond
Chamber-
lain of the
Court of
Exche-
quer, Ire-
land.—
(Vide List
for Civil
Affairs,
dated
April 1,
1666).=Fran-
ces How-
ard, d.
s p.
eldest dan.1. Hugh
Howard, d.
s p.
2. Wm.
Howard, d.
unn.2. Robert
H., fa-
ther of
the
first
Vis-
count.
(Vide
Peer-
age).2. Catherine,
m. Sir T.
Moly-
neux,
Bart.
3. Dorothea,
m. Dr.
Anthony
Dopping,
Lord Bi-
shop of
Ossory.Eliza-
beth
K., eld-
est dau.
vivens
1721.=Dr. Edward
Jones, B. of
Cloyne 1682-
1692, when he
was translated
to St. Asaph's,
Wales; *ob.* in
London 10th
May, 1703,
and was bur.
at St. Marga-
ret's, West-
minster.Bridget K.,
second
dau., *ob.*
Feb 1733.
(The two
sisters mar-
ried two
brothers).=Rev. Mat-
thew Jones,
Prebend-
ary of
Cloyne Ca-
thedral;
ob. Dec.
7, 1717,
and was
buried at
Inniscarra
Church,
near
Cork.Sir Richd. Kennedy,
of Mount
Kennedy,
Bart., in
whom,
seemingly,
the title
became ex-
tinct.* *ob.*
ante 1725.=Elizabeth
—, [She
remarried
with Lord
Frederick
Howard, a
younger
son of
Thomas,
Duke of
Norfolk.]Howard
Kennedy,
d. unn.

a

b

c

a	a	b	b	c
Robert Jones, d. s. p. in Dublin, 20th March, 1740.	Rev. Thos. Jones, minister of Goodrich, Herefordshire. He had either a son or a brother, Richard Jones, who was the friend and coadjutor in his good works of John Kyrle, "The Man of Ross." (Vide Blakemore of the Lees—Landed Gentry).	Edward Jones, Esq. of Youghal, co. Cork, lieutenant in the army; ob. Aug. 10, 1741; will dated 25th July preceding.	Mary, only dau. of John Nettles, of Tourin, co. Waterford, Esq. —(Vide Landed Gentry). ob. 11th Nov. 1763.	1. Bridget, m. John Parker, Esq. of Cherrymount, Youghal. 2. Margaret, m. Rev. John T. Atkin, of Leadington. 3. Sarah, d. young. 4. Susanna, d. young.
				Eliza—Sir W. Dudley, of Clopton, Bart.

Arms.—[Granted 1st Feb. 1618.] Sa, an escallop shell or, between three helmets close arg. garnished of the second.

Crest.—A hand ppr. holding an acorn between two oak leaves vert.

* Sir Richard Kennedy had an uncle, Sir William Kennedy, who, for some cause unknown to the writer, came under an attainder in the beginning of the year 1725. The following advertisement of the Mount Kennedy estate was issued at that time by Robert Jones, son of Bishop Jones (vide supra), who obtained from the Crown the custodiam of the property.

"On Thursday, the 24th day of this instant February, at the house of John Barry at Bray, in the county of Wicklow, a Commission of Inquiry will be opened in order for the finding and seizing into his Majesty's hands the estate of Mount Kennedy, in the said county, forfeited to his Majesty by the attainder of William Kennedy, Esq., commonly called Sir William Kennedy, uncle to the late Sir Richard Kennedy; and for other purposes. And all tenants, freeholders, or any person who has any estate or interest depending on the inheritance of the said estate, are required to take notice. This is advertised to prevent surprise to any person concerned.

"ROBERT JONES.

"Dated this 9th day of Feb. 1725-6."

The Mount Kennedy estates were sold by Mrs. Elizabeth Barker, kinswoman and residuary legatee to this Robert Jones, about the year 1750, to General Cunningham, and subsequently Lord Rossmore. A portion, however, passed to Edward Jones of Youghal, and are now enjoyed by his representative, MATTHEW HAYMAN, Esq., of South Abbey, Youghal.

HIGH SHERIFFS OF ENGLAND.—1848.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

Sir,—Allow me to point out an inaccuracy in the last "Patrician." You state that the family of Henry Brooke, Esq., of the Grange, the present High Sheriff of Cheshire, "has not been long settled in the county." The contrary, however, is the fact. Mr. Brooke belongs to one of Cheshire's oldest families. He is only son of Thomas Brooke, Esq., of Church Minshull, who was younger son of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton. He inherits his father's estates at Church Minshull, but resides with the Dowager Lady Brooke, at the Grange, in the neighbourhood of his paternal property.

Again, you state in the Obituary that the late Mr. Langford Brooke, of Mere, died without issue. Such is not the case. He has left several sons and daughters: of the former, the eldest, Thomas John Langford Brooke, Esq., is now the representative of the family. He married, a few years back, Miss Macleod, of Skye.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

N.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE ABBE DE PERCIE.

At the commencement of the first revolution in France, the Abbé de Percie was obliged to fly from his living in Normandy to this country.

Soon after his arrival in London, he was hustled in New-street, Covent-garden, and robbed of twenty guineas, which he had received but a few minutes before, at Sir Robert Herries's.

With the remainder of his little property he went to Bath, where it was soon expended. In this dilemma, his countrymen there reminded him that he was related to the Noble English family of the Percys, and, as the Duke of Northumberland was at that time at Bath, they advised him to apply to his Grace for relief.

The Abbé immediately wrote to the Duke, who returned a polite answer, requesting a few days for investigation. In the mean time his Grace communicated with Lord Harcourt, at whose house the Duc D'Harcourt resided; and inquired whether the Abbé De Percie was of the family of the De Percies of Normandy.

Soon after which, finding the statement correct, he transmitted to his new cousin, a Gold Box with a Bank Note inclosed in it for One Thousand Pounds, and a general invitation to his table, which was from that day open to him.

WRAXALL AND DRAYCOT.

The story of the separation of the two properties of Wraxall and Draycot, by the machinations of Catharine Thynne, the second wife of Sir Walter Long, Knt., M.P. for Wiltshire, is thus related by Aubrey: "Sir Walter Long had two wives; the first, a daughter of Sir William Packington, in Worcestershire, by whom he had a son. His second wife was a daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat, by whom he had several sons and daughters. The second wife did use much artifice to render the son by the first wife (who had not much Promethean fire) odious to his father; she would get her acquaintance to make him drunk, and then expose him in that condition to his father; in fine, she never left off her attempts, till she got Sir Walter to disinherit him. She laid the scene for the doing this at Bath, at the assizes, where was her brother Sir Egrimond Thynne, an eminent Serjeant-at-law, who drew up the writing; and his clerk was to sit up all night to engross it. As he was writing, he perceived a shadow on the parchment from the candle; he looked up and there appeared a hand, which immediately vanished; he was startled at it, but thought it might be only his fancy, being sleepy, so he writ on; by and bye a fine

white hand interposed between the writing and the candle (he could discern it was a woman's hand,) but vanished as before; I have forgot, it appeared a third time. But with that the clerk threw down his pen, and would engross no more, but goes and tells his master of it, and absolutely refused to do it. But it was done by somebody, and Sir Walter Long was prevailed with to seal and sign it. He lived not long after; and his body did not go quiet to the grave, it being arrested at the church porch by the trustees of the first lady. The heir's relations took his part, and commenced a suit against Sir Walter (the second son), and compelled him to accept of a moiety of the estate; so the eldest son kept South Wraxall, and Sir Walter, the second son, Draycot Cernes, &c. This was about the middle of the reign of King James I."

Sir Walter's will was proved in 1610, and bears out this statement. Supernatural agencies were very active against this lady. "Sir Walter Long's (of Draycot, in Wilts) widow," says Aubrey, "did make a solemn promise to him, on his death-bed, that she would not marry after his decease. But not long after, one Sir Edward Fox, a very beautiful young gentleman, did win her love; so that notwithstanding her promise aforesaid, she married him. She married at South Wraxall, where the picture of Sir Walter hung over the parlour door, as it doth now at Draycot. As Sir Edward Fox led his bride by the hand from the church (which is near to the house) into the parlour, the string of the picture broke, and the picture fell on her shoulder, and cracked in the fall: (it was painted on wood, as was the fashion in those days.) This made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes."

The last male representative of the Draycot line was Sir James Tylney-Long, Bart., whose daughter and eventual heiress, Catharine, married the Hon. William Wellesley Pole.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHAT is the German's Fatherland?
 Is't Prussian land? or Suabian land?
 Is't on the Belt where mews abound,
 Or on the Rhine, with vineyards crowned?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Is't Baerland? is't Stirland?
 Is it where Mærkoman forging toil,
 Or oxen thrive on Marsian soil?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Is't Pommerland? Westphalian land?
 Is't where the Danes shut out the shores?
 Is't where the rushing Danube roars?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Oh! name to me the broader land.
 Is it that land of Freedom's soul,
 Loved Switzerland or brave Tyrol?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Oh! name to me that broader land.
 Is it proud Austria, who afar
 Has roll'd the tide of frequent war?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Oh! name to me that broader land.
 Is it those parts which princes stole
 From Germany's once perfect Whole?
 Oh no! oh no! it can't be there—
 The Fatherland's more broad and fair.

What is the German's Fatherland ?
Oh ! name to me that broader land.
Where'er is heard the German tongue,
Or welkin rings with German song,
That shall be thine ! that shall be thine !
Oh, German, claim that land for thine !

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where each man's oath's his proffered hand ;
Where truth beams forth from every eye,
And hearts love with sincerity.
That shall be thine ! that shall be thine !
Oh, German, claim that land for thine !

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where trifles nought but scorn command ;
Where every villain is a foe,
And all to virtue friendship shew.
That must be thine ! that must be thine !
Oh, German, claim that land for thine !

The whole of Germany shall be thine ;
May Heaven's favour on it shine !
And give us true and German hearts,
All for her love to act our parts.
That must be thine ! that must be thine !
Oh, German, claim that land for thine !

THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

Gens antiqua fuit multos dominata per annos.

THE first Prince of the blood royal of France, invested with the dukedom of Orleans, was PHILIP, brother of King John the Good. He fought with gallantry in the disastrous war against Edward III., and at one time resided in England, being a hostage for his brother, the King. He married, in 1344, Blanche, daughter of Charles the Fair, but died without legitimate issue, in 1391. On this event occurring, the Duchy of Orleans was conferred on his great nephew, Louis, Duke of Touraine, second son of Charles the Wise. His highness wedded Valentina, daughter of John Galeaceus, Duke of Milan, and died in 1407 (having been murdered by the instigation of the Duke of Burgundy). He left three sons,

- I. CHARLES, Duke of Orleans and Milan, *b.* in 1391, who was taken prisoner at Azincourt, and detained a captive in England for 25 years, until ransomed by John the Good, Duke of Burgundy. He *m.* 1st, Isabel, widow of Richard II., King of England and had by her a dau. Johanna, wife of John, Duke of Alençon. He *m.* 2ndly, Bona, dau. of Bernard, Count of Armagnac, by whom he had no child, and 3rdly, Mary, dau. of Adolph I. Duke of Cleve, by whom he left at his decease a dau. Mary, wife of John de Foix, Viscount Narbon, and a son, who ascended the throne as Louis XII.

II. Philip Count of Vertus, *d. s. p.*

- III. John Count d'Angouleme, who suffered a captivity in England of 30 years. By Margaret, his wife, dau. of Alan IX., Count of Rohan, he left at his decease, in 1547, a son,

CHARLES, Count d'Angouleme, *b.* in 1459, who *m.* in 1488, Louisa, dau. of Philip, Count of Bresse, afterwards Duke of Savoy, and dying 1st Jan., 1496, left a son Francis, his heir, and a dau. Margaret, *m.* 1st, to Charles, Duke of Alençon, and 2ndly, to Henry II., King of Navarre, by whom she had a dau. Joan, Queen of Navarre, mother of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre. Charles, Count d'Angouleme, was succeeded by his son,

FRANCIS, who ascended the throne of France as FRANCIS I.

The next Duke of Orleans, after the death of the chivalrous King FRANCIS I., was the famous GASTON JOHN BAPTIST, third son of HENRY IV., of France, by his Consort, Mary de Medicis. He was born at Fontainebleau, in 1608, and received in early life the title of Alençon. His career, remarkable for its intrigues and its insurrections against the government, forms one of the most striking episodes of the reign of Louis XIII. Prompted by his favourites, he was continually involved in revolt, and never ceased in his endeavours to effect the overthrow of the mighty power of Richelieu. It was by his persuasions that the Duc de Montmorenci, Governor of Languedoc, was induced to take arms against the Cardinal,

and Gaston traversed France to join him, in a style more resembling that of a fugitive, followed by a few deserters, than like a Prince in arms against a King. The revolt proved most unfortunate, for Montmorency, taken prisoner, expiated his treason on the scaffold, and Orleans was forced to make the most humiliating submission. Some time after, he became involved in the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, from which he extricated himself, by accusing his 'accomplices, and renewing his humiliation. After the death of Louis XIII., he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and, in that elevated position, acquired military reputation by the capture of Gravelines, Courtrai, and Mardyck. His cabals, however, against Mazarin, at length occasioned his banishment to Blois, where he ended his turbulent life 2d February, 1660. Gaston d'Orleans possessed no small share of wit and humour, and many of his repartees are still related. His "*Memoires de ce qui s'est passé de plus considerable en France depuis l'an 1608, jusqu'en 1635,*" caused considerable interest on their publication. Possibly, a similiar contribution to history, referring to an era still more memorable and eventful, may yet be given to the world, by one who, at a much later period, rendered the title of Orleans conspicuous in the annals of Europe.

Gaston married twice; his first consort, Mary de Bourbon, daughter and heiress of Henry Duke of Montpensier, brought him a princely fortune, which eventually devolved on the only child of the marriage, Ann Mary Louisa, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. This Princess, celebrated for the prominent part she took in the war of the Fronde, and for her amour with M. de Lauzun, has left memoirs of her own times, which have recently been published, and which we reviewed in the last number of "*The Patrician.*" After the death of the richly-portioned heiress of the Bourbons of Montpensier, Gaston d'Orleans wedded Margaret of Lorraine, daughter of Francis, Count of Vaudemont, and by her left three daughters, Margaret Louisa, wife of Cosmo III., Duke of Florence, Isabel *m.* to Louis Joseph de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, and Francesca Magdalen, consort of Charles Emanuel II., Duke of Savoy. Gaston, thus dying without male issue, the dukedom of Orleans devolved on his nephew,

PHILIP, second son of Louis XIII., King of France, by Anne of Austria, his wife. This distinguished military commander, born in 1640, who achieved the victory of Mon Cassel over the Prince of Orange, and was wounded at the battle of Steinkirk, *m.* 1st, Henrietta, dau. of Charles I. King of England; and 2ndly, in 1671, Charlotte Elizabeth, dau. of Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, who was son of Frederick, Elector Palatine, by Elizabeth, his wife, dau. of James I. of England. By his second wife, the Duke had a son, PHILIP, his heir, and a dau. Elizabeth-Charlotte, wife of Leopold Joseph Charles, Duke of Lorraine; and by his first wife he left, at his decease, in 1701, two daughters, Maria Louisa, wife of Charles II., King of Spain; and Ann Mary, *m.* Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia. The Duke's son and heir,

PHILIP II., Duke of Orleans, possessed great natural abilities, which might have been better cultivated, had he not fallen under the control of his sub-preceptor, Dubois. He made, nevertheless, rapid progress in various sciences, more especially in geometry and chemistry, and became skilled in poetry, music, and drawing. He was married to Mademoiselle de Blois, one of the daughters of Louis XIV., by Madame de Montespan, whom he treated with attention, but at the

same time he gave way to the grossest dissipation. Yet in the midst of his sensual career, he was not deaf to the calls of ambition, and the duties demanded by his country. His military services in Flanders, Italy, and Spain, are recorded with honour, and his ambition is memorable for the attempt to secure for himself the Spanish sceptre. The intrigues connected with the latter design deprived him of the favour of Louis XIV., and but for the Monarch's death, which occurred shortly after, would have excluded the Duke from the Regency. To that high dignity, however, he succeeded, and during nearly the whole of his government, was guided by the counsels of his able though profligate minister, Dubois. The Duke himself is said to have manifested a spirit of clemency and generosity towards his enemies, and a disposition to alleviate the burdens of the people; but some of his plans proved unsuccessful, and others were overruled by his advisers. Exhausted by the cares of state, and the allurements of pleasure, the Regent Orleans died on Christmas-day, 1723. He left some good specimens of his ability as an artist, particularly in the plates to a splendid edition of Amyot's translation of the Romance of Daphnis and Chloe, designed and engraved by himself; and he also composed the music to two operas. By Louise Frances of Blois, his wife, the Regent had one son and six daughters, viz.

I. PHILIP LOUIS, his heir.

II. MARY LOUISA ELIZABETH, who *m.* Charles, Duke of Berry, uncle of Louis XV., but died *s. p.*

III. LOUISA ADELAIDE, Abbess of Chelles; *d.* 1743.

IV. CHARLOTTE AGLAE, wife of Francis Mary, hereditary Prince of Modena.

V. LOUISA ELIZABETH, who *m.* Louis, King of Spain.

VI. PHILIPINA ELIZABETH.

VII. ELIZABETH FRANCESCA, *m.* to Louis, Prince of Conti.

The only son of the Regent,

LOUIS, DUKE OF ORLEANS, was born at Versailles, 4th August, 1703. He had for tutor the Abbé Mongault, who inspired him with an early taste for study, and thus was implanted in his mind that love of literary retirement, in which, towards the close of his life, he sought consolation for the loss of his wife, the Princess of Baden, to whom he was passionately attached, and of whom he was deprived by death two years after his nuptials. Abandoning all the attraction of the most fascinating Court of Europe, forgetful of the hereditary ambition of his race, and cherishing only the memory of his youthful bride, the broken-hearted prince retired altogether from the busy scenes of life, and, in the seclusion of the Abbey of St. Genevieve, devoted the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage to theological studies and theological works. His death occurred 4th February, 1752, when the honours of his illustrious house devolved on his son,

LOUIS PHILIP, Duke of Orleans, Lord of Coucy, first Prince of the Blood and first Peer of France. His Royal Highness was born at Versailles, 12th May, 1725, and married Louisa Henrietta, daughter of Louis Armand, Prince of Bourbon Conti, and had issue,

I. LOUIS PHILIP JOSEPH, his heir.

II. Louisa Maria Theresa Matilda, who *m.* Louis Henry Joseph, Duke of Bourbon, and was mother of the ill-fated LOUIS, DUKE OF ENGHEIN.

The duke died in 1785, and was *s.* by his son,

LOUIS PHILIP JOSEPH, Duke of Orleans, born at St. Cloud 13th April, 1747. This Prince, "the Egalité" of the French Revolution, became, in a great measure, the passive instrument of the Jacobins, and ultimately the victim of his schemes of ambition. In 1792, he was chosen a member of the National Convention, and in that assembly voted for the death of the King. His own fall followed immediately after. On the 7th April in the same year, he was himself arrested and committed to prison at Marseilles, and thence, at the expiration of six months, removed to Paris, where being condemned to suffer by the guillotine, he submitted to his fate with courage and firmness. This event took place on the 6th November, 1793.

The Duke married Louise Adelaide de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre, Grand Admiral of France, and had issue,

- I. **LOUIS PHILIPPE**, Duc de Chartres, who became eventually KING OF THE FRENCH.
- II. Anthony Philip, Duke of Montpensier, born in 1774; who died in England, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.
- III. The Count of Beaujolais, who survived his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, but one year,
- IV. Eugénie Adelaide Louise, Princess of Orleans, born in 1777, died unmarried in 1847.

The eldest son,

LOUIS PHILIPPE, Duke of Orleans, born 6th October, 1773, was chosen King of the French in 1830, and held the sovereign power until the present year, when, in the month of February, he abdicated the throne. We will not now attempt any description of his Majesty's extraordinary and chequered life. That is not yet the subject of history. It will be sufficient to annex the necessary details of his marriage and descendants, to complete this brief outline of the genealogy of the House of Orleans.

Louis Philippe *m.* 25th Nov. 1809, Maria Amelia, dau. of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and by her has had issue;

FERDINAND PHILIPPE LOUIS CHARLES HENRY JOSEPH, Duke of Orleans, Prince Royal, *b.* 3rd Sept., 1810; *m.* 30th May, 1837, Helen Louisa Elizabeth, *b.* 24th Jan., 1814, dau. of Frederick Louis, late Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and had two sons,

LOUIS PHILIPPE ALBERT, Count of Paris, *b.* 24th Aug., 1838, and Robert Philippe Louis, Duke of Chartres, *b.* 9th Nov., 1840.

The Duke of Orleans *d.* 13th July, 1842.

LOUIS CHARLES PHILIPPE RAPHAEL, Duke of Nemours, *b.* 25th Oct., 1814; *m.* 27th April, 1840, the Princess Victoria of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, dau. of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, and has—

Louis Philippe Marie Ferdinand Gaston, Count D'Eu, *b.* 28th April, 1842.

Ferdinand Philippe, Duke d'Alençon, *b.* 12th July, 1844, and other issue.

FRANCIS FERDINAND PHILIPPE LOUIS MARIE, Prince of Joinville, *b.* 14th Oct., 1818; *m.* 1st May, 1843, Donna Frances Caroline Jean, (*b.* 2nd Aug. 1824), dau. of the late Emperor Don Pedro I. of Brazil, and has issue,

HENRY EUGENE PHILIPPE LOUIS, Duke of Aumale, *b.* 16th Jan., 1822; *m.* 25th Nov., 1844, Princess Maria Caroline Augusta of Bourbon, *b.* 26th April, 1822, Princess of the Two Sicilies, daughter of the Prince Leopold of Salerno, and has issue.

ANTHONY MARIE PHILIPPE LOUIS, Duke of Montpensier, *b.* 31st July, 1824; *m.* in 1846, the Infanta Maria Louisa, sister of the Queen of Spain.

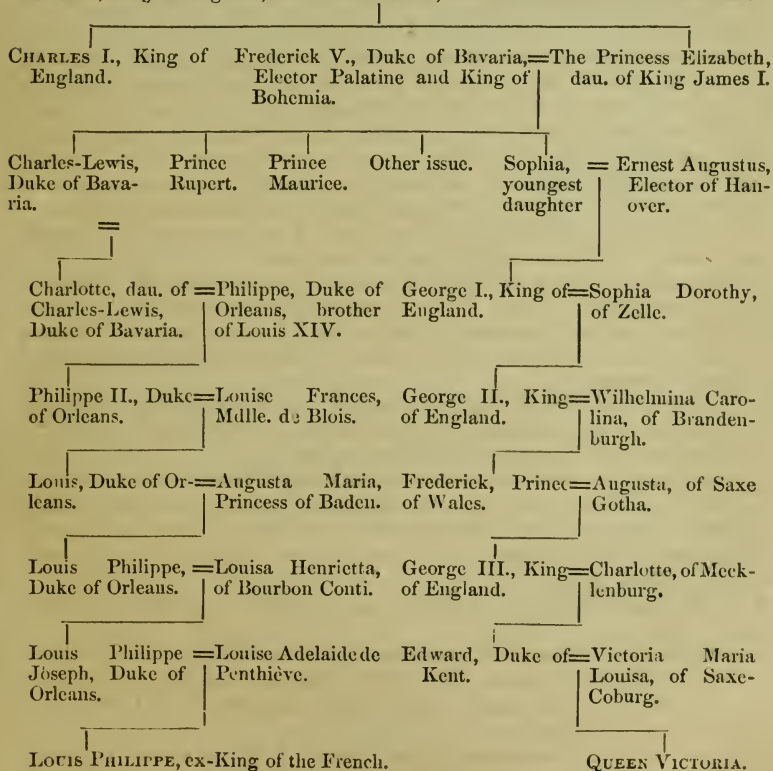
Louisa Maria Theresa Charlotte Isabella, *b.* 3rd April, 1812, consort of Leopold, King of the Belgians.

Mary Christina Caroline Adelaide Frances Leopoldine, *b.* 12th April, 1813; *m.* to the Duke Alexander (Frederick William) of Wurtemberg. This inestimable and lamented princess, who had earned a high reputation throughout Europe as a sculptor, *d.* in 1839.

Marie Clementine Caroline Leopoldine Clotilde, Princess of Orleans, *b.* 3rd June, 1817; *m.* 20th April, 1843, Augustus, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

It may be worth remarking that the ex-King, Louis Philippe, derives eighth in a direct line from James I., King of England, and is consequently, great-great-great-great-great grand-nephew of our Charles I. The following brief pedigree sketch will however exhibit more clearly his Majesty's descent from the Royal Family of England, and his connexion with Queen Victoria :—

JAMES I., King of England, died 1625. = Anne, dau. of Frederick II. of Denmark.



THE FASHIONS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

IN England—and we have inherited the passion from our ancestors, undiminished—there was always a fancy for dress of some kind. A poet has left it on record that in the earliest known times,

“A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won,” —

a manifest improvement on the Roman “*simplex munditiis*,” for here we have a man dressed *in puris naturalibus*; but we take the poet’s meaning to be, that the said grandsire did then and there flay the poor Pict, Marsyas like, when, having converted his tattooed skin into a handsome tunic, the old gentleman bequeathed it amongst other goods and chattels as an heirloom to his posterity for ever.

Some portion of the fashions, which have had their day, originated in necessity, or in their adding to the comfort of the wearers; others, again, were adopted from the idea of their intrinsic elegance, and these would be really handsome, or only grotesque, according to the taste, or want of taste, in the inventor; and lastly, not a few were suggested by the personal defects of those who, from their rank or wealth, were most likely to have their example followed: thus, patches were invented in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign belle, to hide a wen in her neck:—full-bottomed wigs were the ingenious contrivance of a French barber, one Duviller, to conceal the grievous fact of the Dauphin having one shoulder higher than the other:—the royal legs of Charles VII. of France happened to be ill-made, and to keep this monstrous fact as much as possible from the knowledge of his loving lieges, he induced himself in a long flowing robe that descended to his ankles:—Henry Plantagenet was troubled with bunions, or a large excrescence of some kind, on one of his feet, and forthwith he invented shoes with points full two feet in length, and were supported by a thin chain fastened to the knee:—Francis I. received a wound in the neck which obliged him to wear short hair, and how could his subjects do otherwise than cut and curtail their flowing locks, *regis ad exemplar*, and more particularly as the monarch had such good right to lead the fashion, being no less celebrated for his favour with the ladies than for his achievements in war? To some one of our later kings, who was troubled with scrofula in the throat, we owe the introduction of the cravat, or stock, one of the most barbarous and unhealthy of modern inventions, being beyond question, the cause of that so prevalent disorder, known as *determination of blood towards the brain*, a thing which scarcely existed while the neck remained without this hideous bandage; it was also called a Steinkirk, after the battle of that name, in which it is said the French seized their opponents, and frequently dragged them off by these cravats:—to hide a defect in the form of some reigning beauty, the ladies at one time owed hoops, which have lately reappeared in the shape of a bustle, as if it were possible that the figure of a beautiful woman, that marvel of creation, could be improved by any artificial contrivances; and lastly, hair-powder no doubt originated

in a desire to hide grey locks, and put age on a footing with youth, so far at least as regarded outward seeming.

It is in the reign of Henry VII. that we first begin to have a clear insight into such matters, for up to that period all our information has been gathered from monumental effigies and illuminated manuscripts. From this time the pencils of Holbein, of Rubens, and of Vandyke, successively shew our ancestors as they really existed; the general characteristic of the ladies' fashions being, that they were swaddled up in long flowing drapery, that left their figures scarcely distinguishable. Slow and stately must have been the dances of the period, for the ladies could never have moved to any quick measure, without some danger of being tripped up by the length of their robes. As to the men, the hair and beard seem to have been the great bone of contention. Before the time of bluff King Hal, it was thought a matter of decency to have clean chins and long hair; but he chose to have a beard of formal cut, while, on the other hand, he mercilessly caused the locks of his courtiers to be clipped close. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo,*" quoth Hal, and as there was some chance of losing the head with the hair in case of stubbornness, none were found bold enough to refuse compliance.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the weathercock of fashion again turned round to the old quarter, that is, in the matter of locks, which the dandies of those days suffered to grow down to their shoulders, till they looked marvellously like the long-haired figures at the top of one of Rowland's advertisements of Macassar oil. Next they chose to stuff out—or *bombast*, as the phrase went—their nether garments with rags, feathers, and such things, till they resembled wool-sacks. The belles, not to be behind-hand in absurdity, took to large hoop-farthingales, so that the gentlemen were effectually obliged to keep their distance. There seems to be some reason for supposing that these farthingales were of Scottish invention; at least in Dicker's "*Eastward Hoe*" we read,—

"Is this a right *Scot*? Does it clip close, and bear up round?"

"Fine and stiffly i' faith; 'twill keep you so cool, and make your waist so small."

But the Scottish farthingale is repeatedly mentioned by our old dramatists.

These things Queen Bess was willing to tolerate, but not so the deep ruff and the long rapier; the one offended her royal eyes, and the other endangered the lives of her lieges; whereupon the old Tudor spirit rose strong within her, causing Her Majesty "*to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffles and breake the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffles.*" Why the poor ruffs should have so offended her Majesty, while she took no notice of the other crying enormities, we cannot imagine, unless, like Miss Griselda Oldbuck, she deemed the bombasted integuments to be "that part o' the garments which it does not become a ledly to particularise." and preferred enduring the offence to talking about it. Master Stubbs, however, turned the tables on the Queen's sex with a vengeance. "The women," says this anatomiser of abuses—"the women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all

respects ; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it." Not they, indeed, Master Stubbs ; these monstrosities were the fashion, and catch any one of the fair culprits blushing for having followed the mode, though it were to indue a cocked hat or a pair of jack-boots ! But worse, ten times worse, for a troubled spirit like yours, were the starches, white, red, blue, and purple, wherewith they stiffened their ruffs of lawn and cambric, which had been previously made of holland. This odious vanity was introduced by Queen Bess herself in the second year of her reign, and greatly afflicted good Master Stubbs, who roundly declares that it was an invention of the devil himself. Neither do we think that the changes of fashion which took place towards the middle of the same reign, tended much to his comfort, though it was then the costume of the age assumed its most characteristic features. The body of the unhappy victim was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips, cased as it were in armour, while an enormous ruff—the Queen must by this time have been reconciled to the quondam object of her persecution—rose majestically and gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind. Some have found in this a resemblance to the glory that surrounds the portrait of a saint ; but it is much more like a head dressed up for table with paper ornaments around it. The rest of the dress was in happy accordance.

"From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous farthingale, the prototype of that modern antique, the hoop." Wonderful to relate, the women thus be-fashioned out of their natural charms, did yet find lovers to admire, and poets to celebrate their beauty : how it came to pass is a thing altogether beyond our comprehension ; and just as little are they to the taste of Master Stubbs, who gets exceedingly bilious upon the subject. "Their gowns be no less famous than the rest, for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of grogram, some of taffeta, some of scarlet, and some of fine cloth, of ten, twenty, or forty shillings the yard ; but if the whole garment be not of silk or velvet, then the same must be laid with lace, two or three fingers broad, all over the gown ; or if lace is not fine enough for them, they must be decorated with broad gardes of velvet edged with costly lace." The fashions, too, of the gown were "as various as its colours and changing with the moon ; for some be of the new fashion, and some of the olde ; some with sleeves hanging down to the skirts, trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tails ; some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arm, drawn out with sundry colours, and pointed with silk ribbons, and very gallantly tied with love-knots, for so they call them. Some had capes reaching down to the middle of their backs, faced with velvet or fine taffeta, and fringed about very bravely ; others were plaited and crested down the back," with more knacks than the satirist can express.

In these denunciations of Stubbs we find not only curious matter for the antiquary, but hints, dark, indeed, yet sufficiently intelligible of things that must interest the historian. The spirit of Puritanism was already at work among the people ; it rolled along as an under-current, only shewing itself at times, when it rose to the surface and raised a momentary eddy ; but not with noise or force enough to call to it the attention for long together.

Before leaving the costume of this period, we ought, perhaps, to mention that the nether stocks, or stockings, were either of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel, or the finest yarn, thread, or cloth, that could be procured. They

were of all kinds of colours, green, red, white, russet, tawny, and indeed of every shade that was known at the time. But what, above all, excited the ire of the satirist, they were "curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and every thing else accordingly."

Elizabeth, intelligent as she was, no doubt gave encouragement to these vanities by her own example. The enormity of starch, so offensive to the Puritans, must be attributed, as we have just seen, to Her Majesty's cambric ruffs, and it is, we fear, an undeniable record against her, that she bestowed her royal favour upon Mrs. Montague, in gratitude for a pair of black silk knit stockings. They were a New Year's gift, and "after a few days' wearing pleased Her Highness so well, that she sent for Mrs. Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, 'I made these very carefully of purpose only for your Majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the queene, 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.' And Her Majesty was as good as her word, abjuring the more vulgar article till the day of her death."

Moreover, the virgin queen delighted much in perfumed gloves trimmed with roses, which had been imported with the whole craft of the perfumer from Italy, by the right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford: all of which things, are they not written and narrated in the chronicles of Stowe, the tailor?

Having said so much of the female fashions in this reign, the ladies may reasonably expect some information as to the doings of the gentlemen. Sorry are we to say that they imitated the fair sex in painting their faces. One mode was to go into the bath first and afterwards wash the face with wine, which "so should be both faire and ruddy." As for the Queen of Scots, when a prisoner, she combined the two operations into one, and actually bathed in wine, at which notable piece of extravagance her keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury, was wont to grumble not a little. Milk baths were also used to purify the complexion. But indeed this was the age for cosmetics, both for men and women, as we see by a multitude of passages in the old dramatists. From the same authority we learn that women of middle age were the principal dealers in such wares, and under pretence of carrying on this traffic they too often pursued a far less reputable occupation.

(To be continued.)

THE OPERA

ATTILA.

HER Majesty's Theatre progresses successfully and satisfactorily. After delighting the public with an admirable representation of the ever attractive Barber of Seville, the management has brought out Attila, the new opera of Giuseppe Verdi, which the singing of Tadolini, Abbadia, and Cruvelli, have already made famous on the continent. Cruvelli is fortunately here to take the heroine's part, and Gardoni and Beletti, are present to most ably aid her efforts. No wonder, then, that the opera should prove eminently successful, which it has done, more, perhaps, on its repetition than on its first performance. Though not the most commanding, Attila, we think, is the most pleasing lyric drama Verdi has yet produced, and one likely to gain in popularity with the public. Many of the choruses are fine; but there is a peculiar sweetness about some of the airs, which has great and irresistible fascination. To speak more in detail of the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. The cast of the characters was as follows:—

Attila (King of the Huns)	. . .	BELETTI
Ezio (a Roman General)	. . .	'CUZZANI.
Foresto (an Aquilejan Knight)	.	GARDONI.
Uldino (a young Briton slave of Attila) }	GUIDI.
Leone (an old Roman)	SOLARI.
Odabella (daughter of the Lord of Aquileja) }	SIGNORA SOFIA CRUVELLI.

The plot, as given in the libretto, is this:

The scene is placed principally at Aquileia, a Roman colony on the Adriatic, which, from its grandeur, was honored by the Ancients with the appellation of "*Roma Secunda*."

Attila, having overcome and devastated this great city, amidst his rejoicings after the event, is surprised by the appearance of a band of Aquileian virgins, led by Odabella, daughter of the Lord of Aquileia, who has been killed in the battle. She defies the conqueror, who, touched by her beauty and her courage, asks what boon he can confer on her. She replies, "a sword," and he gives his own. The object of Odabella is to enact towards Attila, the scourge of her country, the part of Judith towards Holofernes, and avenge her father and her countrymen. But when the moment of execution comes, she hesitates, and remains in the barbarian camp, the object of Attila's admiration. When her lover, Foresto, the chief of the remaining Aquileians, and Ezio, the leader of the defeated Romans, reappear—the

one disguised, the other feigning treachery to his imperial master—when they compass the means of poisoning Attila, at a feast, and of assailing his camp in the confusion of the hour; Odabella, at the very moment of the catastrophe, is touched with pity, and saves the life of the tyrant of her country. Attila now insists on sharing his throne with Odabella; but hardly are the nuptial rites celebrated, than Foresto finds means of penetrating once more into the camp, and upbraids Odabella with her perfidy and her forgetfulness of all her vows and duties. At the thoughts of the wrongs of her lover, her father, and her country, her heart is steeled to the execution of her first resolve of vengeance, and she stabs Attila to the heart.

The Opera opens with a prologue. In this a storm and the rising of the sun are introduced by the voices and the stringed instruments, with the novelty of being as thoroughly described by the chorus as by the orchestra.

The decrescendo in the storm, and the crescendo up to the final burst in the sunrise, are managed with infinite art; at the same time that they form a most advantageous preface in preparing the audience for the favourable reception of the andante of the aria of Foresto, “*Ella in poter del Barbaro*”—a noble chant full of pathos and expression—which was given with fine effect by Gardoni. There is an air in the first act which was admirably sung by Mdle. Cruvelli, “*O! nel fuggente nuvolo*,” remarkable for its simplicity and the accompaniment for the wind instruments and the harp. The duet in the same scene, between Gardoni and Cruvelli beginning “*Oh t’inebbria nell’amplesso*” is exquisite, both in the singing and the composition.

The scena and aria of Attila in this act are well calculated to display to the greatest advantage the power and science of Signor Belletti. Belletti proves that upon his shoulders has fallen the mantle of his great predecessors of the ancient school of highest art.

The second act is short, and contains but two pieces of importance, an air for Cuzzani and a grand finale. The part of Ezio was written for a baritone, but Cuzzani, to give the work strength of cast, undertook it, and proved that he is not only an agreeable singer, but capable also of considerable energy. The quintett in the finale, “*O sposa, t’ allieta*,” is charming. It is rife with the Verdian spirit. In the third act occurs a sweet romanza for the tenor, “*Che non avrebbe il misero*,” beautifully rendered by Gardoni. After this the most striking piece is the final quartet, sung by Cruvelli, Gardoni, Belletti, and Cuzzani, which aspires to the same dramatic effect as the celebrated final trio in *Ernani*. It is in this opera the ultimate effort of the composer and the singers for success. With such artists it could hardly fail. The care, the science, and the natural powers displayed by the vocalists were indeed most creditable.

The orchestra was admirable in its power, precision, and brilliancy. Balfe has skilfully trained his forces, and the chorus was not only prompt and potent, but every *nuance* of light and shade was reflected with delicacy and effect. The scenery, by Mr. Marshall, is well designed and painted; and a dioramic effect in the seventh scene is artistically managed, and elicited marked approbation. The dresses are superb, and the *mise en scene* picturesque and gorgeous.

The public is not insensible to these strenuous efforts of Her Majesty’s Theatre, for the house has been continually very fully and fashionably attended.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE French plays at the St. James's Theatre have consisted lately of light and lively Vaudevilles, which the charming talent of Mademoiselle Nathalie has rendered wonderfully attractive. These little dramas may be truly termed airy nothings. The plot generally turns upon a single conceit, and the language is as effervescent and sparkling as the purest champagne. Yet so perfect is the art of Mademoiselle Nathalie, that she at once fixes and fascinates attention. Hers is the wit which may be truly said to make the mind smile. Her audience listens and laughs, not loudly, but gently, and their amusement is indeed complete. Mademoiselle Nathalie is most efficiently seconded in her admirable acting by the graceful and feeling Mademoiselle Baptiste, by M. Montaland, M. Tourillon, and M. Iosset. This French Theatre continues as much as ever a delightful place of fashionable and intellectual entertainment—a true model for all other playhouses in London.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF VIENNA AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY, AT BURFORD'S, IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

THIS is another of those admirable views which render this exhibition so instructive and entertaining. It happens, at this moment, that Vienna is one of the places on the Continent towards which universal attention is directed, and here we can contemplate and understand its *sitès*, localities, and appearance far away from the terrors of disturbance and riot—peacefully, securely, and pleasantly. The panorama is beautifully executed, and yields the palm to none of those which have gone before it. How gorgeously, indeed, does this fine old imperial metropolis look, with its graceful suburbs, its numerous drives, and its magnificent Cathedral! how it teems with historic recollections! There are the walls before which John Sobieski repulsed the infidel, saved Christianity, and made glorious for ever the name of Poland. There lies Wagram, big with the fame of Napoleon: there is the Schonbrunn, where his son died, and the last hope of his dynasty ended in despair. The mind must be dull indeed which can behold unmoved this mighty city of the modern Cæsars. And now as, we say, when Vienna, by recent events, is brought before us in such political importance, it is certainly most opportune to have it thus visibly present. From the printed description we borrow the following detail of the panorama:—

“Vienna, the capital of the Austrian dominions, is a handsome bustling city, situated in a fine fruitful plain, on the south or right bank of the Danube; not, strictly speaking, on the main stream, being separated from it by the extensive suburb of Leopoldstadt, and by a vast park called the Prater. A navigable arm of the river, which here divides itself into several streams, washes the very walls on the northern side, whilst on the southern, it has the river Wien, an insignificant rivulet, from which, however, it takes its name.

“Although at first sight Vienna does not strike the eye, so much as might be expected from the capital of so great and mighty an empire, yet its importance in much that belongs to the modern history of Europe, its being the residence of some of the wealthiest families in existence, together with the vast and invaluable treasures of the arts that are contained in its numerous palaces, renders it worthy to rank as one of the first cities in the world.

“The ground on which Vienna stands, as well as most of the country around, is nearly flat, scarcely raised above the level of the Danube; the whole, however, is bounded at various distances by hills and mountains of considerable elevation, their sides covered with fine woods, sprinkled with châteaux and villas, ornamented everywhere by the picturesque ruins of decayed castles, the strongholds of feudal ages. Romantic valleys, villages, woods, farms, pastures, and gardens, spread far and wide, the grand and

the simple blending harmoniously together under a clear sunshine, combine to fill up the rich features of the splendid landscape, over which the eye cannot but wander with pleasure.

"The present Panorama is taken from the church of St. Carlo in the suburb of Wiedon on the very verge of the Glacis, which, with its fine trees and verdant lawns, intersected by the Wien, forms the immediate foreground of the view. Directly in front towards the north-west, lies the Bourg or old city, the cathedral nearly in the centre on the highest ground, proudly and prominently presenting itself and its rich Gothic tower, far above the surrounding mass of buildings. Facing the Glacis, and within the ancient walls, is the wide-extended façade of the Imperial palace, with the Emperor's garden, and the extensive grounds of the Volksgarten in front, and a long line of fine houses facing the ramparts; behind is one dense mass of buildings, churches, vast palaces, and immense public edifices, so closely built, that the streets dividing them can scarcely be defined. Towards the left, divided from the city by the broad green girdle of the Glacis, are seen several of the largest suburbs, and the view is closed by the lofty Kahlenberg and other mountains, forming part of a vast chain covered by forests and vineyards, and stretch far towards the south until they fade in the distance. To the right of the city the view extends over a similar range of suburbs, to the refreshing foliage and cool shades of the finely wooded Prater, and the many islands of the Danube. Towards the south and east the eye commands a vast extent of the suburbs of a somewhat Italian character, in which several churches and public buildings, and many magnificent palaces are seen; especially the Imperial galleries of the two Belvideres, and the palaces and gardens of the Princes Lichtenstein, Schwartzenberg, Metternich, and many others; beyond stretches an agreeable country, thickly studded with villages, villas, and pleasant retreats, and a vast plain spreading in all directions, in some parts to the very verge of the horizon, in others bounded by the mountains of Hungary. A multitude of objects of interest and beauty present themselves at every point; the Danube, now united in one broad stream, is seen winding its course in several parts, the famous villages of Aspern, Essling, Wagram, and Schonbrunn, with the lovely country around, backed by the Brühl and Baden hills, and the scarcely visible castle of Pressburg in the extreme distance, all combine to complete the varied and splend scene."

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS fine annual exhibition of pictures has opened with a collection nowise inferior to those of preceding years. The two productions of Ansdell, "The Bugged Pony," and "The Wounded Hound," are admirable specimens of animal painting, approaching very closely to the wonders of the art of Landseer. "The Moving the Address on Opening the First Reformed Parliament," by Sir George Hayter, is elaborately and ably executed; the portraits are good, and the whole forms a picture of much historic interest. Added to these paintings there are some exquisite landscapes, well worthy of attention, which altogether maintain the value and fame of the British Institution.

LITERATURE.

REVELATIONS OF IRELAND IN THE PAST GENERATION. By D. OWEN MADDEN, ESQ., of the Inner Temple, author of "Ireland and its Rulers;" "The Age of Pitt and Fox," &c., &c.—Dublin: James M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street; Orr and Co., 147 Strand, London. 1848.

THIS is a remarkably pleasant, and at the same time, a very sagacious book. Amid the much misery, and the much mis-agitation which depress and deter the progress in Ireland of sober and sensible literature, it is cheering to come across a work like this, written in a right spirit of honest consideration and ready conciliation. The author evinces sound sense and argument in the comments he makes on the woes and grievances of unhappy Erin; but the subject, at the best, is an unpleasant one, and we willingly turn from it to what forms the brighter portion of the book—we mean the continued series of domestic histories, biographic sketches, and amusing anecdotes with which its pages abound. The commencement of the volume gives an extremely interesting and entertaining description of the renowned Munster Bar, at the times of Curran, FitzGibbon, Barry Yelverton, and O'Connell. Two of its wits—one, the poet Lysaght—are thus portrayed:—

"Jerry Keller was among the best lawyers on the circuit. But he was still better known for his incomparable social powers. He was 'the joyousest of once-embodied spirits'—

———'A gay thirsty soul,
As e'er cra. ked a bottle, or fathomed a bowl.'

He was fit to have lived with that jolly old lawyer, Sir Toby Butler, the famed toper, who toasted away claret, and tossed repartees, after a style which gained him a prodigious tavern reputation. Though not such a wit as Curran, his company was almost as much sought after by convivial spirits. Keller sacrificed his fame and fortune to the love of society. He joined a sound and capacious understanding to a spirit whimsical, reckless, and dro'l. For legal depth and dinner-table drollery, no one man ever came near him. There were times, however, when Keller half repented of the way in which he had passed his time. He gave utterance to this feeling on the first day that the late Judge Mayne took his seat upon the bench. Mayne was a formal coxcomb—a thing of solemn, artificial, legal foppery, with a manner of intense gravity, and a well got up look of profundity. He had passed himself off on the public as a deep lawyer, and was never found out by the same discerning public until he was made a judge. 'Ah! Mayne,' said Keller in a voice half audible, 'my levity keeps me down here, while your gravity has raised you up there?'

"A little after the time when Lord Yelverton was raised to the Viscounty of Avonmore—a promotion partly owing to the noble and learned lord's support of the Union—he had asked Keller to dine with him. Curran was there,

and so also was the notorious Bully Egan. After dinner he shewed the company the patent of his title of viscount. The honour was an Irish one, as he was never made an English peer; but one of the lawyers present had mooted a point, as to whether the same style of patent could be used by the Crown, now that the Parliaments were united. Curran and Egan read the patent of viscount, and both said that it was legally exact. Keller desired that it should be read aloud. He at once pronounced it to be faulty. The question was eagerly asked, 'How so?' Taking up the patent, Keller read it aloud—'George, &c. &c., King of the *United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*'—and then, turning to Lord Avonmore, said, 'Don't you see, my lord, *the consideration comes too soon?*' Volumes might be filled with the shrewd and caustic sayings of old Keller.

"The Munster circuit was always famous for its wits. One of the first of those was a contemporary of Curran—'pleasant Ned Lysaght.' If Ben Jonson had known him, he would have had a fine subject for 'gathering humours.' Lysaght might have given the poet a stock subject for seizing all the points of Irish character in its essential features. A man of more varied talents than Lysaght it was impossible to meet. In his personal character he was a thorough Irishman—brave, brilliant, witty, eloquent, and devil-may-care. He was a capital song-writer; his poems are full of that indescribable animal buoyancy which is a chief essence of Irish genius. He had a flow of exuberant spirits; his gaiety was like the laugh of matchless Mrs. Nisbett, an infallible cure for the blue devils, a potent destroyer of spleen. His famous and universally popular 'Sprig of Shillelagh,' his 'Kate of Garnavilla,' and other still popular songs, will always preserve his name. 'We have but one good Volunteer Song,' says Thomas Davis; 'it was written by Lysaght, after that illustrious militia was dissolved.'—(Essay on Irish Songs). That song is in praise of Grattan, 'the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.' It is spirited, and, what is not always true of complimentary poetry, its sentiments are true. The history of his times, and the private records of his nobly-spent life, confirm the truth of the following stanza:—

'He sows no vile dissensions; good-will to all he bears;
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares;
To Erin's and to Britain's sons his name his worth endears,
They love the man who led the van of Irish volunteers.'

Mr. Madden's account of Irish pulpit eloquence is equally agreeable. His anecdotes of that great Protestant orator, the Rev. Thomas St. Lawrence, are exquisite in their way. This is one of them:

"On a particular occasion, Mr. St. Lawrence rode in from his country parish, to preach a sermon at Christ Church in Cork. Many went to hear him, expecting a display. He had chanced, while riding in, to have met with a poor widow, who was begging for a wretched child. The case was one of real distress, and at once enlisted the sympathies of St. Lawrence, who was sensitive to a fault; for he was a man who would at any time have taken the coat from his back, if he had no other means of relieving the wretched. St. Lawrence was struck with the details of the widow's story, and resolved to introduce it into the sermon which he was to preach on that day. The poor woman had so delayed his progress, that he was nearly late for the service, and he had to gallop to be in time. Long after prayers had commenced, he entered church, spattered up to his shoulders, his boots encrusted with mud. Hastily casting off his riding-coat, he put on the clerical gown, and ascended the pulpit. He looked around the church, and beheld a crowded congregation; he recognised many provincial fashionables, and saw that several of 'the great vulgar' had come to hear him, as to a playhouse. The galleries around rustled with silk and satin, and his quick eye at once discerned many flaunting flirts and scandal-loving dowagers, and over-dressed old maids, addicted to finery, small-

talk, and card-playing. Nor were there wanting blooming maidens—the flower of the far-famed beauties of Cork—blushing, as they by chance met the gaze of admirers, who came to church for other purposes than prayer. In truth, a fashionable charity-preacher collects a congregation of a very motley kind, animated with a singular variety of ideas. Seated in his pulpit, St. Lawrence glanced around the crowd; his sense of the ridiculous strove with his feelings of religion, and he arose to preach, half uncertain whether he should pursue the topics he had intended to descant on. He began with a part of what he had originally intended to say, but soon breaking from his notes, he launched into a commentary on the crowd before him, and dissected the aggregate character of the congregation with searching minuteness. From a picture powerfully drawn of the vanities of life, he turned to the case of the widow and orphan, whom he had met that day, and told their story with the pathos of a Sterne. Few were the dry eyes, as St. Lawrence harrowed the hearts of his hearers with the tale of suffering. In the gallery, close to the pulpit, several ladies sobbed audibly, and many sought in vain to stifle the signs of their emotions. The fashionables lost their well-bred *retenue*, and were surprised into feeling. St. Lawrence suddenly turned round, and addressing himself directly to the gallery, into which the fine ladies were crowded, burst forth—“Ah! you weep; give me but one item of that frippery *with which you disfigure yourselves into the fashion*, and I will hush the wail of that widow, and dry up the tears of that orphan!”

The author thus concludes his recollections of St. Lawrence:—

“St. Lawrence had no ambition; he cared not to labour for fame, and with every requisite for shining as an intellectual divine, he passed his life in deliberate obscurity. His private character was that of a man amiable to a fault. With the peasantry of his neighbourhood he was a great favourite; whenever he went fishing, many of ‘the boys’ would seek his society, for the privilege of conversing with ‘Master Tom,’ as he was called. He was a man of great humour and drollery, and the dialogues which on these occasions took place between St. Lawrence and his rustic companions, were incomparable in their way. He was idolized by many of his poor Catholic neighbours; and what greater tribute could be paid to the character of this amiable man, than the fact that he was paid all his tithes during the anti-tithe movement?”

One memorable event in the anecdote history of Ireland, “Sir John Purcell and the Robbers,” is here better detailed than we ever saw it before. We therefore make no apology for extracting the narrative:—

“As you travel from Charleville to Kanturk, in the north-western portion of the East Riding of the county of Cork, a house is pointed out to you, called Highfort. It stands at a considerable elevation over the road, and is not ill-named. There dwelt Sir John Purcell; and within the walls of that house was offered one of the bravest and most successful defences that one man ever made against a numerous assailing party.

“In the year 1811, Mr. Purcell lived at Highfort. He was a country gentleman, of respectable family, and widely-spread connexions. He was a thrifty, cautious man; censured by some of his friends as being rather too penurious in his habits. His memory was very remarkable. On a fair-day at Kanturk, he would take rent from between seventy and eighty tenants, and make no note whatever in a book. He used to place all the monies together in a canvas bag, and no charge could ever be brought against him for incorrect accounts. He gave brief memorandums to the various tenants, but never wrote on a stamped receipt, although he always charged the landlord for the stamps. He had been for some years agent to the Earl of Eginont, and managed the Percival estates in Corkshire. In all public matters he was zealous, and was very vigorous in supporting the laws. No one, from looking at his countenance, would have taken him to be a man of such determination. The expression of his face was

benevolent ; but the highest courage is often found in those whose general character is apparently most remarkable for its mildness.

"The household of Sir John Purcell consisted of himself, his daughter-in law, and grandchild, a man-servant, and two maids. The place in which he lived was lonesome and unprotected, but he feared nothing. He had not done anything to make him hateful to the peasantry. On the 11th of March, 1811, he came home one night, tired after country business and a long ride, and took a late supper in his bed-room. About one o'clock, and after he had retired to rest, he heard some noise outside the window of his parlour. He slept on the ground floor, in a room adjoining the parlour. There was a door from one room into the other, but this had been found inconvenient, and there being another passage from the bed-chamber more convenient, it was nailed up, and some of the furniture of the parlour placed against it. Shortly after Sir John heard the noise in the front of his house, the windows of the parlour were pushed in, and the noise occasioned by the feet of the robbers, in leaping from the windows into the parlour, appeared to denote a gang not less than fourteen in number, as it struck him. He immediately got out of bed, and the first determination he took being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. In this state he spent little time in deliberation, as it almost immediately occurred to him, that having supped in the bedchamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which he happily found before the door leading into the parlour from the bed-room had been broken open.

"While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture, which had been placed against the nailed-up door, expeditiously displaced, and immediately after this, the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming through three large windows into the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bed-room was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moonlight, a body of armed men, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few had their faces blackened.

"Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and, in a moment after, one of the gang entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly, on advancing, Sir John plunged the knife at him, the point of which entered the right arm, and in a line with the nipple, and so home was the blow sent, that the knife passed into the body, until Sir John stopped its further progress. Upon receiving this thrust the robber reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed; and shortly after, another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand, which had the butt broken off at the small, and had a piece of cord tied round the barrel and stock, near the swell. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and without betraying any audible emotion whatever that might point out the spot which he was standing in, he calmly calculated his own safety from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with at least any serious wound; and in this state of firm and manly expectation, he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall. It was loaded with a brace of bullets and three slugs. As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with the knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he re-

peated in a moment with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded retired, exclaiming that he was wounded.

"The robbers immediately rushed forwards from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought that all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had so instantaneously adopted. He struck at the fourth fellow vigorously with his knife and wounded him, and, at the same instant, received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shrank his hold of the knife, and stabbed repeatedly at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged.

"The floor being slippery from the blood of the wounded men, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were on the ground, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of the weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after, he found himself released from it—the limbs of the robber were, in fact, by this time unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave several blows with it, his knife being no longer serviceable. At length the robbers, finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, retired, and employed themselves in removing the bodies; Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place apart from the house, where he remained a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up from his bed the man-servant, who, during this long and bloody conflict, had not appeared, and who, consequently, received from his master warm and loud upbraiding for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grandchild, who were the only other inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out, till the daylight appeared. The next day, the alarm having been given, search was made after the robbers, and Sir John having gone to the house of one Maurice Noonan, upon searching, he found, concealed under his bed, the identical short gun with which one of the robbers had fired at him. Noonan was immediately secured and sent to gaol, and upon being visited by Sir John Purcell, he acknowledged that Sir John 'had like to do for him,' and was proceeding to shew, until Sir John prevented him, the wounds he had received from the knife in his arm.

"It appeared subsequently that the party had consisted of nine in number. They all had arms. Two of the men were killed, and three more severely wounded! Some of the party ran away, thinking that the house was defended by several persons.

"On the 9th of September, in that year, Noonan was hanged at Gallows-green. He died resigned and contrite. He stated, that on the morning of the attack he had not the least intention of going to Highfort, but that he was sent for by one of the party, and that he then resolved to accompany them. He said that this was the only attack he had ever been concerned in.

"I was once present when the question was asked—'Whether there was anything remarkable about Sir John Purcell's manner or appearance?' I recollect the answer. 'There was nothing whatever remarkable about Purcell, except his penuriousness. Had he lived like a man of his station, he would not have escaped; but he eat his cold supper in his bed-room, with a solitary knife, and never rang for the servant to take the things away!'

"The peasantry afterwards were greatly afraid of him, and none of them would dare attack him. On one occasion a desperate murder, in the depth of winter, was committed in his neighbourhood. He took an active part in searching for the criminal. One person he strongly suspected, and he visited him at his house. He found the man in bed, ill with colic, it was said. Sir John examined him, and asked him whether he had been out the previous night. The answer was, 'No.' Sir John asked for his shoes. 'They were gone to be mended. 'Are you sure of that?' said Sir John, who searched for and found them. Causing the man to be watched, Sir John went with the shoes to the exact spot where the murder had been committed. The ground was thickly covered with snow: he compared the shoes with the tracks made in the snow, and found one set of foot-prints to which the marks exactly tallied. A nail was wanting in the heel of one of the shoes, and the impression on the snow corresponded with the deficiency. This was the first link in a chain of circumstantial evidence against the suspected party, who was afterwards hanged, having been convicted upon the clearest testimony.

"Sir John Purcell received the honor of knighthood, for his exploit in defending his house with so much courage."

Such works as this by Mr. Madden, offer valuable resource to the historian and the politician; for they impartially present to them a mirror where may be viewed and contemplated the conduct and character of the Irish people, calmly and satisfactorily.

PIUS THE NINTH, OR THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS PONTIFICATE. BY COUNT C. A. DE GODDES DE LIANCOURT, of the Pontifical Academy of the Lincci, at Rome, and JAMES A. MANNING, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Vol. II. T. C. Newby, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. 1848.

THE *Sieur de Joinville*, the companion in arms and historian of St. Louis, has given to the world a beautifully though quaintly written record of the deeds and sayings of his pious and chivalrous master. The history thus presented by him to posterity, has a contemporaneous and truthful character about it which is extremely pleasing, and which is ever sure to fix and captivate the reader. The holy King appears in the volume of Joinville, just as he actually was—the devoted warrior of the Cross, and the father of his subjects. What the knightly writer thus effected for his sovereign, M. de Liancourt and Mr. Manning are doing for Pius IX.; and their subject bears a striking similarity to his. The ninth Pius, like the ninth Louis, has come, amid the darkness of misgovernment and abuses, to redeem and regenerate his people; the pope resembles the saint in mind and soul—the same too in godliness, charity, disinterestedness, and benevolence. In one respect, however, the difference of the ages in which they have been decreed to live, renders Pius superior to St. Louis. Christianity has cast away the sword, and no longer seeks its object by the mistaken, though piously intended, means of a crusade. The sovereign Pontiff wars not against Turk or infidel; he invites the ambassador of the Sultan to his court, and extends his alms and his protection to the Jews—his is a reform of mildness and mercy; he would save, not slay, mankind. "Viva Pio Nono," is still the fervent aspiration of Italy and Europe, and this second volume of the papal history represents the Pontiff unchanged in conduct and sentiment. The first volume of the work we noticed and praised, when it was published; and we as cordially approve of this con-

tinuation of so cheering and delightful a biography. The interest of the book, indeed, increases as one goes on. The authors write sensibly, and ably; they take a searching view of their subject, and thus render their comments upon the papal reforms, and the present state of Italy, most valuable to all who are interested in the actual stirring events of the world. Of the Pope's determination in his own measures, the authors give the following striking proof:—

"One day, the Pope presided over a general assembly of the cardinals, summoned to receive a communication of great importance. Cardinal Gizzi had just entered upon his functions as Minister Secretary of State, and was reading before the Grand Areopagus a project of reform, which he had assisted his sovereign to bring about. This project, full of liberal and generous principles suited to the wants of the state, was received with murmurs of disapprobation on the part of the majority of the Sacred College. The Pope listened in silence, without appearing to notice the opposition which manifested itself; the minister, on his part, also continued, until the interruption to the reading of the project of the hardy reforms became so violent that Cardinal Gizzi put down the paper, turned towards the Pope, and addressed him, saying,

"Holy Father, shall I continue?"

"Pius IX. nodded affirmatively; but on recommencing his task, at a fresh article of the project, the murmurs redoubled, and the Secretary of State was compelled to stop short.

"You see, Holy Father, the opposition of their Eminences compels me to resign those functions which your Holiness had conferred upon me—permit me to lay at your feet the resignation of my office."

"It is impossible for us to accept it," replied the Pope; "your good and loyal services are too important to the happiness of my people to permit us to replace you by another less zealous, and less talented, perhaps. Remain where you are."

"At this critical moment, the Holy Father turned, with sovereign dignity, towards the refractory cardinals, and added, still addressing the minister of state, Gizzi,

"If these gentlemen will not have me Pius, they shall have me Sixtus."

"All the popes of the name of Pius, from the first who reigned in 142, until the last, who died in 1830, were princes remarkable for the mildness of their disposition, and the greater part of them martyrs, while, on the other hand, all those of the name of Sixtus, from the first, who was elected in 119, up to Sixtus V., who died in 1590, were haughty, determined, and severe. But that which distinguishes Sixtus V. above all was, that he did nothing like his predecessors. To act always with rigor and violence when a simple monk, suddenly to subdue the impetuosity of his temper, when cardinal, to pretend that he was incapable, from disease, for the conduct of affairs, and above all, to reign for a period of fifteen years, in order that he might the more easily, when the period arrived, obtain the suffrages of those who hoped to reign in his name, and when elected, to resume all his fire, upon the moment of taking possession of the throne, to institute during his pontificate unheard-of severity, and an unknown grandeur in all his enterprises, to destroy the bandits, by the force of his laws, without having recourse to troops, to make himself the terror of the world by his position and his character—these acts have conspired to place his name amongst the most illustrious of sovereigns.

"This powerful apostrophe of Pius IX., although indirect, proved that he considered his position in all the gravity of its bearings, and his readiness to combat with vigour against the resistance of faction, or ill-will, and it is evident that these obstacles cast in his way, had no other effect than to accelerate his progress by the impulse given to his thoughts."

Here, too, is a fine instance of the Pope's firmness and popularity:—

"The rumour had spread that, though not usual, the Pope would, at the

Quirinal, give the Solemn Benediction. Every one hastened to obtain a favourable position. The dense masses accumulated in consequence near the Quirinal, scarcely allowed room for the carriage of the Pope. The emotion of feeling that the Sovereign Pontiff had so long suppressed now became evident to every one. . . . For some time there was an anxiety of suspense as to the probability of the rumoured Benediction. At length, a movement among the military reanimated the hopes of the people; all eyes were turned towards the palace; a window opened; a carpet of velvet was rapidly thrown on the balustrade; some body guards arranged themselves in groups, with several prelates on the balcony, loud cheers hailed the appearance of the Maestro di Camera; a moment after the Sovereign Pontiff appeared, a tremendous shout was heard; it continued, notwithstanding the repeated signals of the Cardinals; the Pope extended his hand to impose silence; in a moment all was hushed, a silence, more expressive than any language, prevailed, when the Pope said in a strong voice, full of emotion:—*‘Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini,’* and the crowd responded with one voice:—*‘Qui fecit cælum et terram.’* and the Pope continued:—*‘Benedicat nos Omnipotens Deus Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus.’* To which the whole people answered—*‘Amen,’* and retired peaceably.

“A few days after the brilliant *fête*, the Pope caused 350 scudi to be distributed to the poor Jews of the Ghetto, together with an immense supply of bread, in order that none of his subjects should be forgotten in the general joy of the occasion.

“The evident manifestation of the people’s love for Pius IX., as evinced on the memorable *fête* of the nativity, was not without its political effect upon the minds of those who had shown such hostility to the new government.

“Some demonstrations on the part of the people, by no means agreeable to the Austrian Ambassador, induced the Count de Lutzuw to complain to the Pontiff, whose reply was a model of dignity.

“‘As the head of the church,’ said the Pope, ‘I hold in my hands the keys of St. Peter; they are more powerful than the armies of the Emperor. I am king and sovereign in Rome, as he is in Vienna, and as such, with perfect independence, I shall govern and administer my states in such a manner as shall seem to me best suited to the wants and the happiness of my people.’”

Much has been recently said in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death for the crime of murder, and the conduct pursued by the Duke of Tuscany, in this respect, is often cited as an argument against executions. The following anecdote will be apt to shake people’s confidence in such an example:—

“Between the period when the French quitted Italy, and the reign of Pius IX., and even during the first months of his government, nothing was more common than the use of the knife in the affrays of the lower orders, many of whom were condemned to the galleys; and the inhabitants in going home at night, or quitting their houses early in the morning, frequently stumbled over the dead bodies of the wretched victims of a tap-room quarrel, which would have ended, in England, with nothing more formidable than a bloody nose or a black eye. A frightful scene of this kind occurred at Leghorn about this period. A woman was found lying near the synagogue in that city, stabbed in several parts of her body, with a stiletto. When asked if she knew the person of the assassin, she replied in the affirmative.

“‘Yes,’ she said; ‘I know him.’

“‘Who is he, and what is his name?’ said her interrogator.

“‘The Grand Duke,’ was her reply, and she immediately expired.

“Upon seeking an explanation of this heavy charge against the reigning sovereign of Tuscany, it appeared that the poor woman had merely indulged in a just reflection upon the false and mistaken principles of mercy and humanity which actuated the criminal policy of his government, and that in charging the

Grand Duke as her assassin, she meant to express, that although the act was committed by a stranger, the moral crime lay at the door of the Prince, who deprived his subjects of the only protection against murder which the fear of a speedy death and retributive justice held out to the ignorant and the depraved.

"The Grand Duke had abolished capital punishments, and in lieu thereof, endeavoured to appease the vengeance of the laws, by clothing the criminals in comfortable habits, and making them sweep the streets, with the nature of their crime, as *Omicidio Volontario*, inscribed upon their backs. Such a punishment cannot be commensurate to the awful crime of murder, and the levity of the prisoners, their unceasing and importunate demands for money or tobacco, of the passers-by, and even of the inhabitants at their windows, tend only to create disgust, and the conviction that too much humanity is, as Pius IX. observed to the Spanish Ambassador, 'neither merciful to man, nor respectful to God.' Had the Grand Duke left the imperial law in operation, the forfeited lives of four murderers would have saved forty innocent members of society from barbarous assassination."

The authors conclude their graceful and meritorious performance in these words :

"The institution just accorded to the Romans, finishes our task, and adds another and a priceless jewel to the tiara. It may be predicted that the Italian Revolution will make the tour of the whole globe as did the French Revolution of 1798 ; at all events its effects will be felt throughout Europe.

"Pius the great has realized the hopes and aspirations—even the remotest dreams of all the politicians of the Italian peninsula for four hundred years. Not only has he expelled the barbarians from Italy, but he has created a new country, a new people, and liberties without precedent for their important magnitude. Rome has become more than ever the metropolis of progress, the Italian orisflamme, as much as in the days of the first sovereigns of Latium, and cheerfully do we respond to the enthusiastic cry of the Romans, echoed throughout Italy and the world—"Long live Pius IX.!"

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE LIVERPOOL ROYAL INSTITUTION :
PRESENTED TO THE ANNUAL MEETING BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES,
PRESIDENT, February 11, 1848.—Liverpool: D. Marples, Lord Street.

THIS report is a record of that victorious warfare which England is roused by her best and wisest men to carry on, not with the weapons of death, but with the arms of light and life, against ignorance—the main destroyer of our domestic peace. Oh ! if all would but consider how much education—religious, judicious education—tends to allay the spirit of turbulence and evil, and to reconcile the humbler classes to the unavoidable hardness of their lot, we should everywhere call instruction in to aid and eventually supersede the artillery, and armed military and police necessary for the suppression of insurrection, riot, and plunder. Austria and Prussia, governments most anxious for the quietude of their subjects, are so convinced of the utility of education as conducive to content, that they take every means to spread it among the people. The same idea is now happily abroad in England, and this Liverpool institution stands foremost in the inculcation and putting in practice of that idea. The institution is, to the honor of Liverpool, supported by the public there without regard to diversity of religious or political feeling. Among the officers of the Institution for this year, Dr. Raffles, the eminent Independent

preacher, is President, and two distinguished Clergymen of the Church of England, the Rev. Jonathan Brooks and the Rev. Augustus Campbell, are members of the committee. This is as it should be: all enlightened controversy must agree in facilitating the advance of knowledge. The report of Dr. Raffles is elegantly written and most gratifying to read; but we are principally induced to call attention to it, by the admirable advice with which it concludes, and towards the truth and value of which we are ready to bring our humble but not inexperienced testimony. Dr. Raffles writes thus:—

“But, useful as this Institution has already become, and various as are the purposes, in harmony with its great design, to which these premises are now devoted, it has long appeared to me that there is yet another, to the promotion of which it might be made subservient. There is in the United States of America, a considerable number of the Societies denominated ‘Historical Societies,’ the immediate object of which is, to collect and preserve Documents, either manuscript or printed—Memoirs and Reports—Scarce and Curious Books and Tracts, and other Memoranda, relating to the history of the town or district, with its various Institutions in which they are severally located. Their comparative infancy as a nation gives to our transatlantic friends, indeed, an obvious advantage over us in the collecting of such materials, and renders their task, in this department, a work of little toil. Neither time nor neglect have been able, as yet, to accomplish that destruction of such things in America, as they have been, unhappily, but too successful in effecting in England. But who does not lament that such destruction should ever have been allowed? What County Historian or Topographer would not have rejoiced to avail himself of their resources, had Institutions like those to which I have now referred, but existed in by-gone ages in our land? What treasures of inestimable value might thus have been collected and preserved? Who that has had occasion to explore the HARLEIAN—the LANSDOWN—the COTTONIAN—or SLOANIAN Collections in the British Museum, but has learned to bless the memory of the men to whose diligence and intelligence they have been constrained to confess themselves so deeply indebted? What precious fragments have they rescued from the gulph of oblivion, in which such vast masses of useful information have been swallowed up and lost! True it is, that at the time, the greater part of these documents were deemed of little worth; and they who occupied themselves in the collecting of such mere shreds and fragments (for such many of them are,) exposed their reputation for wisdom to no small peril by the pursuit; and yet, the stores thus amassed have acquired value by the lapse of years; and the Historian—the Antiquary—the Herald—the Genealogist—the Chronologist—the men of almost every pursuit, repair to these libraries as inexhaustible mines of information, and crowd the pages of their works with their expressions of their grateful acknowledgment.

“And, why should not a Society of this description, and for such a purpose, be formed in Liverpool? Ample accommodation may be afforded in this building, for any mass of materials which (in the earlier periods of its labor, at any rate,) such a Society could be reasonably expected to accumulate. Thus there would be provided a fitting receptacle, and safe custody, for the Reports and other papers of our Benevolent, Literary, and Scientific Institutions. It is a lamentable fact, and I had almost said, disgraceful as it is lamentable, that with regard to such Institutions, though the oldest amongst them is of comparatively recent date, scarcely a complete set of the annual Reports of any one of them is known to exist; nor does this Institution present an exception, for it actually possesses not a complete set of its own!

“Such a state of things is anything but desirable. It is surely high time that an effectual remedy were provided. And never was there a period in the history of our country, or of this great commercial community, more favourable to the commencement of such a Society as that now contemplated, than the present. Mind seems every where springing into new life. Improvements are daily

made in every part of our social system. The sleep of ages seems to have been broken, and all are instinct with an energy and power unknown to former times, to the increase and results of which no human sagacity, or even imagination, can set the limits. But the records of their discoveries and their doings will be written. Documents of transcendant interest will be given to the world, as Society advances in her onward movement—as the abodes of men are adorned and enriched with new wonders of Science and of Art—and every walk of life is made to realize the ameliorating and elevating influence. How important, then, that there should be hands ready to collect these documents, and archives prepared to receive and preserve them—not in imperfect and miscellaneous heaps, but in connected series and uniform succession. And where can the first Historical Society in England—for that it will be the parent of a numerous offspring, there can be little doubt—be more fitly located than in the town, honoured as the birth-place of the elegant historian of Lorenzo de Medici, and Leo the Tenth!”

Honored, thrice honored be Liverpool and the other towns and cities of England, which found and foster these temples of knowledge, the true bulwarks of man's earthly happiness, security, and peace.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Aitchison, Major-General Andrew, of the Bombay Army, 28th Feb., at Hastings.
- Alkin, Henrietta Mary Anne, wife of Thomas Turner Alkin, Esq., 15th March, aged 39.
- Allen, Daniel, Esq., of Wye, near Ashford, Kent, 3d March, aged 56.
- Allix, John Peter, Esq., late M.P. for county of Cambridge, 19th Feb., aged 63.
- Anderson, Anne, wife of John Anderson, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Watson, of Whitby, 16th March.
- Arundel, the Rev. John, formerly Home Secretary to the London Missionary Society, 5th March, aged 69.
- Aspinall. On the 12th March, at Croydon, Elizabeth, the widow of James Aspinall, Esq., nephew of the late Mr. Serjeant Aspinall, of Standon Hall, Lancashire, in the 84th year of her age.
- Atkins, Abraam, Esq., at Kensington, 6th March.
- Atkins. On the 2d March, at Berlin, Susanna, wife of Mr. Carl Ludvig Rundt, of Rome, painter to the Prussian Court, and youngest daughter of the late Charles Atkins, Esq., of Perth.
- Banister, Thomas Milborne, Esq., of Brompton, 20th March.
- Banks, Edward, Esq., 4th March, at Upper George-st., Bryanstone-sq.
- Barnewall, Lieut.-Col. Robert, Bombay Army, 20th March.
- Bartley. On the 12th of January, at Secunderabad, suddenly, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Charles Evans Bartley, aged 25, Lieutenant 17th Regiment Madras N.I., eldest son of C. P. Bartley, Esq., of 55, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park Gardens, beloved and regretted by his brother officers, and by all who knew him.
- Bastard, Judith Anne, widow of John Pollexfen Bastard, Esq., of Kitley, many years M.P. for Devon, 22d Feb.
- Baynes, Mrs. Sarah, of Bocking, Essex, 23d Feb., aged 73.
- Bigge, Alice, wife of Charles W. Bigge, Esq., of Linden, county Northumberland, 19th Feb., aged 67.
- Blakeney, Sarah, wife of John Blakeney, 22d March, aged 24.
- Boddam. On the 9th March, at Brighton, Mary Anne Hayes Boddam, second daughter of the late Rawson Hart Boddam, of the Bengal Civil Service.
- Bodkin, Sarah Sophia, wife of William Henry Bodkin, Esq., of Mansfield-st., 15th March, aged 55.
- Borton, Louisa, relict of the late Rev. J. D. Borton, 10th March.
- Bowley, Sarah, widow of Devcreux Bowley, Esq., 2d March, aged 85.
- Brandreth, Lieut.-Col. Roy, Esq., one of H.M. Commissioners of the Board of Railways, 20th Feb.
- Brodrick, John Robert, Esq., only son of the late General the Hon. John Brod- rick, 18th Feb., aged 32.
- Brooke. On the 26th of December last, at Saugur, Central India, aged 30, Assistant-Surgeon Samuel Brooke, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, fourth son of the late Samuel Brooke, Esq., formerly of Finchley, Middlesex.
- Brooke, Charlotte, relict of the Rev. Charles Brooke, 4th March.
- Browning. On the 10th March, suddenly, at her residence, near Bath, Harriet Augusta Ernst Browning, relict of John Browning, Esq., of Brompton, and sole surviving daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Jackson, of Hanover-street, Hanover-square.
- Bruere, Robert A., Esq., late of the 33d Madras Native Infantry, 6th March.
- Buchanan, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Major James Buchanan, East India Company's Service, 5th March, aged 16.
- Burgess, Dr. Ynyr, M.D., 5th March, aged 48.
- Burrowes, Lieut.-Gen. Montague, 23d Feb., aged 73.
- Butler, Frederick, Esq., 26th Feb., at Nottingham, aged 69.
- Butler, the Rev. Thomas, youngest son of the late Joseph Butler, Esq.

Burchman, Theodore John, Esq., 3d Jan., at Surinam.

Bute, the Marquis of, 18th March. This excellent and much-respected nobleman died suddenly, at his seat, Cardiff Castle. His lordship had entertained a small party at dinner on that evening, and retired at ten o'clock. His absence was observed by Lady Bute, and in a few minutes afterwards he was discovered by his valet lying across his bed. Medical attendance was immediately procured, but the vital spark had fled. The greatest gloom pervades the town of Cardiff, where the Marquis was deservedly beloved. At the period of his decease Lord Bute had completed his 57th year, having been born 13th August, 1793. He succeeded to the Scottish Earldom of Dumfries on the demise of his maternal grandfather, Patrick, Earl of Dumfries, 7th April, 1803, and inherited the Marquisate of Bute at the decease of his paternal grandfather, in 1814. He married, first, in 1818, Maria, eldest daughter of George Augustus third Earl of Guildford, but by her Ladyship, who died in 1841, he had no child. His second marriage, to Sophia, daughter of the first Marquis of Hastings, and sister of the lamented Lady Flora Hastings, took place in January, 1845, and its issue is an only son, born in 1847, who now succeeds to the family titles. John Steuart, founder of the House of Bute, was a natural son of King Robert II. His representative, Sir James Stuart, Bart., of Ardmoleish, the first Peer, considerably augmented his patrimony by his marriage with Agnes, eldest daughter of Sir George Mackenzie, of Roschaugh, whose estates eventually enriched a junior branch of his Lordship's descendants, and are now held by Lord Wharnccliffe. The first Lord's grandson was John, third Earl of Bute, K.G., the favorite and Minister of George III. Of that nobleman, the Peer whose death we record was great grandson. By his Lordship's decease, a riband of the Thistle, the Lieutenantcy of Glamorganshire, and the Recordership of Banbury fall to the patronage of Government.

Byles, Henry Nathaniel, Esq., 20th Feb., at Henley-on-Thames.

Campbell, Beatrice Charlotte, wife of the Rev. John Campbell, and daughter of John, fifth Viscount Torrington, 12th March, aged 58.

Campbell, Peter, Esq., of Harrington-sq.,

Commander of the ship Sutlej, 18th Dec., at Calcutta.

Cappel, Henrietta, wife of the Rev. Dr. Louis Cappel, and daughter of J. F. Gruning, Esq., of Stoke Newington, 14th March.

Carmac, Emily Katharine, youngest daughter of Sir James Rivett Carnac, Bart., 10th March, aged 16.

Carrow, Leah, wife of the Rev. H. Carrow, 6th March, at Loxton Rectory, co. Somerset.

Cary, Catherine, wife of the Rev. Dr. Cary, 12th Feb., at Lymington.

Cawdor, the Dowager Lady, 8th March. This lady was the eldest daughter of Frederick, fifth Marquis of Stafford. Her second brother, Major Frederick Howard, fell at Waterloo, and is the subject of an exquisite passage in the "Child Harold" of his illustrious kinsman, Lord Byron.

Chamberlin, Henry, Esq., 4th March, aged 75.

Charleville, Beaujolois Harriet Charlotte, wife of the present Earl of Charleville, died recently in Italy. Her ladyship was third daughter of the late Colonel John Campbell, of Shawfield, by the Lady Charlotte, his wife, youngest dau. of John, Duke of Argyle. Her marriage took place 26th February, 1821, and its surviving issue consists of three sons and one daughter, viz.: Charles William G., Lord Tullamore, born in 1822; John James, Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers; Alfred, an officer in the 82d Foot; and Beaujolois Elenora Catherine.

Chatteris, Anne, wife of W. Chatteris, Esq., at Sandeury Priory, Newbury, 15th March.

Cheney, Col., C.B., formerly of the Scots Greys, 3d March, aged 70. Colonel Cheney, a Waterloo officer, who was formerly connected with the 7th Dragoon Guards and the Scots Greys. He entered the army as a Cornet, in 1794, and rose to a Colonelcy in 1838. The deceased served throughout the late war with the 2d Dragoon Guards, in Flanders, Holland, and other parts of the Continent. On the memorable 17th June, 1815, the command of the regiment devolved on him, when he had no less than five horses shot under him; he was also, as stated, at Waterloo.

Chippindall, William, Esq., 13th Feb., at Paris, aged 85.

Chisholm, Mrs. Margaret Bain, 24th Feb., at Inverness, aged 91.

Chitty, Berthy, youngest daughter of Tompson Chitty, Esq., of the Middle Temple, 7th March.

Christian, Harriet, wife of Rear-Admiral Christian, 30th Jan.

Claydon, the Rev. Henry, M.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, 13th March.

Cleiland, Lieut.-Gen., East India Company's Service, 26th Feb.

Clive, Henry, Esq., late M.P. for Ludlow, and formerly Under Secretary of State to Viscount Sidmouth, 16th March, aged 72.

Coape, William, eldest son of the late John Coape, Esq., of Hanover-square, 21st, Feb.

Coates, Robert, Esq., of Montague-sq., formerly of Antigna, 21st Feb.

Coghill, Lady, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Coghill Coghill, Bart., eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe, Chief Justice of Ireland, 10th March.

Cooke, Thos., Esq., the eminent musician, aged 67. Mr. Cooke, more familiarly known as Tom Cooke, was one of the most eminent musicians of his day. The responsible situations which he professionally filled were numerous, both as a vocalist, leader, and conductor. He was born in 1781. He practically knew, *better* than most other professors of his time, the various orchestral instruments; and has, on many occasions, performed solos on nine different instruments during the same evening. Amongst the celebrated names of Weeschell, Mori, Cramer, as leaders of the Philharmonic Society, he was the only one who led as well as conducted those splendid performances, considered the best in Europe. He was born in the metropolis of Ireland; and his father, Mr. B. Cooke, who married a sister of Captain Carmichael, of Dublin, was a most excellent flutist and oboe-player. He made his first appearance in London at the Lyceum Theatre, in 1813, as a vocalist, and was highly successful. He was also composer, director, and leader of the Drury Lane band—situations which he held with credit for years. He composed much dramatic music, as well as several operas, "Frederick the Great" among them, for the principal theatres. He gained many prizes for duets and songs at the Melodists' Club, as well as for glees at the Noblemen's Catch Club. Mr. Cooke was appointed leader of her Majesty's Ancient Concerts in 1846. He was also engaged as leader at the forthcoming festivals of Worcester and Norwich. His talent was indeed universal. Mr. Cooke departed this life on the 26th Feb., after several

weeks' severe suffering. He died everywhere deeply regretted by the musical profession, where his loss will be long and severely felt. His son, Grattan, who is the only one in his father's profession, was christened Grattan after the celebrated Henry Grattan, Madame Catalani being his godmother. Many of our favorite singers were Mr. Cooke's pupils, namely, A. Phillips, Leffler, Sims Reeves, Miss M. Tree (Mrs. Bradshaw), Miss Povey, Miss Rainforth, and numerous others.

Cookson. On the 15th Feb., aged 54, the Rev. George Cookson, vicar of Poorstock, Dorset, and Writhlington, Somerset, youngest son of the late Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor, and Preceptor to the King of Hanover and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

Cresswell, the wife of the Rev. W. Cresswell, 16th March, at Fawkham Rectory.

Currey, Benjamin, Esq., of Old Palace Yard, 13th March, aged 62. Mr. Currey, who had just been made principal Clerk of the House of Lords, was in his place in the House, on the above morning, having for the first time been employed in the discharge of the duties of his new appointment. In the early part of the morning he appeared cheerful as usual, and about twelve o'clock went to his private room to transact some business connected with his office, accompanied by one of the gentlemen of the house; while there, he was suddenly taken ill, and requested that his son might be sent for; the gentleman left him to send off a messenger for that purpose, and on returning to the room he found Mr. Currey on the floor in an apoplectic fit, and totally unconscious of all around him. Medical assistance was immediately sent for, but all human aid was found to be quite in vain; the unfortunate gentleman's consciousness never once returned, and he expired shortly after four o'clock. In the death of Mr. Currey, the House of Lords sustains the irreparable loss of one of its most valuable officers, his family that of a kind and affectionate parent, and society an honest, useful, and amiable man. Mr. Currey had filled for many years the office of second clerk of the Parliament, and, by his engaging manners and obliging disposition, had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends. An inquest was held on Wednesday, before F. J. Manning, Esq., Coroner of the Queen's household and of the verge, and a jury

- composed of officers of the palace, at the House of Lords. It appeared by the evidence, that the deceased gentleman was struck with apoplexy whilst giving instructions to his assistants, and remained insensible for some hours, until his death. The evidence being perfectly conclusive as to the cause of death, the jury without hesitation returned a verdict—"That the deceased died by the visitation of God in a natural way."
- Dardis, Capt. George, 11th March, in King-street, Portman-square.
- Daw, William, Esq., M.D., of Chicklade House, Hendon, Wilts, 6th Feb., aged 89.
- Denham, Annabella, second dau. of Capt. H. Mangles Denham, R.N., 12th March, aged 18.
- Dickerson, Richard, Esq., of Bath, 6th March, aged 78.
- Dighton, Anne Sophia, dau. of Isaac Dighton, Esq., of Torrington-square, 20th Feb., aged 22.
- Dingwall, Patrick, Esq., 19th March, at Brighton, aged 78.
- Down, Lydia, Dowager Viscountess, 18th March, aged 75.
- Dundas, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Lawrence, 17th March, aged 73.
- Durmas, Colonel. This officer who, up to a late period, held the Governorship of Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, died on the 4th March, at Lewisham. He had been connected with the British army for a period of fifty years. His rank of Colonel he obtained in 1838. The Colonel served at the blockade of Malta in 1799; and in Egypt in 1801, where he received a medal for his gallantry. He was also at the battle of Maida, in 1806. He has been on half-pay since 1832.
- Easton, Josiah, Esq., of Hele Hill, Bradford, co. Somerset, 12th Feb., aged 86.
- Eccles, Robert, Esq., of Glasgow, 2d March, aged 79.
- Empson, A. Esq., 14th March, at Spel-low-hill, near Boroughbridge, aged 59.
- Enderby, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Blackheath, 29th Feb., aged 80.
- Essex, John Hezekiah, Esq., of Berners-street, aged 70.
- Evitt, Edmund, Esq., formerly of Hastings, 18th Feb., at Compton, Surrey, aged 86.
- Eyston, Maria Teresa, wife of Charles Eyston, Esq., of Hendred House, Berks, 19th March.
- Fairs, T. Esq., of Park-road, Regent's Park, 24th Feb.
- Forth, the Rev. Nathaniel Parker, 19th Feb., aged 73.
- Francis, Basil, Esq., 9th March, aged 68, at Bognor.
- Frost, Cora, wife of Andrew Hollingworth Frost, Esq., M.A., 11th March, aged 26.
- Gibbs, Lieut.-Col. I., E.I.C.S., Commandant of Buscar, Bengal, 8th Dec.
- Goode, Philip Benjamin, eldest son of Philip Goode, Esq., of Howland-street, 4th March.
- Gowan, Frederick, Esq., Lieut. 29th Native Infantry, third son of Philip Gowan, Esq., of Capthall-court and Dulwich, 5th Jan., at Bombay, aged 27.
- Gray, Isabella Charlotte, eldest dau. of the Rev. G. R. Gray, vicar of Inkberrow, 9th March.
- Green, John, Esq., 20th March, at Braybury, Herts, aged 79.
- Haes, David, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, 24th Feb., aged 49.
- Harrison, Arthur, Esq., of Drummond-street, formerly of Ripon, co. York, 17th March.
- Hartopp, Eliza Georgina, wife of the Rev. William Evans Hartopp, 15th Feb.
- Hayne, J., Esq., of Dorset-square, 19th March.
- Henckell. On the 15th March, at 15, Portman-sq., Elizabeth Sarah, widow of the Hon. John Henckell, late Chief Justice of the Island of Jamaica, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Warren, many years rector of St. Elizabeth's, in the said island.
- Hibbert, Mrs. Thomas, 17th March, at Bilton Grange, aged 81.
- Hinchliffe, Henry John, Esq., eldest son of the late Bishop Hinchliffe, 21st Feb., aged 79.
- Holland, Francis, Esq., aged 86, at Cropthorne, co. Worcester, 17th Feb.
- Holme, Mrs. Mary, relict of Timothy Holme, Esq., 11th March.
- Home, William Archibald, youngest son of the late Sir Everard Home, Bart., 2d Feb., at Palermo.
- Hooper, Henry John, Esq., late of Sunninghill, Berks, 7th March.
- Hough, Margaret, third dau. of the late Rev. J. Hough, of Ham, Surrey, 23d Feb., aged 26.
- Hughes, Hugh, Esq., of Hoddesden, Herts, 18th Feb., aged 78.
- Hunt, Maria, widow of the Rev. Thomas Hunt, late of Upper Clapton, 14th March, aged 86.
- Hunter, Sir Richard, Knt., M.D., 16th March, at Great Stanhope-street, aged 65.
- Innes, John, Esq., of Forest Green, Abinger, near Dorking, 16th March.

- Innes, Robert Hughes, eldest son of the late James Innes, Esq., of Leyton, 21st Feb., aged 54.
- Irvine, Lucy Ann, only dau. of the late John B. Irvine, Esq., of St. James's, Jamaica, 11th March.
- Jackson, Welley Covenly, Esq., E.I.C.C.S., aged 21, second son of Welley B. Jackson, E.I.C.C.S., 15th Jan., in Bengal.
- Jackson, Richard, Esq., of Charles-street, St. James's, 19th Feb., aged 76.
- James, Mary Sophia, relict of Lieut.-Col. John James, R.M., 18th Feb., at Canterbury.
- Jenkins, William Henry, Esq., eldest son of W. K. Jenkins, Esq., of Avena-road, 19th March.
- Jenyns, the Rev. George Leonard, Canon of Ely, &c., 25th Feb. This venerable divine, who, at the period of his decease, had completed his eighty-fourth year, was son of John Harvey Jenyns, Esq., and cousin of Soame Jenyns, of Bottisham Hall, M.P. for Cambridgeshire—the well-known writer and wit of the last century—whose estates he eventually inherited. The immediate ancestor of the family of Jenyns, of Bottisham, was Thomas Jenyns, Esq., of Hayes, half-brother of Sir John Jenyns, K.B., whose son, Richard Jenyns, of Sandridge, was father of two eminently distinguished sisters, Frances ("la belle Jenyns"), married to Richard Duke of Tyrconnel, and Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. The gentleman whose death we record married, in 1788, Mary daughter of the late William Heberden, M.D., and has left three surviving sons, and as many daughters: viz. George, Charles, Leonard; Mary, Harriet (wife of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge), and Elizabeth.
- Jones, Robert, only son of Robert Jones, Esq., of Hayes, Middlesex, 2d March, aged 41.
- Kelson, Lieut. W. K., Ceylon Rifle Regt., 20th Dec., at Hong Kong, aged 25.
- Kneeshaw, Mary, relict of Captain Joshua Kneeshaw, R.N., 2d March.
- Knevitt. On the 7th March, in Red Lion-square, of typhus fever, aged 58, Lieutenant T. L. Knevitt, R.N., for many years the much respected and deeply regretted assistant manager of the Mendicity Society.
- Knox, Geo., Esq., actuary to the Savings Bank, Montagu-street, 21st March.
- Lackington. On the 21st of December, at Berhampoor, Madras, Lieutenant George Lackington, 29th Regiment, only son of the late George Lackington, Esq., of the Court of Bankruptcy, and St. John's-wood.
- Lambert, Mrs. Nulty, aged 91, at Woodmansterne, Surrey.
- Lawrie, Henry, Esq., assistant Contr.-gen., 23d Feb., aged 51.
- Lawson, Charles John, Esq., of the Middle Temple, 13th March.
- Leeson, Mrs. William, of Brixton, 6th March, aged 55.
- Leggatt. On the 7th March, the Rev. Samuel Leggatt, for many years military chaplain to the garrison of Portsmouth, and since retired on half-pay of the service.
- Lewis, C., Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, 21st Feb., aged 78.
- Lightfoot, Patrick Townshend, Esq., aged 73, at James Street, Buckingham Gate.
- Locke, the Rev. Charles Courtenay, Rector of Newcastle, co. Limerick, 16th Feb., at Paris.
- Lockley, Mary, wife of Dr. Thomas Lockley, 20th March.
- Lovell, William, Esq., of Clipston, co. Northampton, 10th March, aged 68.
- Macan, Major, 8th March, at Greenmount, co. Louth, aged 80.
- Macworth, Herbert, Esq., R.N., aged 57.
- Malling, Lieut. Col., late Assistant Mil. Secretary to the Commander-in-chief, 24th Feb., aged 70.
- Mallock, Edith, wife of Thomas Mallock, Esq., R.N., 4th March.
- Matson, Admiral Richard, 19th March, aged 77. Richard Matson, Admiral of the Blue, was the second son of John Matson, Esq., Chief Justice of Dominica. He was born 1771, and entered the navy in 1785. As midshipman and mate, he was actively employed for several years in the Mediterranean, under Lord Hood and Sir Sydney Smith. He was mate of the Britannia, and served ashore during the occupation of Toulon, in 1793, when he was publicly thanked by Sir Sydney Smith for his conduct at the destruction of the arsenal and fleet; and his name, in connexion with this service, appeared in the Gazette. He fought, also, at the siege of St. Fiorenzo and Bastia, in the year 1794; was lieutenant of the Bedford, in Hotham's action; commanded the Cyane, under the orders of his uncle, the late Sir Henry Harvey, in the West Indies; and was present at the capture of Surinam, in 1799. The Daphne was subsequently under his orders for three years. This gallant officer became a Rear-Admiral in 1825, and an Admiral in 1847. Admiral Matson was the younger brother of Charles Matson,

- Esq., Retired Paymaster and Purser, and uncle of Commander Henry J. Matson, lately commanding the *Daring*. The death of Admiral Matson took place at his residence, Cavendish-road, St. John's Wood, from a fit of apoplexy.
- Maul, the Rev. Henry G., B.A., of St. John's Coll., Camb., 26th Feb., aged 30.
- McBayne, Lachlan, Esq., formerly of Jamaica, and late a magistrate of Bristol, 21st Feb.
- Miller, Sydney Arabella, wife of John Miller, Esq., of Aberystwith, 23d Feb.
- Milner, Captain William Peel, assistant Adj. Gen., at Barrackpoor, 7th son of the late Thomas Wheeler Milner, Esq., 25th Dec.
- Monekton, Edward, Esq., Lieut. Col. Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, 17th March, aged 70.
- Moore, Amelia Mary Anne, youngest dau. of the Rev. Calvert F. Moore, 12th March.
- Moore, Edward, Esq., of Great Bealings, Suffolk, 26th Feb., aged 77.
- Morris, H. W., Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, 23d Feb., aged 43.
- Morriss, Henry Bebb, Esq. of Woodside, near Linton, Beds, 8th Feb.
- Morris, Anne, eldest dau. of the late B. Morris, Esq., of Seven Oaks, 19th March, aged 49.
- Mudford, William, Esq., of Harrington Square, 10th March.
- Mundy, General, 7th March, aged 72.
- Murray, Robert, Esq., Surgeon, E.I.C.S., in March.
- Nash, Francis, Esq., 11th March, at Adam-street, Adelphi, aged 36.
- Nelson, Dr., M.D., formerly of Wimpole-street, 11th March, aged 81.
- Newland, John, Esq., of Broadwater, 7th March, aged 75.
- Newland, William, Esq., of Guildford, 19th March, aged 79.
- North, Alicia, wife of John North, Esq., of Gloucester-place, 1st March.
- Norton, Susannah Horne, wife of Robert Norton, Esq., of Monmouth Road, Bayswater, 16th March.
- Oswald, Lieut. Col., C.B., 28th Feb., aged 64.
- Pakington, Augusta, wife of Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., 23d Feb.
- Palmer, Mrs. Sarah, relict of George Palmer, and sister of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, Bart., 18th March.
- Park, F. J., Esq., Colonial Assistant Surgeon at V. D. L., 31st Aug., at Oaklands, Van Dieman's Land.
- Parker, Charles Rowland, Esq., of Blackheath, 16th March, aged 73.
- Parry, Isabella, wife of Thomas Gamber Parry, Esq., of Highnam Court, co. Gloucester, 11th Feb.
- Parry, Mary, relict of Nicholas Segar Parry, Esq., of Portman-sq., 17th March, aged 81.
- Patry, Henry, Esq., 2d March, at Geneva, aged 54.
- Peacock, the Rev. Edward, Vicar of Fifehead Magdalen, Dorset, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 14th Feb., aged 61.
- Pearson, Charles Hill, Esq., of Gray's Inn-square, eldest son of Charles Pearson, Esq., formerly of Greenwich, 19th March, aged 37.
- Peckett, Charles, Esq., 25th Feb., at Barnsbury Park, Islington, aged 53.
- Peel, Lennot Bolton, second son of the late Bolton Peel, Esq., at Baledmund House, co. Perth, 26th Feb., aged 24.
- Piers, the Rev. Octavius, Vicar of Preston, near Weymouth, youngest son of the late Sir Pigot Piers, Bart.
- Platt, Joshua, Esq., 10th March, at Charlton, aged 84.
- Pollock, Lieut.-General Thomas, C.B., 23d Feb.
- Pooley. On the 12th March, at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, in his 15th year, Warner Frederick, eldest son of the Rev. G. F. Pooley, rector of Cransford, Suffolk.
- Prince, John, Esq., E.I.C. Civil Service, 15th Feb., aged 76, at Thames Ditton, Surrey.
- Prout, Mrs., of Ovington-square, 10th March.
- Prouting, Catharine Anne, second dau. of the late William Pronting, Esq., 17th March, aged 66.
- Purnes, Richardson, Esq., of Sunbury Place, co. Middlesex, 7th March, aged 83.
- Rait, George, Esq., of Rathmoyle, King's County, J.P., 23d Feb., aged 64.
- Rawes, Sarah, widow of Joseph Rawes, M.A., eldest son of the late Rev. William Rawes, Head Master of the Kieper Grammar School, Houghton-le-Spring, 17th March, aged 56.
- Renton, Alexander Henry, Esq., M.D., late of Madeira, 6th March, aged 54.
- Repton, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Repton, Esq., of Oxnead Hall, Norfolk, 24th Feb., aged 79.
- Richardson, Captain John, R.N. eldest son of the late Archibald Richardson, Esq., of Corin Castle and Cushendal, co. Antrim, late Surgeon General, 23d Dec., at Bruges.
- Rivington, Louisa Christiana, wife of Francis Rivington, Esq., of Highgate, 10th March.
- Roberts. On the 12th March, suddenly,

- in the 35th year of her age, Georgina, the wife of Marmaduke Coghill Cramer Roberts, Esq., of Sallymount, county of Kildare, and youngest daughter of the late Richard Torin, Esq., of Englefield-green, Surrey.
- Robinson, John, Esq., 3rd March, at Churchfield, Cheshunt, aged 58.
- Rucker, Daniel Henry, Esq., 9th March, aged 92.
- Russell, Anne, wife of William Russell, Esq., of Maida-hill, 6th March.
- Sams, Mary Harriet, youngest dau. of the late Rev. John Barwick Sams, of Bury St. Edmunds, 13th March.
- Saunders, Francis, Esq., for 31 years B. Vice-Consul at Valéry-sur-Somme, France, 13th Feb., aged 83.
- Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, the Duchess Dowager. This Princess, the granddaughter of George II.'s sister, and the maternal grandmother of Prince Albert—Caroline Amelia, Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg—was the dau. of William I., Elector of Hesse, and was born on the 11th July, 1771. She wedded, the 24th of April, 1802, Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, who died the 17th May, 1822. Their daughter Louisa was married to Ernest, late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was mother of Ernest, the reigning Duke, and of Prince Albert. The Duchess Louisa died on the 30th August, 1831. The Duchess Dowager, the subject of this notice, died at Gotha on the 22d Feb., in her 77th year, lamented and revered by all who knew her. The life of this estimable Princess was devoted to acts of charity, and her departure from it is no less characterised by benevolence. She has left her whole property to the poor of the town of Gotha.
- Scott, William Harwood, eldest son of the late Joseph Scott, Esq., of Norwich, 10th March, aged 45.
- Scully, Margaret, relict of James Scully, Esq., of Tipperary, Ireland, 12th March.
- Seward, Major, of the R.M., aged 70, eldest son of Thomas Seward, of Weston, Hants, 20th Feb.
- Seymour, the Right Hon. Lord George, 10th March, aged 85. His Lordship derived in direct descent from Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the celebrated Lord Protector; his father, Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, being sixth in a straight line from that potent nobleman's eldest son, Sir Edward Seymour. Lord George married
- Isabella, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton, and had by her a son, Sir George Hamilton Seymour, her Majesty's Envoy at the Court of Lisbon, and two daughters, Isabella Horatio, wife of the Hon. H. T. Liddell, and Emily Henrietta, married to Richard, Earl of Shannon.
- Shepherd, Mrs., 16th March, at Dudley-place, Paddington.
- Shrubsole, William, Esq., 19th March, at Kingston-on-Thames, aged 75.
- Sinclair, John, Esq., of Warwick-square, 19th Feb., aged 40.
- Smith. On the 11th March, at Hastings, Captain Ramsay Hankay Smith, 64th Regiment, son of the late Wm. Towers Smith, Esq., Bengal Civil Service.
- Smith. On the 9th Feb., at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Rosamond, the wife of John Smith, Esq., and daughter of the late William Archer, Esq., of Stoke Devonport, Devon.
- Smythe, Catherine Stewarta, daughter of William Meade Smythe, Esq., and niece of the Earl of Wicklow, 23d Feb.
- Soames. Perished, with all on board the ill-fated vessel, in the dreadful gale of April, 1847, on his passage from Goa to Bombay, George Soames, fifth son of James Soames, Esq., of Titchfield-terrace, Regent's-park, in his 21st year.
- Somerset, Lord Granville. This distinguished member of the Conservative party died on the 23d Feb. He was born 27th Dec., 1792, the second son of Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort, K.G., by his wife, the Lady Charlotte Sophia Leveson Gower, aunt of the Duke of Sutherland. His education he completed at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was second class in classics in 1813. In five years after he obtained a seat in Parliament for the county of Monmouth (a constituency he continued to represent up to the time of his decease), and was within twelve months appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury—an office he held for some years. His Lordship married, 27th July, 1822, the Hon. Emily Smith, tenth daughter of the first Lord Carrington, and has left three sons, Granville-Robert-Henry, born in 1824; Leveson-Eliot-Henry, born in 1829; Raglan-George-Henry, born in 1831; and two daughters, Emily-Catherine-Ann, and Constance-Henrietta-Sophia-Louisa.
- Spawforth, Elizabeth, relict of George Spawforth, Esq., of London, 2d March.
- Speed, Captain William John, 28th Feb.

Spearing, Harriet, wife of James Stares Spearing, Esq., 5th March, at Newport, Isle of Wight.

Stanbridge, Mary, wife of Charles Stanbridge, Esq., 17th March.

Stewart, Anne, relict of Major Charles Stewart, Bengal Army, 17th Feb., at Bath.

Tabor, Robert, Esq., of Colchester, 29th Feb., aged 60.

Tarrant, J. E., Esq., 22d Feb., at Alscot Lodge, Bucks, aged 65.

Taylor, Elizabeth, wife of Richard Taylor, Esq., of Brighton, 22d Feb., aged 71.

Tetlow. On the 17th Feb., at Jubilee-terrace, Southsea, Portsmouth, William Tetlow, Esq., late of Victoria-lodge, Milbrook, near Southampton, second surviving son of the Rev. J. R. Tetlow, late of Everton, near Liverpool, in the 31st year of his age.

Thatcher, Hannah, wife of Thomas Thatcher, Esq., 19th March, at Blackheath.

Thomas, Mrs. Frances Isabella, aged 80, at Norbiton, Kingston-upon-Thames, 18th Feb.

Thomas, Sophia, eldest dau. of Sir W. L. George Thomas, Bart., 25th Feb.

Thomas, W. Leyson, Esq., Surgeon, 13th March, at Bangor.

Thomson, Charles, Esq., one of the Registrars to the Court of Bankruptcy at Liverpool, and formerly Attorney-General for the Leeward Isles.

Timbrell, Percy, fourth son of Major Timbrell, C.B., 18th March, aged 16.

Tinling, Sarah, relict of Rear-Admiral Tinling, of Southampton, 17th Feb.

Travers, Henry Thomas, Esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service, 22d Feb., aged 69.

Tyndall, the Rev. George, 23d Feb., at Lapworth Rectory.

Urquhart, Mrs. Eleanor, 3d March, at Ashurst Lodge, Sunning-hill, aged 78.

Vale. Samuel Vale was for many years a favorite comic actor at the Surrey Theatre. His powers of humor and burlesque, though somewhat vulgar, were not without force and merit. Mr. Vale, who earned a competency through his industry and prudence, had, for some time, retired from the stage. His death, which has recently occurred, will be much lamented by the dramatic profession.

Valance, the Rev. Henry, M.A., Chaplain to the Ironmongers' Company and Sir R. Jeffery's Hospital, 23d Feb., aged 59.

Vivian, Jesse Dalrymple, wife of H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., 28th Feb.

Walker, the Rev. Henry, of Fitzroy-square, 10th March,

Walker, Jane Mary, wife of Richard Walker, Bengal Civil Service, 1st March.

Wallace, Harriet, relict of William Ogle Wallace, Esq., of Cawsey Park, co. Northumberland, 13th Feb., at Paris.

Wallington, Frances Russell, relict of the Rev. C. Wallington, rector of Hawkeswell, 11th March, aged 100.

Wallis, Francis Ashby, Esq., of Basingstoke, 26th Feb., aged 26.

Ward, John Leveson Gower, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, eldest son of John Ward, Esq., of Durham, 15th March, aged 31.

Warren, Vice-Admiral. This highly respected naval officer was son of Dr. Warren, physician to George III., and brother of the late celebrated Dr. Warren. He entered the British service in 1789, and was most actively and honourably engaged during the course of the last war. His gallant encounter with the Danish gun-boats off Omoe Island, in 1809, and the part he took while commanding the Spartiate, in the Tagus, during the eventful period of Don John's escape from Portugal to the Brazils, tended much to enhance his reputation. He was Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and Western African station in the Isis, from 1831 to 1833. His last appointment was Rear-Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard. Admiral Warren died on the 22d inst., at his seat, East Cosham, Hants, leaving a widow, one daughter, and two sons. The sons are both active officers in the naval service of their country. The gallant Admiral dies deeply and deservedly regretted.

Way, Isabella, eldest surviving dau. of Benjamin Way, Esq., of Denham-place, Bucks, 13th Feb.

Webster. On the 4th March, at Breadsall Priory, Derbyshire, in her 57th year, Maria Mary, wife of Joseph Webster, Esq., of Penns, in the county of Warwick, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Peter Payne, Bart., of Blunham-house, Bedfordshire.

Wells, Samuel, Esq., 25th Feb., at Ealing, aged 29.

Whalley. On the 22d Feb., at No. 36, St. John-street, Oxford, Harriett, wife of F. W. Whalley, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. W. Thorp, vicar of Sandford.

Whalley, John, Esq., of Herne Bay, 26th Feb., aged 58.

Wilkinson, Captain William, late of the 3rd Royal Veteran Battalion, 14th March, aged 75.

Williams, the Rev. Charles Dymoke, Rector of Chilton, Candover, 27th Feb., aged 65.

Wilson, Anne, wife of Fletcher Wilson, Esq., of Millfield House, Edmonton, 12th March.

Woolridge, Major-Gen. Thomas Thornbury, K.H., late of the Royal Fusileers, 9th March, aged 72.

Worsley, Mary, wife of Lieut.-General Edward Vaughan Worsley, R. Art., 24th Feb.

Worthington, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Bath, 29th Feb., aged 84.

Young. Lieut.-Col. Sir W. Young, Bart., of Bailieboroug Castle, county Cavan, died on the 10th March, at his residence at Westbourne-crescent. He passed several of his earlier years in India, and held, latterly, a seat in the East

India Direction. His family claimed descent from the ancient Scottish house of Young, of Aldbar, and was established in the sister island about the time of James I. Sir William had, at the period of his decease, completed his seventy-fourth year. He was for some time previously in a very delicate state of health, so debilitated, indeed, that the result of the recent trial concerning the illegal sale of Cadetships, in which he was unfortunately implicated, was never communicated to him. He married, 20th Sept., 1806, Lucy, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Frederick, and has left three daughters and four sons, of whom the eldest, the present Sir John Young, Bart., held office as joint Secretary of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel. The Baronetcy was conferred on the deceased gentleman, 28th August, 1821.

THE PATRICIAN.

AIR-BUBBLES—A SECOND BLOWING.*

“Ay, well, I ween, Anselmo,
How, like the foam-bells on the torrent's flood,
Fitfully bursting their uncertain life,
Our quick thoughts rise and perish.”—OLD PLAY.

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.”—MACBETH.

XXXI.

Is it not the shewing of experience that deep feelings are a commoner possession than we should at first deem; nay, that all men possess them, though with many they are only displayed on occasions? I do not mean to hazard the assertion, which common sense itself would refute, that all minds are equal, nor even that all are equally susceptible, for there are as many mental varieties, as there are soils for the husbandman's cultivation. But the deeper emotions of our nature are denied to none. They may be obscured by ignorance, or depressed by poverty, or defaced by crime; but they are the human prerogative, and have been received in a greater or less measure by all. In our own time, it is wise to remember this. Knowledge, it is true, has raised us to a higher eminence than our predecessors ever stood on, and its tendency is to puff up. Relying on what he deems his enlarged acquirements, the stripling of to-day is ready to despise the grey head of the last century. He has yet to learn that his knowledge is vanity, unless he has been taught to “know himself.” That wisdom, wherein he is deficient, has been learned in the school of experience by the quiet, low-voiced Elder he is mentally contemning; the wisdom of the heart, and not of the head.

Have you not, reader mine, when visiting the poor man, on whom the heavy blow of some bereavement had fallen, been amazed at the deep pathos of his exclamations—the strong, passionate pleading—the voice of deepest eloquence that descended in flashing light from his lips? The

* Continued from page 246. The very kind reception of the previous paper by the readers of the PATRICIAN, and the deference with which Editorial wishes must ever be met by him, are the writer's plea for giving this continuation. A contrary intention was expressed at the close of the former article, for which reason this brief explanation seems necessary.

rock at last was struck ; and you saw what streams it sent forth. Yet, ever previously, that same individual seemed to you as obtuse as the spade-handle with which he laboured—as dull as the clods he was turning up. Likewise, in mixing with neighbours less gifted than yourself, and of whom, in consequence, you were accustomed to think but little, in a happy moment was not the light from heaven flashed down on some dark soul, and you heard in wonder sentiments of beauty issuing from lips that you deemed incapable of moulding an idea? Yet, all the while, the knowledge was there. The gem, of whose value its very possessor was perhaps ignorant, lay concealed beneath that uncouth mass ; and when the sunlight fell upon it, how bright were the beams it shot sparkling forth ! I employ the two illustrations in proof of my position—that all our more blessed qualities, all our tenderer emotions, are possessed by the high and the humble in common ; and with the holy moral, that we should never think proudly of ourselves, or undervalue the least and lowest, for we have “all one human heart.”

The majesty of Intellect has worshippers unnumbered, and justly ; but the majesty of Feeling, because her paths are secret and devious, possesses few. Yet her trackways assuredly wind themselves through every heart. Fewer they may be in some, and more difficult of access ; but present still, to shew forth the human being. For, the heart’s wisdom is universal in its diffusion, as well as co-existent with man’s being in all ages.

XXXII.

Would we value Time aright, and employ its fleeting moments to our own profit and comfort, let us bear in mind that our Present will be immediately The Past. When we look back on bygone days, we often sigh for their recall, and assure ourselves that were they to become ours again, we should turn them to different uses from what we did ; but our wishes are vain, and never more in this world can those hours return to bless us. But their memory is not in vain, if it lead to a right employment of that which *is* our own—time now existent, yet full soon to pass away. The dark chasm of a single night removes the day so recently in our hand from us for ever. Let its transitory nature instruct us in wisdom. And this reflection will cheer us in time of grief. Present trouble will be past trouble speedily. It will be divided from us by a boundary of ease and comfort. Let us not then faint or be weary, but take our affliction patiently ; for though heaviness may endure for a night, joy will come in the morning.

XXXIII.

“I pity,” said a friend, “the guilty when overtaken by justice, more sincerely than were they innocent ; because they have not the comfort of an unrebuking conscience to sustain them.” Was this a misdirection of Pity?

XXXIV.

A golden rule for our intercourse with others, is this:—Avoid self-pleasing, and pursue those things which will bring pleasure to those around you. But to obey this simple precept, there is needed the disposition that will freely make sacrifices. Seek, therefore, to step out of “self” for a season. Try to realize to your own mind what are the thoughts and feelings of others ; how external things strike them—what

they love—what they hate—and in the simplicity of your own heart, accommodate yourself to this new system. Selfishness is detestable ; and the refusing to do what will augment the sum of another's happiness, because we care not for such things ourselves, is but one of the many forms of this prevailing vice. "Can I make happy by aiding in this?" ought to be our inquiry ; and its conversion to action will yield ourselves ultimately the purest delight. Of course, in all this, the lawfulness of the object is presupposed. Were it otherwise, the yielding to sin or folly, because we are asked, is sad infirmity, such as is wholly inexcusable.

XXXV.

Solitude is excellent for a season, but not for a lifetime. It makes an admirable retreat, but a crazy mansion.

The petty cares and contentions of our boyish days, what were they but the shadows of coming realities? What is man's maturest life, but the ripened semblance of his early experience?

True worth is like true courage, ever gentle and unobtrusive. That man is no better than an empty fool, who needs to assure you that he is the opposite.

The Chinese word for the eyelid is eminently beautiful. It signifies The Cradle of Tears.

The young are happy in being alive ; but with the the aged or weary Life is a burden. In itself it fails to satisfy them, and hence they are constrained to seek out objects for which to live. When these fail them, the world is a solitude.

To-day at dinner, I held out my hand to my dog who crouched by my side. He nuzzled into it, looking for food, and did not give me the greeting I expected. Is it not thus that we look up to God, for the gift's sake more than for the Giver?

XXXVI.

I have never been in any one's society, without having learned something. With many I have learned wisdom ; with others, patience ; with more, resignation ; and with all, the reality of the bonds that bind me and my brethren in the flesh together.

XXXVII.

You can do as you will with hot iron. You can do nothing whatever with a hot man. He cannot thus be fashioned according to your will, therefore seek not to do it.

XXXVIII.

Could we have a Lethe in this world, I question if matured reflection would suffer many drinkers to use its waters. However sombre may have been the tinge of our life, no one would wish the Past to be converted into a blank with him. There are pleasures in Memory, which we cannot afford to lose. They are riches, without whose possession we were poor indeed ; blessings that hallow us ; fountains, whence refreshing streams continually issue. Would the wayfarer, because his journey was wearisome, desire an oblivion of the early home he has left so far behind him ; Would the mariner willingly put out of view the storms he has buffeted, or the shipwrecks from which he was saved, merely because in their nature these events were unpleasant? Assuredly not. Even so,

although we have often to look back, through tears, on scenes that never can be again ours in this world; although thoughts of the Dead or the Distant weigh us down in anguish, and we painfully contrast the solitary Present with the love-abounding Past; yet our hearts would fail us in pronouncing a sentence of extermination on such recollections. They may be mournful, but we would fain keep them immortal.

XXXIX.

I do not know whether to regard the face of Childhood with more sorrow or joy. Unstained innocence is there, that seems a wonderful possession to those grown in years and (as a consequence) experienced in the world's evil ways: and something of heaven gleams forth in that full cherub countenance, which the characteristics of children abundantly confirm. How simple is their instinctive trustfulness: how high their sense of their honor! How mysterious their subtle questioning! and those strange thoughts and images, whence are they formed, and whither do they go? These are perplexing speculations, in which I full often lose myself, in thinking with deep emotion about these little folk. What they are now they cannot continue: and is the prospect of change one of brightness or apprehension? Can we help auguring the truth, that their happiness is uncertain, while the amount of its opposite is sure and determined? Fancy the cares of the world falling heavy on that girlish cheek and brow near you: and what woful alteration there will not Time and sorrow gradually bring to pass? What tides of tears must yet issue from eyes that are now lighted up with dancing sunshine; what weary disappointments must beat down all that high feeling, and terminate all those swelling hopes; what cares and fears must rack that now softly pulsating heart! Woman's lot is hers, with all its vicissitudes; and when these fall upon her in their fulness as wife and mother, will she be happier then than she is now?

And yon fair-cheeked boy, can the experience that lies too often through a pathway of trial, sufficiently recompense him for the freshness of feeling that is now all his own? Can participation in life's stirring scenes be counted a worthy exchange for the innocence that thinketh no evil? Compare him as he is yet to be, with the bright glad creature now before you, and you cannot contemplate the transformation without a shudder. Few formal prayers, if any, will replace the artless lisps of his tender years. The commandments of God, now anxiously obeyed, will be passed over as unimportant if not derided as foolish; and God's Word, which he now delights in, will seem cold and uninteresting; and the boy's dreams of Angels being the guardians of his slumber will be exchanged for the anxious visitants of the pillow of Manhood—Care, and Fear, and pale-cheeked Remorse. The early home that provided a shelter from every storm, a balm for every pain, will perhaps be pulled down and entirely removed from the face of the earth; or at least it will exist no more in its olden appearance, for the loving hearts that clothed it with smiles will have ceased to beat; and strangers will occupy the place of the long-known and long-loved. Can the prophetic eye that looks through coming years, and beholds this end, rejoice in aught save in the knowledge, that amidst all the mutation that overtakes the children of dust, there is One on high who changes not? He his the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and, if we put our trust in Him with sincerity, the guide of our childhood will be also the defender of our head as we grow old.

XL.

Of all remembrancers the most potent is Music. The associations it calls up are not the vague, unsubstantial phantoms evoked from the graves of the Past by reliques, but the warm and living restorations of all that we held dear. Precious indeed beyond the reach of gold or rubies, is the traced writing of a hand that can never more be joined with ours in the grasp of friendship; more precious still, the single lock of hair gathered from a brow now dissolved in dust; and when we gaze on either the long fixedness of look, the wistful silence, the quickly-heaving bosom sufficiently make known what deep emotions are stirring us within. But neither the one nor the other can so thrill the heart, as the strain of soft, or sad music heard long ago under circumstances far different from the present. Eye, ear, soul, sense, are taken captive by those overmastering tones; and the far-away and the Dead gather round us again, while our enchained faculties drink in the heart-melting melody. Did Orphic legends of hoar antiquity tell vainly that the Minstrel drew after him the stones and rocks, that he assuaged the ferocity of savage beasts, nay, even had power with grim Pluto himself, and brought back for a moment from the shadows of the Ghostland the loving dead into the light of day? The mythic tale needs hardly interpretation; it but conveys in its moral the all-conquering charm of music alike over individuals and nations. Hence the power of a single "air" to animate, as with one impulse, the assemblage of thousands; to put a soul into that huge, and hitherto insensate, body; to stir up learned and unlearned alike with the thrilling love of Fatherland. We have these potent national melodies ourselves, and in them—and not in fleets and armies—have our true national defences. They are the pulses of the nation's heart; the others are but the *brutum fulmen* of her arm. Cast your eyes abroad on other countries, and behold the similar result. Harken to *La Marseillaise* ringing out from the vineyards of Gaul; or to the "*gamle norge*," taken up among the snows of Norway; or to the simple *ranz des vaches* of the Swiss goatherd! Or walk along the shores of that fairest river in Europe, the rebuking limit of French aggression, and feel you not assured that Deutschland will evermore preserve its liberty, so long as "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" can be remembered and sung by its inhabitants. Nicholas Becker's verses alone would make a thousand swords leap from their scabbards:

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben! &c."

"They never shall have it,—never!
The free, the German Rhine!
They threaten in vain for ever
The River of the Vine.

"So long as its billows bounding
Shall wear their dark-blue vest,
So long as an oar, resounding,
Shall cleave its glorious breast,

"They never shall have it—never!
The free, the German Rhine!
No stranger's heart for ever
Shall bathe in its fiery wine!"*

* From a version by Mr. Mangan, author of *Anthologia Germanica*.

But the associations of Music are not alone national and patriotic. They reach individual bosoms, and make them overflow with personal reminiscences, unknown to the nearest bystander, sometimes of a comforting, but more often, alas! of a saddened character. There may be thoughts connected with some simplest song sufficient to render us incapable of hearing it again, without agony. A dear friend of ours, now in his rest, had loved early in life, with all the fervid attachment of a romantic disposition, a lady who never could be his, for she became the wife of another. He died in middle life unwedded, and unaltered in a single feeling towards her. Dear B., how little felt your haughty Emma all the worth of your priceless affection! how little knew she of its depth and sincerity! Time, the great Consoler, brought its usual healing to B.'s heart. He became calm and cheerful as of old. A moody fit might now and then visit him: but the cloud soon passed over, and the clear sunlight again burst forth in his heaven. All tokens and presents had been returned; and nought remained to provoke the sight or pain the memory. He mingled as formerly in society, and shone there with the brilliancy of one formed to be its ornament. All seemed well, and conformed to the new order of things, within him, as well as without. But **HER SONGS!** when these were sung—as sometimes they were by a stranger—what a tumult of pain they raised within him! The words, the notes, were the same; but how different the voice that gave them forth to his hearing! I have marked him struggling with himself in utter misery of soul, when conscious of the presence around him he sought to hide the emotions arising impetuously in his bosom; and he succeeded—but at what a price none, save himself, could tell. Among the triumphs of Song I know of no more painful instance than that of my poor friend, B.; and well do I remember the last occasion of my witnessing such conflicting thoughts as I have alluded to, when he half audibly murmured in a voice of pathetic entreaty,

“ Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti!
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi.”

XLI.

Ever bear in mind that “greater” or “less” are but degrees of comparison, and that comparison must always have a twofold relation, upward as well as downward. If there be multitudes inferior to you in condition, there are likewise multitudes far more exalted. Consider how you would feel in the presence of the latter, and let a measure of the same humility be present with you in your intercourse with the former. Has God endowed you with genius? it is not that you may condemn the less gifted, but that you may use it aright for the Giver's sake. Whatsoever may be its amount, look abroad in the world, and you shall not travel far without finding your compeer. When I am proud, I contrast myself with those above me; when I am weary, with the poor and the afflicted; when I am sorrowful, with the tormented by pain; when I am an invalid, with the hopelessly sick—and thus I learn humility, patience, contentment, and unmurmuring resignation.

XLII.

In our narrowness of comprehension we seldom keep in view that the heavenly bodies always shine, although their light does not always reach us. Is the Sun enveloped in vapour,—we consider him blotted out

from the heavens. Does night come on, bringing in the queen Moon and her starry fays,—we deem the greater luminary has quitted his place in the sky, not recollecting that he illumines other lands while it is darkness with us. Does morn come on, breathing incense from the awakened flowers,—we fancy the lamps of night are now extinguished, instead of being temporarily eclipsed. Man, in his ignorance, would thus accommodate Nature to his own contracted experiences, making “the world” to be what he sees, and feels, and knows himself. He remembers not the wonders that are beyond his ken, simply because they are placed outside the reach of his experience.

XLIII.

“Our little life is rounded by a sleep,” writes the great dramatist. In childhood the mind unconsciously awakens from its natal state of inactivity; and, at the conclusion of all mundane things, we “fall on sleep” again. But there is a daily and nightly mystery attached to our slumbering that we rarely strive to fathom. The boundary of the waking and sleeping states is imperceptible. If, when we lie down to rest, we resolve to investigate the whole process, we find we can learn nothing. Sleep, like a coy mistress, will keep herself from us at her own free will, and come to us at a moment we know not. When we mark her approach, startled she fleeth away; but when wearied with our expectancy we cease to hope, suddenly she takes us captive. What a solemn thought is that—“each night we die, each morn are born anew!” The repetition of the mystery alone robs it of its hidden character.

XLIV.

I do not know of finer eulogy than the following. It is headed in the manuscript, whence I derive it, “Madden’s lines on Bishop Boulter,” and refers perhaps to a former Irish primate of that name, who came in for a considerable share of obloquy in his day :—

“Some write their wrongs in marble; he, more just,
 Trod’d down serene, and wrote them in the dust,
 Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
 Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind—
 There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
 And grieved they could not ‘scape the Almighty’s eye.”

XLV.

In early spring, the whole upper air is made vocal with birds, singing aloft beyond the clouds. Their music is ravishing; but the choristers remain themselves unhehld. So is it most frequently with the humbly good.

XLVI.

“Wings!” Do not we often, in our mournful experience, covet such buoyant agency? When divided from those dearest to us, how we mark the flight of the passenger troops of birds, and breathe a longing wish, that, like them, we might cleave the air, and transport ourselves freely whither we would fain be. When the cares of the world press upon us, when disappointment clouds our pathway, or sorrow depresses us, or sickness wastes us, we look abroad at the free denizens of the air, and desire to be with them in their progress to another land. “Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest;” often and

often has that aspiration ascended up, seemingly in vain, yet not so. The change does come, and in its own appointed season. The grub dies, that it may become a chrysalis; and the chrysalis, leaving its uncouth covering, emerges a glorious winged creature. So the transporting power that earth-tired man longingly seeks after, comes to him through the grave and gate of death; and, on Angels' wings he is borne to a heavenly country.

XLVII.

What is it the wise men of this generation mean by "knowledge of the world?" It is simply universal distrust." This may be the safe course; but assuredly it is not the happy one. They know not how many of the best feelings of their nature must be trampled on, to attain this platform of security. They see not how far this suspicion of evil is only the shadow flung from blackness within their own breasts. Do not think wrong of another, before there are grounds for such a judgment. Better far to be deceived, than to forfeit that freshness of feeling, which enables you to look with kindness on your fellow-man, and with patience on his shortcomings.

XLVIII.

Death's traces are everywhere. The very homes we inhabit, and the comforts they contain, have only descended to us through the decease of former possessors. Shall we glory in what is not ours in permanency, but is Death's bequest, to be resigned ere long in a similar way? Yet we think lightly of these things. As little do the horses, that exult in their trappings, know that they are formed of the hides of their dead companions.

XLIX.

Other languages may have conventional idioms more expressive than our own, and which in consequence we turn to for occasional help; but no foreign tongue can excel the English in the power of painting a whole beautiful sentiment by a single vigorous touch. Our poets, for this reason, abound in lovely thoughts, given in a few striking words, such as the poets of no other land could attain to. So many instances occur, as to make selection difficult. Let us turn to the less obvious sources of illustration. Donne has drawn a whole character in five words, when he mentions among his favourites,

"Her, who loves liveness best."

Another old poet, James Hurdis, has alone described the "sound of the sea," since the days of Homer, and he does it in one vigorous effort,

"Raking with harsh recoil the pebbly steep."

Falconer brings us at once into the midst of the elemental conflict by pointing to

"the rugged lightnings."

Old Fuller, with characteristic quaintness, likens a skeleton to

"A naked cage of bone,
From which the winged soul long since is flown."

Prayers, according to Sir Richard Blackmore, are

"The only giants that assail
The throne of heaven, and in the end prevail."

Another of the classical ideas is beautifully accommodated by Hannah More. Speaking of injured virtue, she declares her belief that

"Slanders priestess still supplies
The Spotless for the sacrifice!"

Byron abounds in these short lines and broken sentences, which haunt one like pleasant ghosts we would never have "laid;" and in Wordsworth (an especial favourite) they may be met with in yet greater profusion. Both are admirable in the use of their weapons. The mark they aim at, they never fail to strike, and that by the shortest way. The wisdom of Shakspeare is embodied in our most ordinary language to such extent, that the poet has grievously suffered by his popularity. Like the favourite in a crowd, he has come in contact with much that is low and rude; for many of his most pathetic passages are interwoven with associations absolutely ridiculous.

L.

Lights may be conflicting, and instead of assisting may materially injure each other. The twilight of evening is converted into gloom by the introduction of the lamp or candle, and these again gleam with diminished power through the counteracting, though imperfect, illuminations without. So, a twofold motive is evil; and a double-minded man unstable in all his ways.

LI.

The slow-footed, but unwearied, progress of Time is a profound subject for reflection. Solemn indeed is the voice which speaks to us in the clock-notes. There, hour by hour, is proclaimed with a steadiness that dallies not with joy; that sympathizes not with grief; that is not moved by the agony of suspense, or the misery of departure, or the bitterness of death itself. And the sum of these hours forms our day; the reduplication of days, our month; the extension of a few months our year; and threescore-and-ten of these last periods the limit of man's appointed time of earth. Go back a few years, and you find yourself at the commencement of your mortal pilgrimage. Carry your thoughts forward for precisely the same amount, and where do you find yourself? In middle life; in grey hairs; or, more likely than either, in Eternity. You can moralize now, like the Prince of Denmark, on the vanity of human life.

LII.

Flowers, when blooming, seem to riot like children, in the mere possession of beautiful life. "Do not pluck them," was the exclamation of a friend, "they seem so happy!"

LIII.

To me there appears no state, in which poor humanity can be placed half so solemn, as that which, with sane persons, precedes their leaving this world altogether. I mean that contingency of deprivations of speech, sometimes attendant on paralysis. What memories of gone-bye things may not then visit the sufferer; what visions of Eternity, when this world is to such extent shut out! There he may lie, with all these things

crowding in upon him ; and, without communicating his anticipations, he enters on their fulness.

LIV.

Each of us is the centre of a circle, around which for the particular individual the whole world beside revolves. We feel this with sufficient accuteness, in relation to ourselves personally ; and towards our own centre, we would fain attract all the systems and suns of the encircling human hemisphere. But do we mentally, or practically, concede to others the same privilege ? Do we bear in view that in their judgment of us, we form to them but a jot of that countless throng called "the world ;" and that each portion of our conduct towards them is but the act of an individual whom circumstances have called out from the mass of mankind for a brief moment or two ? We attach so much importance to all that we say or do ourselves, that this passing suggestion may not be without its moral in humbling us.

LV.

Some "shadows" I have marked with keener delight than the very realities whence they proceeded. In the weary heats of summer how grateful the "shadow" of the passing clouds, screening the fields from the blazing sunbeams ! And sweet beyond measure is the mirrored image of the flowret that grows in tranquil beauty by the glassy river's marge. Pleasant too are the "shadows" of the loosely falling tresses of a Miranda, reflected as they will be on pearly white neck or shoulders ; and pleasanter still, the imaged reflections in her eyes, that look with love into ours. Such "shadows" we would only make perpetual.

LVI.

Never did Superstition weave for herself such robes of beauty as in the mythic days of Greece. It was Poetry spake then in the voice of Religion, and defied Nature by consecrating her most glorious forms. Trees, for instance, those waving shapes of beauty, became nymphs—mortal indeed in their nature ; for the images with which they were blended, are cut down and passed away from the green places they have gladdened—but lovely and most winning in every beholder's view. And to the dreamer, even yet, these Hamadryads seem like spiritual presences, peopling many a forest glade in our own sea-girt isle. When, enthusiast-like, he wanders away from the company of men, glad to cast aside the shackles of conventional life, happy in listening to the clear chiming of a rivulet, or the liquid music of a fresh springing fount, or enraptured with the warbling descant of birds, he communes with them as with familiar friends, and learns to recognise each single form in all its minutest outline of beauty. For him Pan is not dead—for him the soul of Grecian music yet breathes and lives, and hallows the common air and commonest scenes with intellectual associations for evermore.

LVII.

I have sometimes dreamed that I could distinguish in a crowded assembly, the particular individuals who were not destined to tarry long in this world, simply, by observing their *spiritual* appearance and manner. The thought is startling enough ; for it makes you feel as though your converse lay with inhabitants of another state, when you regard those with you as so soon to participate therein. The Early Called may, I believe, be

separated from others by noting the early ripening of their nature in all things, yet more especially in the feelings and affections. Nature powerfully impresses them. The beautiful Spring sends a thrill of inexpressible gladness through their frames. The sight and smell of flowers overwhelm them with "thoughts, too deep for tears." They look abroad on the beautiful earth, knowing too well that their adieu to it cannot be a thing far off: and happy for them it is to regard all the beauteous shapes around, as but types and shadows of a better country. In their affections they are gentle, tender, devoted. Clinging in their attachments, they cannot comprehend in sincerity or coldness. A word with them will cut deeper than a sabre's stroke, and will make them weep in solitude for the unkindness they have received. I do not draw on my imagination. Alas! a parti-colored life supplies me with too many instances of a real character. Such I have known; and when I saw their kindness and their goodness—their self-denying affection—their gifts and their graces—I knew well that these unearthly flowers were to be culled right soon, and transplanted to a heavenly country, there to bloom throughout eternity.

LVIII.

What a pretty conceit is this, which I find in an epistle just received from a distinguished friend:—"Old Father Time, as he sheds upon your communings a pretaste of his happiest futurities, charmed by your soft witchery, reverses his glass and gives you back the sparkling sands of youth, to enjoy once more."

LIX.

When we see those about us so busy and active in life, do we call to mind how quickly also they pass away, both from the world itself that so engrosses them, and from the recollection of the friends to whom they now appear to be all-in-all. This is done silently and gradually. We first hear of our acquaintance's illness; and sometimes this is short and sharp, and the goal is reached in a single bound. Should his malady continue, we bestow a brief hurried thought on the Sufferer in the intervals of our business, whatever that be; or even go so far as to make our inquiries. We hear at last that the man is dead; and with that knowledge comes the fact that he is sundered from us for ever. Soon the three days' burial follows; and after that the will is opened, and the expectant heir finds the realization of all his wishes at last. Or, it may be, the widow's heart reads there the record of the truest love, which has bequeathed to her "all," and that all—wretchedness and destitution.

How strange that with the burial, or at least with the week succeeding, the name of the Dead perishes! It may indeed receive an occasional mention, and the addition of some commiserating epithet; but with the man's bodily presence his best remembrancer is gone, and his memory speedily becomes unfrequent and ere long is utterly extinct. Years roll on. The generations contemporaneous pass away in their turn from the earth: while that rising up either remember not the individual at all, or saw him in such early years that they hold but slight recollection of his appearance. We, too, ourselves, find the outline of that face to have become a shadowy thing. We strain our thoughts to grasp it, and find in the effort that it floats away from us. Sometimes, in the crowds of men we perceive a wondrous similitude. We meet an utter stranger, and see in him so great a likeness that we start back in amaze. We draw nearer. An alteration in some material feature reveals to us the dissimilarity. A

different voice, different pursuits, different ideas in the stranger call us back to ourselves ; and we then bear in mind that the Friend in whose stead we regarded him, has been for years sleeping quietly in the churchyard of our native hamlet. At other times, in our solitude, that face will suddenly gleam down upon us ; but the same moment it will glide away, like a dream, into obscurity.

Yet I do not mean that because the name is unmentioned publicly or even by his family, the Departed is never thought of. Even in the bosom of an ordinary acquaintance some vague recollection yet lingers, which he cares not to bring to light, partly from its connexion with gone-by-years of personal happiness, and partly from his inability to find now those who would sympathize with him in his mention of it. And in households that have been thus bereaved, it is a touching thing, when some overpowering memento is casually introduced, to find the names, that tenderness itself keeps down, half issue from the quivering lips of survivors. So have I known the young maiden, called too soon to a participation in domestic cares, preserve in silence the memory of "the mother who looked on her childhood," being unwilling to speak them, lest she should bring pain to others, but never putting for a moment from her the thoughts with which that blessed One was identified. Perhaps, in very truth, they are the deepest feelings which we care not to speak. We run to them in secret for our own holiest solace, but we jealously keep them from the light and stir of publicity. We dread lest the taint of suspicion fall upon them, and we bury them in the recesses of our heart.

LX.

I saw an old man digging in a fair garden, where trees and winding walks abounded, but instead of flower-knots there were set manifold pillars here and there, and other carvings of the statuary. And I questioned him to what end he was labouring, or what plants he was about to rear from the trench he was excavating? And the old man told me he was a gardener, who only laid his flowers and shrubs in earth, but that he never had seen them springing up or blossoming in any wise. "Yet look around," said he, "and never was richer parterre than mine. Beneath the turf, every spot of which these hands have over and over turned up, lie seeds that gold could not purchase—seeds, from which shall spring flowers sweeter than the rose, more delicate than the lily, more fragrant than the violet, more enduring than *immortelles*." "Ah! old man," inquired I, eagerly, "what is thy name?" And he looked me full in the face, saying, "My name is Time, and my flowers shall only blossom in heaven!"

North Esk, Glanmire.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXII.—THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF KINGSTON FOR SHOOTING COLONEL FITZGERALD.

THIS singularly romantic affair has been so perfectly narrated in a recent very able and amusing work, "The Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation," by D. Owen Madden, Esq., that we cannot do better than extract the story as the author has there given it.

Mr. Madden writes thus:—

The house of King, as may be seen by any one who consults the Peerage, is very widely connected. Its members had at various periods made fortunate marriages, and towards the end of the last century the family occupied a very high place in English as well as Irish aristocratic society. The first Earl of Kingston [1768] resided at Mitchelstown, close to the towering Galtees, dwelling upon the demesne-lands obtained by his ancestor, on marriage with the daughter of Sir William Fenton.

The eldest son of the first earl was Robert, Viscount Kingsborough,* who was born in 1754. He represented the county of Cork in parliament. In 1769, he married Caroline, only daughter and heiress of Richard Fitzgerald, of Mount Ophaly, in Kildare. Miss Fitzgerald was cousin to Lord Kingsborough, her mother being daughter and heiress of James Baron Kingston. By their marriage the family estates were re-united. It will be observed, that the age of the noble bridegroom was fifteen, and the bride was some years younger.

Lady Kingsborough had a brother, who died without legitimate issue. He left, however, an illegitimate son, Henry Gerald Fitzgerald, who was reared up by Lady Kingsborough with the greatest kindness. She brought him up with her own family. Young Fitzgerald was handsome and distinguished in appearance, tall in stature, and endowed with courage and vigour. His passions were strong, and his temper arrogant and haughty. He was sent into the army, in which, aided by influence, he rapidly rose to the rank of Colonel.

Lord and Lady Kingsborough had a very numerous family. More for the education of her daughter than for the pleasure of fashionable life, Lady Kingsborough lived the greater part of the year in the neighbourhood of London. She employed various masters and governesses in the education of her daughter. Amongst her governesses was no less celebrated a person than Mary Wolstonecroft, afterwards Mrs Godwin. And

* The present Earl is his grandson.

amongst the daughters entrusted to her care was one of the younger, the Hon. Mary King.*

This young lady possessed a graceful figure, with a soft and pleasing air. Her features, without being beautiful, were striking; her countenance was artless; her appearance was rendered more remarkable by the extreme length and great beauty of her hair, of which she had an extraordinary profusion. In fact she was not ill qualified, by personal appearance, for the part of a heroine—and hers is a singular tale.

Colonel Fitzgerald resided with his wife, a very beautiful woman, at Bishopsgate, up the Thames. He was constantly in the company of Miss King, whose affections he succeeded in completely gaining, without exciting any suspicion in the minds of her family. Strangers, however, noticed the attention which he paid her. It was said that his designs upon Miss King were talked of amongst the musical performers hired for the balls and parties frequented by the family. But the fact of Colonel Fitzgerald being a married man, and his connexion with their family, blinded the household of Lord and Lady Kingsborough, and lulled all suspicions.

In the summer of 1797, Miss King suddenly disappeared. The family were struck with consternation, when the contents of a note left upon her dressing-table were made known. It was there stated, in her own handwriting, that she was about to throw herself into the Thames! A search was made. For two or three days the servants of Lord Kingsborough dragged the river near the house. Her bonnet and shawl were found upon the bank. The worst fears of the family respecting the suicide, as they conceived, seemed realized.

But there were some private circumstances which made her father alone, of all the family, disbelieve the notion that she had committed suicide. Vague suspicions of the nature of the case passed through his mind. The result of personal inquiries confirmed him in his idea, that his daughter was still alive. A postboy informed him of a curious fact. While taking a gentleman in a post-chaise to London, he saw a young lady walking by herself upon the road. Her manner and appearance attracted his notice. The gentleman desired him to stop. A seat was offered to the young lady, who accepted it without any hesitation. When they arrived in town, the lady went away in company with the gentleman.

On comparing facts and dates, Lord Kingsborough felt certain that the young lady seen by the postboy was his own daughter. He easily divined that she had eloped. But in company with whom? That question now became the subject of inquiry. He resolved to endeavour to gain tidings of her. Advertisements and placards were posted all over London, offering a reward for any intelligence respecting her.

It was suggested by some, that Colonel Fitzgerald was accessory to her elopement; but the Colonel denied the charge indignantly. He counterfeited the part of an innocent man with the greatest skill. No one could divine by his manner that he knew aught concerning the mysterious disappearance of Miss King. He affected to know nothing whatever of her, and even went so far as to pretend to assist the family in their researches. Day after day he used to go to Lord Kingsborough, and inquire with eagerness whether any intelligence had been received. And he would then sit in consultation with the family and friends, listening to the vain

* Another governess in this family was the learned Miss Elizabeth Smith.—See her Life, and extract from her correspondence, in “Memoirs of Literary Women.”

regrets of the afflicted parents, and the fruitless suggestions of their grieved relatives.

The case attracted great attention. Though at that period public events occupied more attention than at present, though the French Revolution and its horrors had satiated the lovers of the wonderful with the romance of life, still the fact of a nobleman's daughter suddenly disappearing, and the variety of strange reports in circulation respecting her, arrested the public notice. The subject was discussed at every dinner-table in the metropolis.

The way in which news was first received of Miss King was very strange. One day a servant-girl waited upon Lady Kingsborough, and said that she thought she could give some information. It seemed that she was a servant at a lodging-house in Clayton-Street, Kennington. About the time of Miss King's disappearance, a young lady had been brought by a gentleman to the lodging-house. He visited her constantly; the servant described her as being very handsome, and as having had a great profusion of hair. The girl had read the advertisements offering a reward for intelligence, and the statement of Miss King having remarkably long hair, caught her notice; her suspicions were immediately excited, when on going into the fair lodger's room one day, she found the young lady in the act of cutting off her hair. The servant remarked what handsome hair it was, and resolved to give information.

While she was in the act of detailing her intelligence to the Kingsborough family, the door of the apartment opened, and in walked Colonel Fitzgerald, to pay his usual visit of affected sympathy! He suspected nothing, not noticing the servant. The girl, however, suddenly exclaimed, "Why there's the very gentleman who visits the young lady!" pointing to the colonel. The bystanders were amazed; Fitzgerald himself was confounded at the suddenness of his detection; his habitual presence of mind deserting him, he literally *ran* from the apartment.

When his villany was thus discovered the indignation of the King family knew no bounds. The hypocrisy he had displayed added to the atrocity of his conduct in the abduction of Miss King. To have seized upon a young and inexperienced girl, would have been bad conduct in any man, but the conduct of Colonel Fitzgerald was indelibly blackened by the perfidy he had exhibited towards a noble family that had always treated him with the utmost liberality. He, to have decoyed Miss King; he, who had been brought up at her father's table—who had lived on terms of equality in the house—whose unhappy birth had been generously overlooked by Lady Kingsborough—he, the creature of the bounty and munificence of Lord and Lady Kingsborough—to have been guilty of such fiendish ingratitude, was wickedness both enormous and revolting!

Colonel King (now Lord Lorton) sought Fitzgerald, to have a hostile meeting with him. The Colonel chose for his second Major Wood, of Ashford; but Fitzgerald frankly told Major Wood, that in consequence of the odium thrown upon his character, it was probable that he could find no second. On Sunday morning, the 1st of October, 1797, according to an arranged plan, the parties met near the Magazine in Hyde Park. Colonel Fitzgerald was previously met near Grosvenor-gate, unaccompanied by any friend. He said on the previous day, that he was so sensible of Major Wood's honour, that he was perfectly ready to meet Colonel King without a second. On meeting him again the next morning, in the Park, Major Wood asked him where was his second, and Fitzgerald replied that

he could not find one, professing at the same time his readiness to meet Colonel King. The surgeon, brought to the ground by Fitzgerald, was then applied to, but he refused, saying, however, that he would remain in view. Colonel King was, in the meanwhile, most anxious that nothing should stop the business. Major Wood determined that everything should be conducted as fairly as possible. The parties were placed at ten short paces distant from each other; this distance was thought too short by Major Wood, but he himself stated that he hoped after the first fire, Fitzgerald would throw himself on Colonel King's humanity. His conduct was the reverse; the parties exchanged no fewer than six shots each! The fact of their having repeatedly missed each other, can only be accounted for by their excitement; for Major Wood has recorded his opinion, that Fitzgerald "seemed bent on blood." After the fourth shot, Fitzgerald said something about Major Wood's giving him advice "as a friend." The major replied that though he was no friend to Fitzgerald, he was a friend to humanity; and that, if after what had passed, Fitzgerald had firmness enough to acknowledge to Colonel King that he was the vilest of human beings, and bear without reply any language from Colonel King, however harsh, that then the affair might come to a conclusion. He consented to acknowledge that he had acted wrong, but not going further in his condemnation, it was resolved that the duel should proceed. He then attempted to address Colonel King, who peremptorily prevented him, saying "that he (Fitzgerald) was a d—d villain, and that he would not listen to anything he had to offer." Thus, after the first shot, they proceeded to fire twice again at each other! Colonel Fitzgerald's powder and ball were then expended, and he requested to be allowed one of Colonel King's pistols. Major Wood however refused to allow this request to be granted, though Colonel King eagerly pressed the major to allow it. The parties, therefore, separated, Colonel Fitzgerald having first agreed to meet Colonel King at the same hour and place on the following morning. Both the colonels, however, were put under arrest that day.

Meantime Miss King had been removed to Ireland; she was taken to the family residence at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. In our days a noble castle has been erected there, often visited by travellers, forming, in itself, one of the ornaments of the South of Ireland. The demesne through which the river Funcheon winds, runs at the foot of the Galtees; its surface is diversified, and the scenery is romantic. The chain of the Galtees rises very precipitately from the base, and the towering hills add much to the beauty of the landscape. Fifty years since, the Mitchelstown demesne was extremely well wooded, but within recent times the old timber has been cut down. In this secluded scene, her friends hoped that Miss King might rest secure; but their hopes were to be disappointed.

Colonel Fitzgerald, stung by mortification, and infatuated with passion, followed Miss King to Ireland, determined to get her again into his power. When Miss King had been removed to Ireland, she was accompanied by a servant-maid, who was in the colonel's interest. The maid's real character was discovered, and she was immediately dismissed from the service of Lord Kingsborough; but she managed, before leaving, to place herself in communication with Colonel Fitzgerald.

At that time, the inn at Mitchelstown was kept by a person named Barry, an old retainer of the Kings. Fitzgerald, in disguise, came to Barry's house, and staid there for a day or two; he did not go out by day, but prowled about at night. His motions were watched by Barry, whose

suspensions were awakened, and who conjectured that the stranger, as he believed him to be, had no good intentions. Lord Kingsborough was not at that time at Mitchelstown Castle; he was absent from home on public business, but his presence was expected at an inspection of yeomanry and militia, which was to take place at Fermoy. Thither, accordingly, Barry repaired, and met with Lord Kingsborough, as he expected. He gave his intelligence; and Lord Kingsborough's notion was, that the mysterious stranger must have been an emissary of Colonel Fitzgerald. Supposing that some new plot was hatching, he lost no time in going to Mitchelstown, and drove eagerly to the inn, where he learned that the stranger had departed that morning in a post-chaise. He learned from the post-boy who drove him, that the strange gentleman had stopped at the Kilworth hotel.

Lord Kingsborough, burning with anxiety, retraced his course, and, accompanied by Colonel King, arrived at the Kilworth hotel in the evening. He immediately asked whether a strange guest had come there that day, and he learned that the person of whom he was in pursuit was then in the house. Believing firmly that the person was a stranger, never supposing that Colonel Fitzgerald would have the audacity to approach the neighbourhood of Mitchelstown, Lord Kingsborough sent up his compliments by the waiter, with the expression of a desire to see the gentleman on business. The waiter took the message to Colonel Fitzgerald's bed-room; the door was locked; Fitzgerald would not open it, but roughly told the waiter not to disturb him at that unseasonable hour, as he could not attend to any business that evening. His voice was immediately recognised by Lord Kingsborough and his party; they hastened up stairs without any delay; they eagerly and vehemently demanded admittance. Their request was of course in vain, and it did not require very much effort to burst open the door. Fitzgerald at the moment was in the act of grasping a case of pistols. Colonel King rushed towards him, in violent excitement, in order to seize him. Colonel Fitzgerald at once grappled with him, when Lord Kingsborough, who was in a state of horrid excitement, immediately shot Fitzgerald upon the spot.

Such were the real facts of this extraordinary case, which have been erroneously told by various persons. The common story of the country, that Lord Kingsborough found Fitzgerald in bed, that the colonel cried out for mercy until he repeated one prayer, and that Lord Kingsborough cried, "No mercy, you dog"—all that and many other of the commonly told particulars, are absolutely false. Lord Kingsborough shot Colonel Fitzgerald in a paroxysm of mental excitement. When he entered the room, he never contemplated his death; what his intentions actually were, it is now utterly impossible to say, but what he did not intend to do can be affirmed, for after the event, Lord Kingsborough, though retaining a natural antipathy to Fitzgerald's memory, expressed the strongest regret at the occurrence. There is every reason to believe that the account of the transaction by Lord Kingsborough himself is the simple truth. He saw the struggle between his son and Fitzgerald; he remembered the audacious character before him, and influenced, as he stated, by apprehension for his son, he shot the Colonel. The whole affair was scarcely the work of a minute. In telling the circumstance to his own relatives upon that very night, Lord Kingsborough exclaimed, "God! I don't know

how I did it; but I most sincerely wish it had been by some other hand than mine." *

The fate of Colonel Fitzgerald caused great talk at the time. Bills were sent before the grand jury of the county of Cork, of which the late Earl of Shannon (then Viscount Boyle) was foreman, and the bills were found against Lord Kingsborough, his son, the Honorable Robert King, Colonel of the Roscommon militia (now Viscount Lorton), and a man of the name of John Hartney, who had formerly been a private in the militia. The grand jury consisted of the first commoners in the county—Uniacke Fitzgerald, Deane Freeman, the Longfields, Aldworths, Boyle Townsends, &c. The assizes were held in the month of April, 1798, and a petty jury was empanelled to try the honorable Robert King (the present Lord Lorton) and Robert Hartney. The jury found them not guilty. In fact there was no prosecution.

Not long after the shooting of Colonel Fitzgerald had taken place the first Earl of Kingston died (November 13, 1797), consequently Lord Kingsborough, on succeeding to the title, demanded to be tried by his peers. The indictment, therefore, against Robert Earl of Kingston, found at the spring assizes for 1798, in Cork, was moved by writ of *certiorari* into the high court of parliament; and on the 18th of May, 1798, the trial came on in the House of Lords.

The circumstances which led to the death of Colonel Fitzgerald, made people at the time look to the trial of Lord Kingston with some interest. Since the case of Lord Byron in England, there had been no trial of a peer, and the novelty of the proceedings imparted additional interest to the case. On the appointed day, there was a numerous assembly of the resident peers of Ireland. In general the meetings of the House of Peers were very thinly attended. Several peers specially attended on that day, for the first time in their lives. Amongst them were—Lords Kinsale and Muskerry, connected with the south of Ireland, and Lawrence Parsons, Lord Oxmantown (late Earl of Rosse). The Marquesses of Waterford and Drogheda, supported by the Earl of Ormonde, and some of the principal earls in the Irish peerage, attended. In addition to the two marquesses, there were twenty-seven earls, fourteen viscounts, three archbishops (Armagh, Cashel, Tuam), thirteen bishops, and fourteen barons, assembled. These, it may be observed, constituted a majority of the *resident* peers of Ireland.

The proceedings commenced by the Ulster King of Arms calling over the roll, beginning with the junior baron. There were found to be absent no fewer than forty-five barons, five bishops, forty-three viscounts, forty-seven earls, two marquesses (Donegal and Downshire), one duke (Leinster), and the Archbishop of Dublin. Thus the absent Irish peers far exceeded the number of those in attendance. The fact might cause surprise to those unacquainted with the history and constitution of the Irish peers. George III. created a vast number of English and Scotch gentlemen peers of Ireland. Not wishing to swamp the House of Lords in England, and anxious, at the same time, to satisfy the clamorous vanity of the political

* From private information supplied by one of the few surviving persons, cognizant of all the circumstances. My respected informant was roused from his bed within four hours after the occurrence, and the facts stated to him by one of the King family exactly as in the above statement. That Lord Kingsborough did not enter the hotel with the intention of taking the life of Fitzgerald can be affirmed with certainty.

supporters of his favourite ministers, he adopted the plan of making Irish peers by wholesale. Thus it happens that so many families have titles in the peerage of Ireland, without possessing an acre of property in the country.

A good many spectators, led by curiosity, attended the trial of the Earl of Kingston. The lords adjourned their proceeding to the lower chamber of parliament, the place appointed for the trial, as being more suitable than their own handsome but confined apartment. Their procession on that occasion was, probably, the last handsome piece of pageantry which the Irish House of Peers exhibited. They marched two by two into the House of Commons, the masters in chancery and the robed judges of the courts of law preceding them. Immediately before the lords, walked in procession the minors of their order, not entitled to vote, and the eldest sons of the peers. Last of all came the most remarkable, and least noble man of the order, John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare, walking by himself, as it was fit that he should walk; for where amongst the body could *his* peer be found?

Then began the fantastic spectacle which the crowd had come to see. Reverences and salaams were duly made by serjeants-at-arms, and clerks in chancery, and clerks of the Queen's Bench. There were crossings to the right and left, and reverences to his Grace the Lord High Steward on the woolsack. The King's commission, appointing the Earl of Clare Lord High Steward, was read aloud, all the peers standing up uncovered; the writ of *certiorari*, and the return to it; after that the indictment before the grand jury of the county of Cork, and the finding "a true bill" by "Boyle and Fellows," were severally read at length. Then the clerk of the crown directed the serjeant-at-arms to make proclamation to the Constable of Dublin Castle, to bring his prisoner, Robert Earl of Kingston, to the bar.

"Oyez—oyez—oyez—Constable of Dublin Castle, bring forth Robert Earl of Kingston, your prisoner, to the bar, pursuant to the order of the House of Lords. God save the King."

Then, amid dead silence, the Earl of Kingston was ushered in by the Constable and Deputy Constable of Dublin Castle, the latter of whom carried the axe, standing with it on the left hand of Lord Kingston, the edge being turned from him. The noble prisoner then made a low reverence to the High Steward, and one to the peers at either side of him. He then fell upon his knees at the bar. Upon being told to rise, he again bowed to Lord Clare and all the peers, the compliment this time being returned him by the High Steward and all the lords. Lord Clare, from the woolsack, addressed him as follows:—

"Robert Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most serious charges that can be made against any man—the murder of a fellow-subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your lordship, that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection, and the punishment of guilt alone; and it must be a great consolation to you, to reflect, that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candour you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolate obligation of their honour. It will also be a consolation

to you to know, that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different classes. If it arise from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; and of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advantage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the house to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular."

Lord Clare was, probably, obliged to make the last remark, owing to the course of proceedings being rare and novel. The indictment was then read, Lord Clare having directed the accused to pay particular attention to it. The clerk of the crown then said, "How say you, Robert Earl of Kingston, are you guilty or not guilty of this murder and felony for which you stand arraigned?"

The Earl of Kingston replying "Not guilty," the clerk of the crown further interrogated him thus—"Culprit, how will your lordship be tried?" The earl replied, "By God and my peers." To which the clerk made rejoinder, "God send you a good deliverance." The serjeant-at-arms then made proclamation:—

"Oyez—oyez—oyez—All manner of persons who will give evidence upon oath before our sovereign lord the king, against Robert Earl of Kingston, the prisoner at the bar, let them come forth, and they shall be heard, for he now stands at the bar upon his deliverance."

A delay of some time then took place. No witnesses appearing, Lord Clare asked the counsel for Lord Kingston, whether they had served notices of the removal of the indictment into the high court of parliament? It was seldom that Lord Clare had to address any remark to the counsel who attended for the accused. It was no other than Curran, the sturdy enemy of Lord Clare.

Witnesses were then produced on the part of the accused, to prove that notice had been duly served on the widow and children of the deceased Colonel Fitzgerald. Proclamation was again made for witnesses for the crown to come forward; but none appeared. Then after some matters of form had been gone through, the Lord High Steward called over every peer by his name, beginning with the junior baron, and asked him, "Is Robert Earl of Kingston guilty of the murder and felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

And thereupon every peer present severally, standing up uncovered, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honour," laying his right hand upon his heart. The Lord High Steward then summoned the Earl of Kingston again to the bar, and briefly informed the accused of his acquittal without a dissenting voice. Lord Kingston then made three reverences to the peers, and retired.

The white staff was then delivered to Lord Clare, who, holding it in both his hands, broke it in two, and declared the commission to be dissolved.

Miss King was removed to England, and was domesticated there under a feigned name. She was at last settled in the family of a respectable clergyman of the Established Church in Wales. Her manners were engaging; in character, as well as person, she is described as having been very attractive. The clergyman did not know the real name, or the history of the interesting individual domiciled under his roof. For obvious

reasons, he was kept in error by the friends of the young lady. The termination of her adventures was not the least remarkable fact in her romantic story. She was very much liked by the clergyman's family, and her conversational powers are described as being of a high order. She possessed one of the most fascinating of all accomplishments—*l'art de bien narrer*. Her own extraordinary adventures were one day the theme of her narrative powers. She told the clergyman, using feigned names, the entire history of her life, and described, as belonging to the history of another person, the feelings which she had herself experienced, and the incidents which had occurred to her. The delineation, as might easily be supposed, was highly wrought and spirited. It moved the clergyman exceedingly, and he expressed the deepest pity for the victim painted by Miss King. While he was so expressing his feelings, Miss King suddenly revealed to him who she was. "I am that very person for whom you have expressed so much interest." The clergyman was astonished at the intelligence, and shewed at first more surprise than pleasure at the information. Miss King at once repented of her frankness, as she thought it likely that she would be removed to another abode. She told the clergyman that she supposed, after that information, he would not permit her any longer to be an inmate of his household. He disclaimed such an intention—he saw that the young lady was "more sinned against than sinning"—and he felt sincere compassion for her sufferings, and sympathy with her misfortunes. In many cases, especially where the sex is concerned, "Pity is akin to love." It was so in the present instance, and the adventures of Miss King were finally closed more pleasantly than might have been augured from their commencement. She was not long after married to this clergyman, and lived with him a very happy and exemplary life. She died several year ago in Wales.

VICISSITUDES OF MONARCHS.

DON SEBASTIAN, KING OF PORTUGAL.

"Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed :
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE tempest of revolution is sweeping over the ancient kingdoms of Europe, and crushing in a moment the mighty dynasties which have flourished for ages in the lustre and power of regal authority. Bourbon—the proudest of any—fills no longer the throne of St. Louis; and Hapsburgh and Brandenburg bend before the storm. In times like these, when it has pleased Providence that we should thus witness the most afflicting instances of fallen grandeur in the persons of apparently the most puissant sovereigns, the historical reader will, we think, be gratified by his attention being directed to the Lives of those Princes whose "vicissitudes" have cast the halo of romance around their names, and whose fall so forcibly attests the instability of human greatness. The mightiest monarch, one day on the loftiest pinnacle of his ambition, is, the next, an exile and a suppliant in a foreign land—his past supremacy almost forgotten, and his present lowliness only thought of "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

"This melancholy truth," says Gibbon, "was acknowledged and felt by Severus. Fortune and merit had from an humble station elevated him to the first place among mankind. *He had been all things*, as he said himself, *and all was of little value.*"

The subject before us is one of striking interest—replete with anecdote and stirring adventure, and suggestive of much serious reflection. For the first in the series we have selected the marvellous history of DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, the details being but imperfectly known, and the narrative remarkable for the unconquerable energy with which the poor Prince strove, though, alas! in vain, to regain the diadem of his ancestors.

In future numbers of *The Patrician* we purpose entering on the sufferings and trials of many a fallen monarch, whose fate, now seldom remembered, excited at a former period a sensation similar to that felt in our own day for "the vicissitudes" of the exiled King that dwells amongst us.

Sebastian, King of Portugal, was born in the year 1554, some time after the demise of his father, son to the reigning Sovereign, and was carefully educated by his mother, who was daughter to the celebrated Emperor, Charles V. In 1557 he succeeded his grandfather John III. In 1574 he conceived a design of waging war on the Moors, and having made great preparations for putting his design in execution, landed at

Tangier with a vast army on the 9th of July, 1578; on the 4th of August, in the same year, he fought the unfortunate battle of Alcázar, in which the Moors were victorious, although they lost their King, who died of a fever, of which he had been long sick, in his litter. After the battle, the Portuguese, missing their Prince, sent to those who were taken prisoners, who sought carefully for his body, which, as many supposed, was found. It had several large wounds, and by reason of the excessive heat of the climate, was already in a state of corruption. However, it was laid in a tent, and the nobility went to see it, but received no kind of satisfaction that it was the body of their King; on the contrary, it was generally thought it was not. Nevertheless, Philip of Spain having demanded it, and, as some report, having given a vast sum for it, it was at length sent him, and he caused it to be interred with all royal honours at Bethlehem, which stands a mile from Lisbon, and is the usual burying-place of the Portuguese Sovereigns. It is certain that the Portuguese nation in general never credited the story of Sebastian's death, but were so firmly persuaded he was alive, that they readily countenanced two impostors who were hardy enough to assume his name. The first of these was the son of a tile-maker, who was instigated by a priest, styling himself Bishop of Garda, and who took a note of the names of those who bestowed their benefactions upon his disciple, in order to their being repaid when he should be restored. They were quickly apprehended—the priest hanged, and the pretended king sent to the galleys. This happened in the year 1585. The very same year Matthew Alvarez, a native of the island of Tercera, and the son of a stone-cutter, was persuaded to give himself out for King Sebastian. This man was a hermit, who lived in solitude a harmless, inoffensive life. Many of whom he begged, believed they saw in his countenance the features of Don Sebastian; they told him so, but he very honestly answered that he was no king, but a poor hermit. By degrees, however, ambition got the better both of his reason and virtue; he no longer answered as he was wont; but, on the contrary, gave all who interrogated him cause to apprehend that he was really the King. By degrees he permitted them to pay him royal honours, suffered his hand to be kissed, and dined in public; nay, he went so far at last, as to write to the Cardinal Archduke Albert, commanding him to quit his palace, for that he intended to resume the government. Upon this a body of troops being sent against him, his adherents were routed, and himself taken prisoner. His death quickly followed, accompanied with extraordinary marks of severity. He had his right hand cut off, after which he was strangled, and his body quartered. By this means the Spanish government reckoned that a stop would be put to the hopes of pretenders, and to the credulous folly of the Portuguese. In the year 1598, notwithstanding these severities, there went a report that the true Don Sebastian had been seen in Italy. Upon this, one Manual Antonez, who had served the Cardinal Henry, who succeeded Don Sebastian, declared publicly in Portugal that Sebastian was not killed at the battle of Alcázar, but that himself returned with him into Portugal, and that the King put himself into a religious house in Algarve, there to do penance for his temerity. In vindication of this account he produced an act drawn up in form, under the hand and seal of the holy Father, guardian of that religious house. This affair making a great noise, Manual Antonez was directed to apply himself to the Court of Spain, which order he obeyed, and having produced his paper to King Philip, was seized, committed to

prison, and never heard of more. This new Sebastian appeared first at Padua, where many pitied and relieved him, upon which directions were sent from Venice, to oblige the person who called himself King of Portugal to retire thence in three days, and in the space of a week to quit the dominions of Venice. He was sick when the order was notified to him, but as soon as he recovered he went to Venice, in order to give an account of himself to the Seignory. The ambassador of Spain instantly applied himself to that Senate, demanding that this impostor should be apprehended, and charging him with many enormous crimes. He was accordingly, in the month of November, thrown into a dungeon, and commissioners appointed to hear what the Spanish ambassador could prove against him, which came at last to nothing at all. He was eight-and-twenty times examined; at first he readily answered all the questions that were asked him concerning the embassies sent to him while he was King of Portugal, the measures he had taken, the letters he had written, and the missions he had made use of. But at last he refused to answer any more questions, addressing himself to his judges in these words:—

“My Lords, I am Sebastian, King of Portugal. I desire you will suffer me to be seen by my subjects; many of them have known and must remember me; many of them have known and conversed with me. If any proof can be offered that I am an impostor, I am content to die; but would you put me to death merely for having preferred you to the rest of the European powers, in seeking refuge in your dominions?” Doctor Sampaso, and other Portuguese, then residing at Venice, solicited earnestly for his being set at liberty; the commissioners informed them, that without a certificate of indubitable authenticity, as to the marks whereby Don Sebastian might be known, they could not set this man at liberty, because they knew their hatred to the Castilians to be such, that, if need were, they would acknowledge a negro to be Don Sebastian. Doctor Sampaso upon this went privately to Lisbon; whence he brought with him to Venice, a canon, and an instrument signed by an apostolic notary, containing an exact account of the marks of Don Sebastian’s body; whereupon he renewed his request, which the seignory evaded, alleging that they could not enter into such an inquiry at the request of a private person, but that they were ready to do it, if any of the potentates of Europe interested themselves in the affair. The Portuguese upon this applied themselves to sovereign courts with unwearied diligence. At last, on the 11th of December, the same year, Don Christopher the younger, son of Don Antonio, once King of Portugal, attended by Sebastian Figuera, arrived at Venice, with letters from the States-general and Prince Maurice. A day of audience was now appointed; on which the person calling himself Don Sebastian was seated on the right hand of the Prince, and permitted to deliver his pretensions in writing to the Duke and two hundred senators, who, when they spoke to him, gave him the title of *Illustrissimo*. This was on the Tuesday; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the council was continued. At ten in the evening of the last-mentioned day, they made their report to the senate, who immediately summoned Don Sebastian before them, to whom they gave the same injunction that he had before received at Padua. While this order, which was in writing, was read, the senators continued standing, while he who called himself Sebastian sat, and remained covered. When he came out, he would not suffer any to accompany him to the house where he had first lodged, where he found Roderigo Marquez and Sebastian Figuera.

who at first sight of him were extremely surprised. They said he was much changed, but that they were positive he was the King, of which they advised his cousin, Don Christopher, who thereupon ordered he should be conducted to the lodgings of Don John de Castro, which were in a more private part of the city. There he shewed himself to all the Portuguese, observing to them that his person was very remarkable, his whole right side being larger than his left; he measured his arms, legs, and thighs; then kneeling down, he discovered that his right shoulder was higher than his left, by three inches; he shewed them the scar of his right eyebrow, and suffered all, who desired, to feel with their fingers a remarkable cleft in his scull. He then shewed them that he wanted a tooth on the right side of his lower jaw, which he said had been drawn by Sebastian Nero, his barber; all the rest of his teeth being firm and strong. They would have had him eat, but he refused so to do, it being Friday.

As those who were about him came from different countries, some were habited after the Dutch, some after the Italian, others after the French fashion; one, whose name was Francis Antonio, was in the garb of a pilgrim, with a staff in his hand. Sebastian standing by the fire, after continuing a long time silent, at last said with a smile, "*Tanto brage*"—what odd fashions! Upon which, some of the Portuguese nobility, who had been hitherto silent, cried out, that from the manner of pronouncing these words, they knew him to be the king. The second night, notwithstanding that all the passes into the country of the Grisons were secured, he went over into the Terra firma, in the habit of a monk; but when he quitted Padua, he resumed his cloak and sword, took the road to Florence, and was there arrested by order of the Grand Duke. The King of Spain immediately demanded that he should be put into his hands, which the Grand Duke refused to do, justifying himself by the example of the state of Venice. However, the Duke of Savoy, preparing to invade his dominions, he caused Sebastian to be sent to Orbitello, and put into the hands of the Spaniards. The writers in Italy were much divided on this event; some commending the Grand Duke for discouraging an impostor, others alleging that it was a direct breach of faith. He who called himself King of Portugal understood it in this light. He reproached the Grand Duke's officers in the severest terms, adding, when he was delivered to the Spaniards, that he did not doubt but God would punish the House of Medicis for their perfidy towards him. At Naples, he was imprisoned in the Castle De Obo, and as the Portuguese affirm, was locked up in a chamber for three days, without having any sustenance given him, or so much as seeing the face of any person, only a rope and a knife of half a foot long were left in a corner of the room. Sebastian did not make use of either of these remedies, but bore with patience and resignation all the injuries and hardships that were put upon him. The fourth day, the Auditor-General, accompanied with two secretaries, made him a visit. The magistrate told the prisoner in a few words, that provided he laid aside the chimerical style he had hitherto assumed, he might have meat, drink, a convenient lodging, and other accommodations.

"I cannot do that," said he. "I am Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, whose sins have drawn upon him these severe chastisements; I am content to die after what manner you please, but, to deny the truth, that I can never do."

After this, he was allowed bread and water for some time, and then five crowns a month, and a servant to attend him.

The Conde de Lemos, at that time Viceroy of Naples, being desirous to see him, he was conducted to the palace, where, entering the hall, and perceiving the Count bareheaded, which happened accidentally, on account of the heat of the weather, he said in a grave and majestic tone,

"Conde de Lemos, be covered."

The spectators being astonished, the Count asked him with some disdain, "by what authority he bid him be covered?"

"By an authority," replied the prisoner, "to which my birth entitled me. But why, Sir, do you pretend not to know me? I remember you very well; my uncle Philip sent you twice to me in Portugal, where you had such and such private conferences with me."

The Count, touched with this discourse, continued some time silent; at last he said to the keeper who was with him,

"Take him away, he is an impostor."

"No, Sir," returned he, "I am the unfortunate King of Portugal, and you know it well. A man of your quality ought, on all occasions, either to be silent, or to speak the truth."

While the Conde de Lemos lived, except his imprisonment, Sebastian endured no great hardship; he was allowed to live as he pleased, and was permitted to go to chapel whenever he desired it. He fasted, regularly, Fridays and Saturdays, and, during the whole of Lent, contented himself with herbs and roots; received the sacrament, and went to confession constantly.

The Conde de Lemos was succeeded in his government by his son, who treated Sebastian with great rigour. The Bishop of Reggio was sent to exorcise him (the Spanish ministry, on account of his answers, affecting to believe he was a magician). This prelate, having performed his office with great solemnity, the prisoner drew a little crucifix out of his bosom: "Behold," said he, "the badge of my profession, the standard of that Captain whom, to the last drop of my blood, I shall serve." On the first day of April, 1602, he was carried from the castle, mounted on an ass, three trumpets sounding before him, and a herald proclaiming these words: "His most Catholic Majesty hath commanded this man to be led through the streets of Naples with all the marks of ignominy, and then to serve on board the gallies for life, for giving himself out to be Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, whereas, he is a Calabrian." When the herald spoke of calling himself king, he cried out, "And so I am;" when he came to the word Calabrian, the prisoner cried out again, "That is false." After this, he was put on board the gallies, and, for a day or two, chained to the oar; but as soon as they were out of the port, they restored him his own clothes, and treated him like a gentleman. In the month of August, 1602, the gallies came into port St. Lucar, where the Duke and Duchess of Medina Sidonia desired to see the prisoner. When they had conversed together for some time, Sebastian asked the Duke "if he had still the sword which he gave him?"

"I have," replied the Duke, cautiously, "a sword given me by Don Sebastian when he went to Africa, which I keep among other swords presented to me."

"Let them be brought," said the prisoner, "I shall know the sword I gave you."

A servant being sent upon this occasion, returned presently with a

dozen. Sebastian having examined them one by one, turned gravely to the Duke, and said, "Sir, my sword is not here." The servant being remanded to bring the rest, as soon as he came with them, Sebastian caught one out of his hand, crying out, "This, Sir, is the sword I gave you." When he came to be put on board the galleys, he said to the Duchess, "Madam, I have nothing to give you now; when I went to Africa, I gave you a ring; if you send for it, I will tell you a secret." The Duchess said, "It was true the King of Portugal had given her a ring," and ordered it to be sent for; when Sebastian saw it, he said, "Press it with your fingers, madam, the jewel may be then taken out, and beneath it you will find my cypher;" which proved to be true. The Duke and Duchess shed tears at his departure. When he took his leave, he said to the Duchess, "Madam, the negro slave who attends you formerly washed my linen." Sebastian was, after this, imprisoned, yet treated with lenity till he died, which happened four years afterwards, always persisting that he was in truth what he gave himself to be.

BERLIN AND POTSDAM.

BY A VACATION RAMBLER.

THERE are few cities in Germany more worthy of a visit than Berlin. Indeed it may fairly be said to yield to Vienna only in interest and importance; and it seems somewhat difficult to predict, in the present unsettled state of the continent of Europe, which of the two kingdoms, whose capitals we have named, is destined eventually to take the lead and occupy the post of distinction in the Germanic Confederation. We will not weary our readers with conjectures on the subject, which belong more properly to the pages of a daily paper than to those of a magazine. Our object is to present the reader with a brief sketch of what most engaged our attention during our short stay in Berlin and its neighbourhood.

The city is situated on a portion of that immense sand plain which extends, almost without interruption, from Holstein to St. Petersburg; and derives its name from "Berle;" a word signifying in the language of the earliest settlers in the district, "uncultivated land." The river Spree—which joins the Elbe and the Oder by means of canals, and so provides excellent water communication with the German ocean and the Baltic—divides the city into two nearly equal portions.

It is evident from this description, that nature has done little for Berlin, and the traveller is surprised to find that so splendid a city should have arisen in the midst of this desolate plain. The Great Frederick, to whose memory the Prussian Government is only now rendering tardy justice by the erection of a splendid monument, was the cause of the present grandeur of the city. By his commands, a large tract of land was enclosed, and speedily built upon, but, in consequence of the extent to be covered, the houses are low, and the façades of some of the finest of unusual length in proportion to their height. For the same reason, the streets, from their great width, have frequently a bare appearance.

But let the reader imagine himself in the *Unter den Linden*, the principal street in Berlin, so called from the double avenue of lime trees, which extends through almost the entire length. Entered at one end by the Brandenburg gate—perhaps the finest portal in Europe—containing many of the principal hotels, and terminating with a concentration of splendid buildings, including the town palace of the King, the magnificent new museum, and several other edifices in the immediate neighbourhood of singular beauty, the traveller is at once impressed most favorably. The *Schloss*, or Royal Palace, is an immense building of considerable pretension, and is elegantly furnished. The state rooms, which are freely shewn, exhibit great splendour; but among the most interesting apartments are those formerly inhabited by Frederick the Great. Many of the best paintings have been removed to the museum; but among those which remain,

David's picture of Napoleon crossing the great St. Bernard deserves especial attention—and one, which has only recently been placed in the gallery, shews the present King and his people in so pleasing a light, that we are induced to make more particular mention of it. The picture in question represents the King presenting himself to his subjects, on the top of the steps leading to the portico of the palace, as is customary on the accession of a new Sovereign. He asks his people if they will preserve the laws and keep them as they did under his father, and all the people answer, “Ya, ya,” “Yes, yes,” upon which the present King replied, “Dies ya ist mein,” “This yes is mine,” thereby sealing the compact between King and subject. The words mentioned as spoken by the King, are placed upon the frame of the picture in precious stones, and it was presented by the Berliners to their King. Frederick William IV. is deservedly popular, and one cannot but regret, that the unfortunately bloody *meute*, which took place the other day in Berlin, by whomsoever caused, should have tended to alienate his people in the least degree.

The new Museum, built from the designs of the architect, Schinckel, is a magnificent building. It is erected on piles, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and is 281 feet in length, and 182 in depth. The sculpture and picture galleries are contained on the first and upper stories of this building, while vases and bronzes fill the ground floor. It would be beyond the province of this sketch to attempt anything like a criticism of these works of art. The collection of pictures is quite appalling in extent, embracing thirty-seven compartments, and comprising several fine specimens of the Italian school, while in the Flemish and Dutch schools it is very rich. The celebrated Hebe of Canova is among the sculptures the most worthy of notice.

There is a remarkably curious historical collection, which should be mentioned, as well worthy of a visit, containing, among many other relics of the past, a wax figure of Frederick the Great, dressed in the uniform he wore on the day of his death; “the coat is rusty and tarnished, the scabbard of the sword is mended with sealing wax *by his own hand*; his books and walking cane, his baton, and the favourite flute—his solace in hours of relaxation—are carefully preserved here along with his pocket-handkerchief, which he used to the last; it is a dirty rag, very tattered, though patched in many places.” Dr. Moore, who visited the palace in Frederick's life-time, says, “the whole wardrobe consisted of two blue coats faced with red, the lining of one a little torn; two yellow waistcoats, a good deal soiled with Spanish snuff; three pairs of yellow breeches, and a suit of blue velvet embroidered with silver, for grand occasions. I imagined at first that the man had got a few of the king's old clothes, and kept them here to amuse strangers; but upon inquiry, I was assured, that what I have mentioned, with two suits of uniform, which he has at Sans Souci, form the entire wardrobe of the king of Prussia. Our attendant said he had never known it more complete.” Here also are preserved the various orders of knighthood, stars, and decorations received by Napoleon Bonaparte from the different sovereigns of Europe, and which were found by the Prussians in his carriage, and seized by them after the battle of Waterloo. An Englishman will remark with pride, that the despotic usurper received no badge from our country, which seems in this respect to have stood proudly alone.

In addition to these collections, there are a museum of Natural History, a museum of Minerals, an Egyptian museum, the *Kunstkammer* or cham-

ber of art, several public buildings of great elegance, and some private palaces of members of the Royal Family and of the nobility, all deserving of a visit, and which would well occupy the time and attention of the traveller. Two excursions from Berlin—one to Charlottenburg, and the other to Potsdam must, however, be described in preference to these, as they contain so much to gratify and interest the tourist.

The former of these places, Charlottenburg, is a small village, distant about three miles from Berlin, containing a palace belonging to the king, built by Frederick I., who married the Princess Sophia, daughter of George I., of England. The rooms are beautifully decorated, and the gardens are remarkably pretty, the river Spree winding through them. But the great object of attraction here is the Mausoleum, erected by the late king to contain the remains of his amiable and beautiful wife, universally venerated among the Prussians, as the good Queen Louisa, who died in 1810, at the early age of 32. The late king, who never married again, now rests by her side. The mausoleum is an elegant and simple building of the Doric order, and contains only the remains of the King and Queen. Two recumbent statues by Rauch, the celebrated sculptor of Berlin, repose on a marble sarcophagus placed over the remains of each. That of the King, who lies

“like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him,”

had only been recently finished, and is an admirable figure; but the statue of the Queen is exquisite, and is considered to be a master-piece of the artist. Rauch worked upon it *con amore*. We were told that he owed his present proud position to the interest taken in him by the late Queen, who discovered his talent while he was in a very humble position, and, with characteristic kindness, carefully fostered it, providing for him the best education his profession afforded. The result has amply justified the Royal patronage. Russell has well described this statue. He says, “The hands are modestly folded on the breast; the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare, the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample and extremely well-wrought drapery. The great charm of the figure is the decent, simple, tranquil air, without any striving after effect. I observed no inscription, no pompous catalogue of her titles, no parading eulogy of her virtues; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcophagus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern, and the seven withered garlands which still hang above her, were the first offerings of her children at the grave of their mother.” There is a reading desk of black marble at the upper end of the temple, and here, twice a year, on the anniversaries of their deaths, is a solemn memonitary service performed, attended by the Royal Family. To a stranger, even, there is something in the whole scene touchingly impressive; how much more so must it be to the descendants of those whose virtues are by so striking a monument commemorated.

The good Queen never forgot the humiliation suffered by herself and the Royal Family at the hands of Napoleon, when the French had possession of Berlin. He went to Charlottenburg and occupied the Queen's apartments, which she could never afterwards be persuaded to use.

Alison, the historian, says, “The Queen, whose spirit in prosperous, and constancy in adverse fortune, had justly endeared her to her subjects, and rendered her the admiration of all Europe, was pursued in successive

bulletins with unmanly sarcasms; and a heroic princess, whose only fault, if fault it was, had been an excess of patriotic ardour, compared to Helen, whose faithless vices had involved her country in the calamities consequent on the siege of Troy." She did not long survive the insults of the conqueror.

The other excursion we named was to Potsdam—literally a town of palaces, containing four Royal residences and many noble houses. We went by railway from Berlin in about forty minutes, and on our arrival, drove first to Sans Souci, which has recently been fitted up as a residence for the present King, who is very fond of it, and spends much of his time there. It is a low building with merely villa accommodation, but elegantly furnished. Its chief beauty lies in its situation. The terrace in front of the building, which commands an interesting view, was the favorite resort of Frederick the Great, and there, in his last days, he was accustomed to be wheeled out in a chair to enjoy the air. At this palace he died, and the chair in which he expired is left in the same position as it then occupied. A clock is pointed out which he always wound up with his own hand, but which, having been forgotten during his illness, at last stopped at the exact minute of his death, and still points to twenty minutes past two, the moment of his decease. The dogs and battle-horse of the Great Commander are buried at one end of the terrace, and the spots marked by stones, with the names inscribed thereon of the different animals buried underneath. The famous Voltaire lived here for some time, and his apartment is shewn to visitors.

We next visited the New Palace—now somewhat old—built by Frederick at the end of the seven years' war, to prove to his enemies that his finances were not exhausted. It contains an immense number of rooms, many of them somewhat gaudily furnished. The greatest curiosity here is a copy of the works of the Great Frederick: "*Des Œuvres Mêlées du Philosophe de Sans Souci, Avec privilège d'Apollon*," in which are copious notes in Voltaire's autograph, some severely critical, others expressing great admiration. In a temple in the garden, is another exquisite statue, also recumbent, by Rauch, of the late Queen. It is very similar to the one at Charlottenburg, except that whereas in the latter, the sculptor represents the sleep of death, the figure here is supposed to be in a natural sleep, and one could hardly have conceived it possible for an artist to have given in marble so perfect an idea of the different nature of the repose in each case. Perhaps the statue last named is superior to the other—at any rate, we think so. The late King, we were told, would sit for hours beside it, to indulge the feelings of melancholy, which never left him after the death of his Queen.

Charlottenhof, a villa built by the present King when Crown Prince, after the model of a Pompeian dwelling, within the grounds of Sans Souci, is curious on account of its style of architecture; and in the garden adjoining is a most luxuriously inviting bath, planned exactly as at Pompeii; the ornaments being all brought either from that place or from Herculaneum.

We closed our survey of the palaces with a glance at the town palace of Potsdam, in which there is really little to interest, beyond what recalls to mind the great Hero of the Prussian monarchy. His apartments remain pretty much in the same state as he left them. His writing table, his piano and music stand, with some compositions of his own, his green eye-shade, his bookcase, and the chairs and sofa which he used, much marked and torn by his favorite dogs, are all there, affecting memorials of de-

parted greatness. Their illustrious owner lies buried beneath the pulpit of the *Garnison Kirche* in the same town, and his memory is much revered to this day.

Thoroughly wearied with so much palace-seeing, we returned to Berlin, and closed our review of the city and its neighbourhood by a visit to the studio of the sculptor Rauch. We were gratified by a glance at the venerable and distinguished artist whose exquisite works had afforded us so much delight, and we were shewn several other products of his chisel, chiefly unfinished, which will serve to maintain, if not to increase his well-earned fame. Among them we particularly admired a beautiful statue of the late Queen of Hanover, which is now placed over her remains at Herrnhausen, near Hanover, the country palace of King Ernest.

We should be doing injustice to the excellence of our accommodation in every respect, did we close our sketch without the remark that we can safely recommend to all future travellers "*Meinhardt's Hotel*," in the Unter den Linden, with its well appointed and well frequented *table d'h te*.

THE FASHIONS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

(Concluded.)

THIS fashion of padding out the dress prevailed through a greater part of the reign of James I., the defence it afforded against the assassin's dagger being its great recommendation to the nervous monarch. Towards the end of his time, however, the love of change, for which the English were so notorious, converted the long-waisted doublets into short jackets, with tabs and false sleeves hanging behind; and the hose were covered with loose broad straps, richly embroidered, or adorned with buttons. In the hat they wore jewels and feathers. So that, what with silk, lace, velvet, knots of pearl, diamond buttons, girdles, and hatbands, a gentleman of those days carried a fortune on his back. And here arises the curious question, Where did they get all this wealth from? A few might be easily supposed to indulge in this extravagance, but it is not easy to imagine how a general fashion of this kind could be supported, unless we imagine that waste had no other outlets, and was confined principally, if not wholly, to the decoration of the person. This extravagance, if it did not much diminish, at least assumed the best form of taste in the middle of Charles the First's reign, more particularly with the men, whose dress was the most elegant and picturesque ever adopted in this country. If one object of costume be to please the eye, it must be admitted that the costume of our own day is barbarous, when compared to the grace and fancy of those times; and what is the oddest part in all these changes is, that the elegant foppery of feathers, while universally exploded by civilians, should yet be retained by the military. Those very prosaic affairs, gun and bayonet, assort but ill with feathers, or even with sheep's tails, which have, oddly enough, been transplanted from the hinder end of the animal to grace the head of the grim warrior. We cannot help thinking it would be a great improvement in the national costume, if the civilians were to unplume the soldier, leaving the son of Mars no other personal adornments than the laurels he might chance to win in battle, while they appropriated the feathers to themselves, and at once returned to the costume of Charles the First. Infinitely would the appearance of the Park and Bond Street be improved, if, instead of the round hat, and monkeyfied coat, they presented such figures as we shall now describe for the benefit of any fashionable who may choose to adventure upon the change. First, then, we must suppose the cavalier in a doublet of silk, velvet, or satin, with large loose sleeves slashed up the front, and the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with that peculiar edging now called vandyke. Then the cloak was short, and carelessly worn on one shoulder, more, as it should seem, for ornament than use. Next, the long breeches were fringed, or pointed, and met the tops of the wide boots, which also were ruffled with lace or lawn. Lastly, he wore a broad-leaved Flemish beaver hat, jaun-

ingly set on one side of the head, while his Spanish rapier depended from a magnificent baldrick, hung sashwise over the right shoulder. As a fit accompaniment to this picturesque costume, the beard was peaked, with small upturned moustaches, and the hair hung down in curls. It is true, that the young students at the university did sometimes wear powder, but this abomination, if not confined to themselves, was at all events not the common practice. There is some cause, too, for suspecting that the gentlemen adopted at times the lady-like barbarity of wearing rings in their ears, for in the treble portrait of Charles the First, by Vandyke, the King has in one ear a jewel. Now the modern imitators might well be excused the ear-rings and the hair-powder, if they had only taste enough to adopt the costume of the Cavaliers in all other respects.

While the gentlemen were making these improvements in their fashions, it could hardly be expected that the costume of the ladies should remain stationary. Yellow starch and wheel fardingales were no longer in repute; the first of these enormities had died at the gallows with the inventor, or importer, a certain Mrs. Turner, who, being condemned to death for her share in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, chose to be hanged in a yellow starched ruff, and from that time it naturally enough went out of fashion; few would choose to wear the costume of the gallows, if, indeed, we except the French, who, with that happy perversity of taste for which they are so distinguished, thought proper, when their heads were no longer in danger from the revolutionary axe, to bind up their hair in imitation of the close crops of those prepared for the guillotine. But in other respects also the dress of the ladies had considerably improved, the ungainly habits of King James's time having given way to rich full sleeves and elegant falling collar edged with lace. The hair, too, was dressed after a fashion that has been revived in our own days, and altogether there is a very modern appearance in Hollar's female portraits.

It was very different with the Puritans. The austerity of their principles, which forbade all recreation except that of the table, at which, by the bye, they cut as good a figure as the stoutest Cavaliers, extended, as a matter of course, to their costume. Gay colours, feathers, love-locks, and everything that pleased the eye, were set down in the dark catalogue of sins. According to this creed, there was much virtue in a high-crowned steeple hat, shoe-ties, sober, or, as they called them, *sad* colours, and a ton of iron at their sides in the shape of a long tuck or sword. To be sure, the sour-faced worthies knew well how to use these said ton weights of iron when occasion called for it, as the gay and gallant Cavaliers too often found to their cost at Naseby and sundry other places not yet forgotten, nor likely to be, so long as English history has any readers.

The ladies of the Republican party imitated, as might have been expected, the starchness of their lords and masters. They retained all the graver and least desirable portions of the old costume, such as the hood, the high-crowned hat, and the like, but only making them as much more unbecoming as was possible. There was, however, no want of vanity in all this; if such a dress took anything from their beauty, it was in amends the badge of superior sanctity, the mark that distinguished them from those whom they chose to consider in a state of reprobation. They could not claim the long descent, the titles ennobled by antiquity, or the polished manners which the world in general, and more particularly those who possessed them, considered as the highest marks of distinction, and therefore they denied all merit to them, and assumed the very opposite qualities as alone confer-

ing any real honour. But though this was quite in the course of human nature, it was certainly anything but a want of self-seeking in those who had recourse to it.

The restoration of Charles the Second brought back a court tainted with French fashions. Some portions remained of the costume of the preceding reign, but they were not a little disfigured by the attempts made to improve what was too beautiful for improvement. The doublet had shrunk up like the mantle in the fairy tale; it was open in front, without any under waistcoat, displaying a rich shirt, which bulged out from it over the waistband of the loose breeches, which, as well as the large full sleeve, were ornamented with points and ribands. The nearest traces of the old costume were the long drooping lace ruffles that hung below the knee, the falling collar of lace, and the high-crowned hat with the plume of feathers. From France they imported that vilest of all abominations, the periwig, or peruke, as it was more properly called, a fashion that found its way into the university of Cambridge till it was rooted out by an express mandate from the king, forbidding the members to wear periwigs, to smoke tobacco, or to read their sermons. Bad as the periwig was in itself, it brought other evils in its train, putting out of countenance the high-crowned hat or broad-leaved Spanish sombrero, with which it refused to assimilate. Hereupon the crown of the beaver sank at once, like an ill-made puff-paste, or a trifle when the spoon is first put into it, and up rose the brims at the side, duly garnished with an edging of feathers, in lieu of the plume which before waved so gracefully from the hat of the Cavalier. Now here was most decidedly the origin of a monster that fully equalled the periwig itself—the cocked hat. But indeed we may trace the whole of our present absurd costume to the time of Charles. The coat itself sprang from the alterations in the doublet, and may be as readily followed up to its origin as any modern word may be traced up to its root. So early as 1658 the petticoat breeches had been brought from France to England, while a fashion prevailed of wearing “large stirrup hose or stockings, two yards wide at the top, with points through sword eyelet holes, by which they were made to fasten to the breeches by a single row of pointed ribands hanging at the bottom.” The lining of these nether coverings came below the garment itself, and was tied above the knees; and it was probably to meet the absurdities thus induced, that the doublet or jacket, which, at the beginning of this reign was so short, towards the end of it reached down to the middle of the thigh. At the same time it acquired sleeves, extending to the elbow, terminated by quillings and bunches of ribands, from under which swelled out the shirt-sleeves, profusely ruffled and adorned also with ribands. As in addition to this the new garment had buttons and corresponding holes up the front, it was to all intents and purposes a loose coat, and by this time it had got the name as well as the form. In an inventory of apparel provided for Charles the Second, in 1679, we have coat, waistcoat, and breeches mentioned, and all of the same material. Holland drawers, as well as cotton and flannel trowsers, are amongst the items, so that we may thank the court of Charles himself for the destruction of that eminently beautiful costume, which has vulgarly been attributed to the Roundheads. Of the fact there can be no doubt, since there is still extant a print of the funeral of General Monk, in 1670, exhibiting the figures of the Cavaliers precisely as we have described them. The coats bear a pretty close resemblance, the sleeves excepted, to those loose, sack-like coats, or

wrappers, which it was the pleasure of our fashionables to wear about two summers ago.

The fashion of the ladies in this reign was for the most part characterised by taste and elegance, for all the stiffness of attire that had belonged to the time of the first Charles was banished, along with many better things. The steeple-crowned hat, the rigid stomacher, and the stately fardingale, all followed Mrs. Turner's yellow ruffs, and now every thing was studied negligence and elegant *déshabillé*; the ringlets were allowed to escape from a simple bandeau of pearls, or, being adorned with a single rose, fell in graceful profusion upon their necks. The pictures of the time bear ample testimony to the general elegance of this attire; though, without being over fastidious, one might be allowed to wish that their persons were not quite so freely exposed as they evidently were, amongst all pretending to fashion. As a matter of course, the ladies of the Puritan school ran into the opposite extreme, and muffled themselves up to the chin, while they eschewed every kind of ornament, the ugliness of their fashion being in some measure redeemed by their punctilious neatness of the whole dress.

In the reigns of James II. and William III., the fashions began to change slowly, but in every respect for the worse. The petticoat breeches were again exchanged for those that tied beneath the knee, and the peri-wigs attained a monstrous size. As if this were not enough, it soon became the mode for the beaux to comb these huge incumbrances in public, for which purpose they carried about them large tortoiseshell or ivory combs, curiously chased and ornamented. This operation was carried on without any regard to times or places; in the boxes of the theatre, at court, in the Mall, walking or conversing, the gallant combed his wig, as constantly as he used his snuff-box, and between one and the other seems to have had his hands in constant occupation. To paraphrase the words of the poet, they—

Combed and talked,
Combed and talked,
Combed and talked,
And combed again.

It might with great justice be distinguished as the age of combs, peri-wigs, and snuff-boxes; and really, in looking back at these times, there seems to be no great reason for priding ourselves upon the advance of civilization. Were such things told of some newly-discovered island in the Pacific, the whole of the so-called civilized world would be divided between disbelief of so monstrous a tale, and contempt rather than pity, for the poor ignorant islanders, with a sort of pharisaical jubilate that we of Europe were so far above them in intellect. And yet, in point of fact, how little are these times removed from our own, besides that we are always prating of the wisdom of our ancestors, the moment any social improvement is proposed. It is well to know what these so-vaunted ancestors were in matters of little moment, and upon the principle of "*Ex pede Herculem*," we may judge from their conduct in trifles, what they were in the more serious affairs of life.

The brims of the hats, which had grown to an enormous size, now began to be turned up, and to be ornamented by several feathers placed round them, or by bows of ribands. The fashion of this turning up or flapping of the hat depended upon the wearer's taste, and, in the language

of the day, the gallant was said to cock his hat—a phrase which has descended to our times, even when the habit itself is well nigh forgotten, or lingers only amongst the military, or amongst the powdered menials of some antique establishments.

Other changes, no less ungraceful, had taken place. The broad-falling bands were now succeeded by the small Geneva bands, such as are worn by our modern clergymen and councillors; and, if fashion can be taken as a sufficient indicator of popular opinions, this change, trifling as it may seem, would go far to shew the predominance of the Puritan party, intimately connected with republicanism, over the Cavalier party no less bound up with the extremes of loyalism. This may be, as Horatio says, “to consider too curiously,” but we suspect, notwithstanding, that the truth is not far off.

At this period, the rich neckcloth, or cravat, made of Flanders or Brussels lace, was worn by the nobility and men of fashion exceedingly long, the ends being passed through the button-holes of the waistcoat. Shoe-buckles, too, began to displace the rosettes, though it may be doubted if they were anything more than the revival of a very ancient habit. So long back as the reign of the fourth Edward we find a mention of them; but in this case they have been supposed by some antiquaries to have been merely used to “fasten the strap that crossed the instep on one side of the shoe.” They were probably small, as they do not appear in any illuminated works or monumental effigies; and the earliest date that can be assigned to the shoe-buckle, properly so called, is in the year 1680. Nor did they become general till the reign of Queen Anne, when so many monstrosities grew into fashion: for, allowing it to have been *par excellence* the age of wit and poetry—which we very much doubt—it certainly was not the age of taste in dress.

During the short reign of James the Second the ladies adhered with remarkable constancy to the preposterous fashions, being only another example of how much more permanent evil of any kind is, than good. In the subsequent reign some Dutch modes were brought over from Holland with tulips and King William. The stomacher again hid the bosom, and the full sleeve of the gown was laid aside for one that fitted tightly, with a cuff above the elbow, from beneath which a profusion of lace fell in the form of ruffles or lappets. To this was added a long glove, so that the arm was now completely enveloped in a case of leather, lace, and satin. Worse than all was the tower, or commode, a style of dressing the hair that would have done honour to the South Sea savages. According to this Dutch freak, the hair was combed up from the forehead into a sort of pyramid, surmounted by piles of lace and ribands, that were sometimes disposed in regular alternate tiers, and at others were arranged into high stiffened bows, not much unlike the late fashionable coiffure à la Giraffe. This tower was occasionally, but not always, surmounted by a lace scarf or veil, that streamed down from either side, being about as perfect a disguise for female beauty as ever was invented, while it imposed upon the unhappy wearer the stately march of a peacock. Anything like rapid movement must have been totally out of the question with these mountains on the head, for the ladies, in seamen’s language, were completely overmasted. The fans they carried were equally absurd, and might have served for fire-screens.

The eighteenth century seems to have been no less remarkable for the extreme ugliness of the fashions, than for the perpetual changes that were

taking place. We are told by Addison that there was nothing in all nature so variable as a lady's head-dress; it rose and fell in his own memory above thirty degrees; at one time the women towered up into Patagonians, being by the help of dress nearly seven feet high; then again they as suddenly diminished and shrunk down to five feet, reminding one strongly of the game called the Connoisseur, where a long stick being duly hatted and cloaked, the figure thus formed elongates or contracts, at the pleasure of him who bears it, one moment seeming to be employed in examining the pictures at the top of the wall, and the next no less busily occupied with those at the bottom. All this, however, pretty clearly evinces the supremacy of age over youth; for these same fashions, if considered with an intelligent spirit, afford many hints as to the actual being of society; in the voluptuous times of Charles the Second, when youth and beauty held undisputed sway, it followed naturally enough that the fashions should be set by them, and would take the form most calculated for their adornment; in the following reigns, when age again grew predominant, the towers, and the stomachers, and frills, everything, in short, that might be supposed capable of hiding or softening the ravages of time, as a matter of course came into use, and though the young ladies were constantly making changes in the commodes, they never could get rid of them.

The reign of Queen Anne at length produced a reform in the head-dress. The tower, after all manner of changes had been made in it, at length finally disappeared, and the hair was once again allowed to cluster freely in curls down the neck. Many, indeed—the old ones, it may be supposed whose locks were grey—did all in their power to mar this improvement by wearing powder; but as the Queen did not adopt this abomination, it may be taken for granted that the fashion was not general. The youthful owners of raven or chesnut ringlets were not likely to hide so important an addition to their charms, when they could plead the royal example for its display. But human absurdities are much like weeds; you pluck up one set, and immediately another starts up: and even so it happened now; for no sooner had the ladies reduced themselves in height, than the waists became frightfully enlarged. The recollection of the disused fardingale produced the hoop, as we learn from Addison; who tells us, in Sir Roger de Coverley's picture gallery, that the knight's great-grandmother wore "the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern was gathered at the waist." This was no doubt the wheel-fardingale, so called from its projecting all round; for he presently adds, "my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart:" a plain confirmation of what we learn from other quarters, namely, that the hoop, on its first introduction, presented a triangular appearance. In a short time, however, these whale-bone petticoats had attained so monstrous a size, that it became a matter of difficulty to walk in them. Black patches, too, began to spot the faces of the fashionable fair ones, ludicrously enough contrasted with the scarlet stockings in which they chose to clothe their legs, while on their heads they wore hoods that were generally of a cherry colour. While riding, they wore a dress borrowed from the male costume. In "The Spectator, No 104.," is the description of a lady in a coat and waistcoat of blue camel, trimmed and embroidered with silver, with a petticoat of the same stuff; the only symptom remaining of female attire. She wears a smartly cocked beaver hat, also edged with silver, and decorated with a feather; and her hair, which is curled and powdered, hangs to a considerable length

down the shoulders, and is tied rakishly with a long streaming scarlet riband. But this was not always the case; sometimes, when they rode, they adopted the gentleman's periwig, in addition to the coat, hat, and feather.

The reigns of George I. and II. brought with them no improvement, though they introduced several changes; not the least amongst which were the small-frilled, or puffed caps, cardinals, or cloaks with hoods, and a sort of loose gown called a *sacque*. The hoop still maintained its ground; but about 1735, it began to project all round like the wheel fardingale, while the gown was without a train, and the petticoat had shrunk up considerably. Then, again, the hoop grew less in front, but preposterously large at the sides, till by degrees it vanished altogether. Then came gipsy hats, small-frilled caps, and aprons; which last grew and grew till they reached to the ground. They, however, shrunk back again with the same speed that they had become elongated; and the hood, which had for some time been disused, now revived under the new name of the *capuchin*. The watch was worn at the waist; bracelets were fastened over the gloves, and necklaces adorned the neck; which last, in the succeeding reign—George III.—had increased to an absurd extent. It was composed of many rows of gold chains, beads, or jewels; the first close round the throat, and the others falling in festoons, one under the other, so as to cover the whole neck; and as the wearer seemed to be laden with fetters like a slave, it obtained the very appropriate name of an *enslavage*.

All this, however, was nothing to the absurdities introduced into female costume about the year 1772, when a head-dress called the *Maccaroni*, came into fashion. The hideous *toupee* and curls were covered by a sort of cap, called the wing of a fly-cap, such as may even now be seen in Holland, from which peeped out the club of hair behind; over this again came a bonnet laden with bows and bunches of ribands, and to complete the whole, the gown was tucked up just as we see country girls so often exhibited upon the stage at the present day. But bad as this was, it did not satisfy the preposterous taste of the age; curls, powder, flowers, and feathers, rose one upon the other like turrets on the head of *Cybele*, and neither the pens of the satirist nor the pencil of the caricaturist was for a long time able to laugh this absurdity out of countenance. At last, however, this ridiculous mode wore itself out, or, in other words, the love of novelty was too strong for the love of folly, and about 1783, a broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hat of silk or straw became the mode. It was worn upon the hair, which was powdered, and fell into two or three immense curls upon the shoulders, the whole, with the exception of the powder, being not very unlike what we have seen the celebrated *Madame Thillon* wear, within the last two or three years, in the opera of the *Crown Diamonds*. The good taste of the painters, and more particularly *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, was at length permitted to interfere, and then the hair was worn loose and flowing, not to say dishevelled. But powder maintained its ground till 1793, when it was discarded by *Queen Caroline*. White stockings were worn by ladies even in mourning so late as the year 1778, nor was the court-hoop abolished till the reign of *George IV.*, and the other abominations were swept away by the fashions that grew out of the French Revolution, even before that period. Figured satins and high-peaked stays, yard-long waists and hooped petticoats, gave way to dresses of the lightest materials, that were girdled just below the bosom, so as scarcely to allow of any waist at all, leaving it a matter of great doubt which of the two extremes is the most detestable.

During the whole of the above period, the gentlemen were not a whit behindhand in absurdity, their dress, even so far back as the reign of Queen Anne, being truly monstrous. The coats were cut square, the skirts being stiffened out with wire or buckram, and the sleeves being furnished with hanging cuffs, from beneath which protruded the lace ruffles. The waistcoats had long flaps with pockets in them, the said flaps coming down so low as to meet the stockings, which were drawn up over the knee, but gartered below it; these last were of blue or scarlet silk, with gold or silver clocks. The handle of the sword seemed to peep out between the coat-skirts, the splendid belt of the preceding reign having been laid aside. When to these are added lace neckcloths, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small buckles, and very long formally-curved perukes, black riding wigs, bag wigs, or night-cap wigs, surmounted with small three-cornered hats, laced with gold or silver galloon, and sometimes trimmed with feathers, we have before us the perfect image of a beau in Queen Anne's reign. It was in this mountebank attire that Steele wrote and Harley counselled, though in the present day we can hardly imagine how such a set of antics could have been serious about anything.

In the next reign the changes in the dress were few. The battle of Ramilies introduced the Ramilies cock of the hat, and the Ramilies wig, which last differed from its predecessors in having a long, gradually diminishing plaited tail, with a great bow at top, and a smaller one at the thin end of it. This no doubt gave rise to the pig-tail which followed in the time of George II., amongst those who now began to wear their own hair plaited and powdered; but throughout the whole of this and the following reign, the hats were undergoing the greatest changes, and infinite was the distance between the East and West in this respect. At length, about 1778, all the varieties ended in the round hat, so far, at least, as regarded the morning wear, the poor cocked hat being hunted down under the name of an Egham, Staines, and Windsor, those places respectively holding a trilateral relation to each other. It still, however, maintained its ground, though in an altered shape, for the evening; it was now a flat, folding, crescent-shaped beaver, but could be carried under the arm, whence it derived its new name of *chapeau bras*.

In due course of time, the wig followed the cocked hat, after having undergone several mutations. The long-flapped waistcoat, and square skirts, that held their ground through three reigns, gradually gave way in the time of George III. to something more akin to our modern fashions; the laced cravat was superseded in 1735 by a black riband about the throat, tied in front with a large bow, which was soon succeeded by a white cambric stock, buckled behind, as this in turn gave way to a huge muslin cravat, in which the chain was buried. Pantaloon, Hessian boots, coats with lapels and a tail, and a waistcoat ridiculously short, completed the barbarous attire of that barbarous period. The changes which have since followed are too much in men's memories to be as yet a matter of history. Here, then, we shall bring our slight and hasty sketch to a close, remarking only that it seems strange rational beings should suffer themselves to be dictated to by the caprices of tailors and milliners, instead of following the suggestions of taste and judgment. But it would really seem as if Fashion had all the fabled power of Circe; and indeed, it may be doubted if the classic goddess ever made such monsters, both of men and women, as that same mysterious Fashion has done, though we never are able to detect her origin.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

THE past may be legitimately contemplated as the parent of the present, and both as the source of the future. The ceaseless absorption of the present into the vast and shadowy domains of the past, is a subject replete with considerations of the highest interest and most instructive character. The transient and evanescent nature of the present, when subjected to the unerring test of philosophical inquiry, becomes matter of sure and melancholy conviction. Thus regarded, each successive instant presents the twofold and somewhat incongruous aspect of a cradle and a grave. Between the womb of the future, whose offspring is the present, and the sepulchres of the past, no "thin partition lies," no intermediate mode of being can have existence. The past then, or, more properly speaking, its multitudinous and ever-accumulating memories, may be regarded as forming the only certain possession which intellect can call its own. And it is indeed a world, the conquest of which is well worth attempting, an acquisition infinitely various, boundlessly pleasing, and secure, in its own nature, from the inroads of usurpation and the influence of revolutionary change.

Although the present, which is, and is not, when resolved into indivisible moments, dies as it is born, yet when regarded in reference to periods of palpable duration, such as days, months, or years, it assumes the character of absolute and appreciable continuance, and becomes suggestive of Addison's beautiful comparison, which describes it as a narrow isthmus lying between those two great oceans of eternity—the past and the future—neither at any time more extensive than the other; although the mysterious vastitude of the former receives continual augmentations, yet is its quantity, as regards the latter, perpetually unchanged, inasmuch as each being infinite, becomes necessarily exempt from the privations of those qualities, in which perfect relative proportion and equality immutably reside.

The truth of the aphorism, which declares that "there is nothing new under the sun," though enunciated even two thousand years ago, seems to receive fresh confirmation from each day's experience, and from the uniform results of social, political, and scientific investigation. Combinations, indeed, *apparently* new, and strange in character, may occasionally present themselves, yet involving, in reality, no addition in the original quantity of those elementary constituents, which are *now*, as in the beginning, fixed, indissoluble, indestructible—passing, it is admitted, through stated cycles of organization and change, whilst that series of dependencies, those relations of cause and effect, are ever preserved, which obtain between the oak and the acorn, the flower and its bulb, the odoriferous breath of the violet and the soil of its parentage.

Great principles emerging, perhaps, from the remote obscurity of the

indefinite beginning, and destined to run parallel with the long lines of eternity, to an eye capable of scanning their unbroken continuity, would present those relations of analogy, and harmonies of proportion, which are no more appreciable to finite vision than would be the architectural design of a mighty temple to an insect resting on its dome. All things are great or little only by comparison. A drop of water acquires the character of an ocean, in relation to the animalcule which explores its profundity, or is perhaps the tyrant of its myriad varieties of being; whilst, on the other hand, this "great globe itself," with all its stupendous and startlingly-contrasted accessories, of "cloud-capt mountain" and spreading plain, rushing cataract and stirless lake, "solstitial fervor and hyperborean chill," is, in reference to the grand whole of which it forms a part, still less than the dew-drop's bulk, in comparison with the congregated waters of the world. The argument, that there is nothing absolutely new, whilst almost all things are *relatively* so, as the phrases great and small are merely comparative terms, descriptive, not of the intrinsic character of objects or of modes, but of the relations subsisting between them—derives perhaps its principal force from the consideration, if without presumption or irreverence it were capable of being suggested, that such contingency, in its present restricted import, could not possibly have existence, inasmuch as the Infinite must have primarily established that which was best, any deviation from which would obviously be incompatible with the absolute perfection of this being.

So far as human inquiry and analogical reasoning extend, cycles involving a dependent series, or succession of phenomena, would seem to constitute the grand principle of the moral and physical world, as the brilliant colours of a beautiful flower are the result of an antecedent series of vegetative mutations, so in all probability may those cycles, within whose compass myriad ages are evolved, be the preliminaries of a consummation, as glorious, in reference to the agencies employed, as are the colorific splendour of efflorescence, in comparison with the humble root where was its original abode. Historic periods, their developments and events, when viewed in reference to their causes and consequences, will exhibit dependencies and relations, investing them with new charms and additional interest. The history of man is generally interesting; that of a country to its own inhabitants particularly so, whilst that portion of a nation's existence, within which a novel system, extensive in duration, abounding in great events and abiding results, and dignified by glowing examples of high resolve and elevated feeling, may have been established, must present itself to a mind imbued with the impulses of patriotism or the spirit of philosophical inquiry, under circumstances of especial interest and recommendation. Perhaps in the whole range of England's or of Europe's history no period occurs to which these observations are more immediately applicable, than that in which feudalism had its origin, progress, and establishment—a system out of which arose the dazzling episode of the crusades, the spirit of chivalrous adventure and knightly daring, the pageantry of the tournament, the impassioned minstrelsy of the Troubadour, the hereditary heroism of the kingly Plantagenets, the quenchless glories of a Black Prince, and future-reaching fame of a Sydney—a system, in its original constitution and design, pre-eminently calculated to effect the highest objects through the instrumentality of the noblest agencies; to give practical existence and development to the worthiest sentiments; to establish throughout the leading gradations of the social arrangement an

interchange of fealty and attachment, for defence and protection, and to create a national militia, consisting of barons, knights, and gentlemen, whose honor, whose interests, and whose oaths referred to the preservation of their Sovereign's and their country's rights from all foreign foes and internal aggression.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries seem to have been rendered principally remarkable, by the irruption into the Roman Empire of the barbarous tribes, whose multitudes issuing from the German provinces and the north of Europe generally, ultimately overwhelmed the colossal power against which they battled, and establishing new dynasties on the ruins of the extinct dominations, introduced those principles of feudalism, which, having been recognised throughout the greater portion of the European continent, were subsequently received into England, in many of whose institutions their spirit and influence yet survive. In those countries which they subdued, considerable territories were divided by lot amongst the victors, some of which became the property of the king, or general of the invading army, and the rest that of his soldiers, who received their shares, as free and independent property, accompanied only by the condition of bearing arms, when such contingency might arise, in the defence of the state from invasion or hostile aggression. The sovereign of the tribe usually distributed a considerable proportion of the lands, of which he had thus obtained possession, amongst his friends or companions, whose original appellation, *comites*, is plainly the source whence the words, Count and county are derived. The interest these *comites*, or courtiers, derived under the grants alluded to was not strictly in the nature of absolute or independent property, inasmuch as it rather assumed a beneficial, or usufructuary character, being in reality a stipendiary return for services of a military description to be rendered to the sovereign as lord of the fee, and subject at some future period to resumption; a procedure, whereby the sovereign was recognised as being still invested with the *proprietas*, or actual ownership of the land.

It would appear that this species of interest, which was first described as a benefice (*beneficium*), received, some time in the course of the eighth century, the appellation of feudum, a term said to be compounded of *odh*, possession, or estate, and *feo*, wages or pay, and signifying, in the German language, a stipendiary estate, which was understood in contradistinction to allodium, a phrase derived from *all*, and *odh*, and employed in reference to that independent species of property, which had originally become vested by allotment in the conquerors of the country. Thus the possession of land resolved itself into two distinct modes or classifications. The feud or feudum, which was held of, or dependent upon, a superior; and the allodium, which was possessed in a free, independent, and absolute manner. The first of these modes, referring exclusively to those distributions of the royal domains already adverted to, the other to the allotments primarily allocated to the soldiery, and also to such lands as the conquerors had permitted to remain in the possession of the original proprietors. One of the earliest characteristics of the stipendiary, or feudal tenure, was that of its determination, on the tenant's death, and consequent reversion to the sovereign of the estate or benefice. In process of time, however, an hereditary character was gradually conferred on these possessions, a condition which was the necessary antecedent or precursor of the practice of subinfeudation; in consequence of which, a series of subordinate dependencies was ultimately established; the stipendiary now considering himself

as invested with the privileges formerly limited to the royal prerogative, conceded portions of the feud to be held of himself by others, on terms and conditions precisely analogous to those of the original grant, whereby each stipendiary or vassal occupied the same position, in relation to his immediate superior or lord, which had in the first instance been established between the original feudatory and the sovereign granter.

The advantages of the beneficiary or feudal relations were so manifest and obvious, as well in reference to the lord as to the vassal, that the allodial proprietors were gradually induced to subject their estates to the operation of the feudal tenure. This voluntary conversion of perfect and absolute independence into comparative subjection, will be easily understood, when it is recollected that the violence and insecurity, by which those times were characterised, deprived the allodialist of all genuine independence, and exposed his life and property to perpetual peril, in consequence of which he felt naturally anxious to attach himself by the obligations of feudalism to some powerful lord, from whom he might receive that protection and assistance which the laws were then incompetent to afford. By these means a band of military retainers, attached by duty and by sentiment to his person, was constituted for the superior, who, in his turn, extended to them that security and shelter, from the evils and dangers attendant on the state of civil confusion, which, under no other circumstances, could by possibility be enjoyed. The process employed to convert allodial into feudal property was usually attended by a considerable degree of formality.

The allodialist, in the first instance, made a ceremonious surrender of his land to the lord whose vassal he wished to become, which, on the same occasion was restored as a *beneficium* or feud, to be held on some kind of service. In other cases, however, the object was accomplished by a mere acknowledgment of vassalage, and specification of services under which the land was to be held, as if by the effect of a former grant, which had in reality never taken place. Thus, by degrees, the allodial mode of possession was superseded by feudalism in every part of the continent where that system had been established: the conversion being, with respect to some countries, almost universal, whilst in others some properties always continued to be held allodially.

These representations with respect to the origin and establishment of the feudal system, seem to be in perfect agreement with the sentiments entertained by writers of great eminence and discrimination on this subject. In Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and Hallam's "Middle Ages," abundant evidence is furnished, according to which its eventful establishment, and almost universal acceptance, were attributable mainly to its effect in securing the aggrandizement of potent barons, and realizing the protection of inferior persons from those numerous difficulties and embarrassments which had their origin in the civil confusion and disorder of the times. The following passage, quoted by Blackstone from Florus, in relation to the proposal made about a century before the Christian era, by the Cimbri and Teutones, to the Roman people, would seem to indicate the recognition of the principle of the *beneficium*, by which land was given, as a stipend for the performance of military services, amongst the barbarians long anterior to their invasion of the Roman provinces:—

"Ut martius populus aliquid sibi terræ daret, quasi stipendium; cæterum, ut vallet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur."

The creation of the feud was accompanied by the words, "*dedi et concessi*," and the conveyance of the estate perfected by the ceremony of corporal investiture, or open and public delivery of possession in the presence of the other vassals, by which means the inconvenience resulting from the general ignorance of the art of writing which then prevailed, was in a great degree obviated, and the circumstance of the new acquisition preserved in the recollection of the community, who, in case of subsequent litigation respecting title, were liable to be examined not only in relation to the external proofs adduced by the parties litigant, but with respect to the internal testimony derivable from their own private knowledge.

The ceremony of investiture was accompanied by the oath of fealty, or profession of faith to the lord, and also by the act of homage, in the performance of which, the vassal being ungirt and uncovered, and in an attitude of genuflection, with his hands placed between those of his lord, who sat before him, professed that "he did become his man, from that day forth, of life, and limb, and earthly honour." From the stated form of words employed on the occasion, "*devenio vester homo*," this formality received the denomination of "*homagium*," or manhood. In addition to fealty and homage, the relation of lord and vassal was usually characterized by the following feudal incidents:—1. *Aid*, which, though eventually considered as matter of right, was originally a simple gratuity, given under circumstances of difficulty and distress, by the vassal to the lord.—"*Auxilia fiunt de gratia, et non de jure, cum dependeant ex gratia tenentium et non ad voluntatem dominorum*."—Bracton. lib. 2. 2. *Relief*, which consisted of a tribute, yielded to the lord, for permission to *raise up*, or reconstitute an estate lapsed, or *fallen in*, by the death of the last tenant; for antecedently to the conversion of feuds into hereditary estates, they were granted by the mere favour of the lord to the children of the previous possessor; the fine so paid by the heir was termed a relief, because,—"*incertam et caducam hereditatem relevabat*;"—subsequently, when feuds became hereditary, the exaction of this relief continued, notwithstanding the cessation of the cause out of which it had arisen. 3. *Fine on alienation*, which was a sum of money payable by the vassal to his lord, on the assignment of his land to another. This depended on the nature of the feudal connexion; "for the reason of conferring the feud being the personal abilities of the feudatory to serve in war, it was not fit he should be at liberty to transfer this gift, either from himself or from his posterity, who were presumed to inherit his valour, to another who might prove himself less able. And as the feudal obligation was looked upon as reciprocal, the feudatory being entitled to his lord's protection in return for his own fealty and services, therefore the lord could no more transfer his seigniorly or protection, without consent of his vassal, than the vassal could his feud without consent of his lord; it being equally unreasonable that the lord should extend his protection to a person to whom he had exceptions, and that the vassal should owe subjection to a superior not of his own choosing." 4. *Escheat and forfeiture*; the first occurred in the instance of a tenant in possession of an hereditary feud, dying without leaving an heir, on whom, according to the conditions of the original grant, it could descend; a contingency causing a reversion of the gift to the lord. The second, that of forfeiture, was the result of an act committed by the tenant, involving a violation of his duty towards his lord, whereby he was rendered incapable of being farther trusted as a vassal; the consequence of which was the forfeiture of his interest in the feud, which re-

turned to the lord, "as for a breach of that condition of fidelity on which the grant was made." It appears from what has already been stated on this subject, that feuds were originally conferred during the life of the first vassal only; ultimately, however, an hereditary character was assumed, which presented some singular features. For instance, if a feud were given to a man and his sons, they succeeded him in equal portions, which, as they died, severally reverted to the lord; their children having been excluded from the inheritances, as not being specified in the donation. But in the event of the conveyance of a feud to a man and his heirs generally, a different rule of succession was established, so that, on the death of the feudatory, his male descendants were admitted, *in infinitum*, to the succession. When any such descendant, who thus had succeeded, died, his male descendants were also admitted in the first place, and in defect of them such of his male collateral kindred as were of the blood or lineage of the first feudatory, but no others, for the invariable rule of feudal succession was that "none was capable of inheriting a feud, but such as was of the blood of, that is, lineally descended from the first feudatory." Originally the descent, which was thus confined to males, was unaffected by the restrictions of primogeniture—all the sons succeeding to equal portions of the father's feud; various inconveniences and disadvantages having been found to result from the adoption of this arrangement, particularly in the division of services, and consequent diminution of the strength and efficiency of the feudal confederation, and honorary feuds, or titles of nobility, which, in their nature, were indivisible, being now introduced, the limitations of the inheritances to the eldest son, in exclusion of all his brethren, became the universally established practice. In the course of time, certain causes came into operation, which greatly interfered with the original character, and ancient simplicity of military feuds; the nature of the duties, which the feudatory was bound to perform, necessarily occasioned frequent absences from home, and consequent inability to attend to the management and cultivation of his land; it became therefore a matter of expediency to commit a portion of it to tenants of an inferior description, who were obliged to make such return, in services, cattle, money, or agricultural produces, as would confer on the chief feudatory the power of attending unmolestedly, and without distraction, to the discharge of his military duties; in these returns, or *re-ditus*, we easily recognise the original of rents.

Although the creation of this class of inferior feudatories was, in a great measure, the result of an almost unavoidable necessity, yet the very fact of the substitution of rent-services for that of a purely military character, constituted the sources whence proceeded those varieties and modifications, which besides occasioning a very considerable extension of the feudal polity, ultimately involved such an infringement on the pristine integrity of the system, and such deviations from the ancient fundamental rules of tenure and succession, as established the practice of buying and selling feuds, which having thereby been divested of their purely military character, lost much of the sacredness by which they had been primarily distinguished.

In consequence of these innovations another classification was introduced, namely, *feoda impropria*, or improper feuds, under which denomination were comprehended all those tenures which exhibited the alterations referred to, with respect to rent in lieu of military services, alienation, and the principles of inheritance.

The introduction of the feudal system into England is attributable to

William the Conqueror ; it should, however, be observed, that evidence exists, which clearly shews an antecedent acquaintance with some of its features, on the part of the Saxon population, who were not subjected to the full rigour of its laws and institutions until the Norman invasion had taken place, and even then, it would appear, rather through their own voluntary adoption, than the instrumentality of force and compulsion. The most probable conjecture is, that it was established, in the first instance, throughout those forfeited lands which the Norman barons had received from the gift of the Conqueror, whose ability to reward in this respect must have been vastly increased by the enormous slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hastings, and the forfeitures consequent on numerous subsequent insurrections. In the year 1085, a Danish invasion being apprehended, and, in consequence of the subversion of the Saxon constitution, no adequate means of defence immediately available, a necessity arose for the importation of an army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered on every landholder, and the source of great inconvenience and oppression ; on the cessation of the danger, the nobility and proprietary of the kingdom, influenced by a desire to provide measures in prevention of a recurrence of these grievances, readily listened to the King's proposals for the establishment of an efficient system of defence, and the constitution of a great council to inquire into the state of the nation, the result of which was the compilation of the great survey, called Domesday-book,—“ Rex tenuit magnum concilium, et graves sermones habuit cum suis proceribus de hac terra ; quo modo incoleretur, et a quibus hominibus.” * Shortly afterwards the Conqueror was attended by all his nobility at Sarum, on which occasion the principal landholders subjected their estates to the operation of military tenure, and becoming the King's vassals, did homage and fealty to his person—

“ Omnes prædia tenentes, quot quot essent notæ melioris per totam Angliam, ejus homines facti sunt, et omnes se illi subdidere, ejusque facti sunt vasalli, ac ei fidelitatis juramenta præstiterunt, se contra alios quoscumque illi fidos futuros.”—*Chron. Sax.*

These were the circumstances under which the formal introduction of the feudal system into England was effected ; a system singularly accommodated to the exigencies of the times, and though finally annulled by an act of Charles II., yet the parent of consequences still substantially and obviously in existence, as well as of results which are usually attributed to causes either of more modern birth or of a totally different character. The legal establishment of this system on the occasion of the convocation of the Council of Sarum is clearly indicated by the enactment of the following law :—

“ Statuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere et sacramento affirmant, quod intra et extra universum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino suo fideles esse volunt ; terras et honores illius omni fidelitate ubique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere.”

The feudal character of the requirements of this law is abundantly obvious, involving, as it does, the demand of the oath of fealty, which placed those who took it in the condition of vassalage, and the obligation

**Chron. Sax.*

of defending their lord's territories and titles against all enemies whatsoever, foreign and domestic. The nature of the military feudal services then imposed, receive additional elucidation from another law ordained by the great council already adverted to:—

“Omnes comites, et barones, et milites, et servientes, et universi liberi homines totius regni nostri prædicti, habeant et teneant se semper bene in armis et in equis, ut decet et oportet; et sint semper prompti et bene parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum et peragendum, cum opus fuerit; secundum quod nobis debent de fœdis et tenementis suis de jure facere, et sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti.”

It will have been observed, that such of the landed proprietary of England, as were not indebted for their estates to the spoliations and forfeitures decreed by the Conqueror as consequences of the battle of Hastings and the succession of fruitless insurrections which subsequently occurred, could not, in the strict acceptation of the term, be regarded as beneficiaries, inasmuch as they had not received their lands originally from him, but had merely acquiesced in this fiction of tenure from the Crown, for the purpose of putting the kingdom in a state of defence, by the establishment of a military system, and of subjecting themselves to the obligation of preserving the King's titles and territories, with a sincerity and fealty equal in character and effect to that which would have existed, *if* their estates had been received from his bounty, as pure, proper, and absolute feuds. Much dissatisfaction, however, was soon occasioned, by an interpretation, very different from that contemplated by the Saxon nobility and landholders, having been put on this proceeding; an interpretation, whose effect was the introduction into England, accompanied by almost more than their original rigour, and oppressive results and dependencies, of those feudal doctrines and practices which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, and which would only have been justifiable, had the English in reality, as well as fiction, been endowed with all their possessions by the mere munificence of their sovereign lords. These grievances continued, without any abatement, until Henry I. deemed it politic, on putting forward his pretensions to the crown, to guarantee a restoration of the original Saxon system. On his accession to the throne in the year 1100, he, in accordance with his promise, granted a charter, which abrogated the oppressive innovations complained of, reserving, however, the fiction of feudal tenure, for the realization of those military purposes, in reference to which the feudal theory had been primarily submitted to. The former grievances and hardships having, notwithstanding the sanctity of the charter, to which allusion has been made, been gradually revived by himself and succeeding princes, at length acquired a character of such intolerable aggravation, as, in the reign of John, impelled his barons and principal feudatories to rise in fierce and indignant insurrection, which was quelled only by the concession, on the 15th of June, 1215, of the celebrated Magna Charta at Running-Mead, the immunities and advantages of which, although greatly inferior to those conveyed by the charter of Henry I., were nevertheless considered a most valuable acquisition to English liberty.

One of the most remarkable and permanent consequences deducible from the general introduction of the feudal system into England, is the fundamental principle, that all land belonging to any subject in this realm is holden of some superior, and either mediately or immediately of the

sovereign. "And as all lands are *holden*, they are consequently denominated *tenements*, the possessors thereof *tenants*, and the manner of their possession a *tenure*." The phrase *in capite*, or in chief, is applicable to an estate held immediately of the sovereign, of which, it appears, there were two descriptions, designated respectively *ut de honore*, and *ut de corona*; the former referable to land held of the sovereign as proprietor of some honour, castle, or manor, and the latter to an estate held of the monarch in right of the crown itself. In the event of the holding being mediate, it was as a subinfeudation.

When a tenant holding under the king immediately, granted a portion of his estate to an inferior person, the tenure thereby created was termed a grant by subinfeudation, in which case the sovereign was styled lord paramount, his immediate tenant a mesne lord, and the lowest tenant a tenant paravail, inasmuch as he was supposed to make avail, or profit of the land. In those times, four principal kinds of lay tenures appear to have subsisted, into which all others were capable of being resolved, whose distinctive characteristics were determined by the several services, renders, or *rents*, due to the lords from these tenants. These services, as to their quality, were either *free or base*; and as to their quantity, either *certain or uncertain*. *Free services* were those, the performance of which was not incompatible with the character of a soldier, or free-man; as serving under his lord on the occurrence of war, or rendering himself liable to the periodical payment of a stipulated sum of money. *Base services* were such as were suited only for peasants, and referred exclusively to menial, servile, or agricultural avocations. The *certain services*, whether free or base, were such as were distinctly ascertained and limited in quantity; as the payment of a stated annual rent, or the performance of certain specified acts of husbandry or agricultural duties.

The uncertain services referred to the unascertained and unknown contingencies, as the personal performance of military service when required, the payment of a pecuniary or other compensation in lieu thereof, or the winding of a horn in the event of an invasion of the realm; which constituted free services; absolute and unconditional subserviency to the lord's will and command, at all times, and under all circumstances, indicated base or villain services. It may not be superfluous to observe, in reference to the etymology of the term villain, that in the estimation of some authorities it is derivable from *vilis*, and of others from *villa*, because the villains lived in villages, and were employed in servile and sordid occupations.

Bracton, who lived in the thirteenth century, in speaking of those varieties of lay-service, observes, "Tenements are of two sorts, frank-tenement and villenage. Of the former, some are held freely, in consideration of homage and knight-service; others in free-socage with the service of fealty only; or with fealty and homage, according to some authorities:—

"Tenementorum aliud liberum, aliud villenagium. Item liberorum aliud tenetur liberere pro homagio et servitio militari; aliud in libero socagio cum fidelitate tantum, vel cum fidelitate et homagio secundum quosdam."

On the subject of villenages he is equally explicit; some of which he describes as pure, and others as privileged. The former occurred when the terms of the tenure subjected the tenant to the performance of whatever was commanded of him, so that in the evening he might be ignorant

of the duties he should have to discharge in the morning—the service always being of an uncertain nature. The privileged description of villenage was holden of the king from the period of the conquest, and was called villein-socage, which invested the tenant with the privilege of exemption from the liability of removal from the land, so long as the prescribed service was performed; these tenants of the king's demesnes were denominated villein-socmen, and *glebæ ascriptitii*, their services being fixed and ascertained:—

“Villenagiorum aliud purum, aliud privilegiatum; qui tenet in puro villenagio faciet quicquid ei preceptum fuerit, nec scire debeat sero quod facere debeat in crastino, et semper tenebitur ad incerta; est etiam aliud genus villenagii quod tenetur de domino rege a conquestu Angliæ, quod dicitur socagium villanum, et quod est villenagium, sed tamen privilegiatum. Habeat itaque tenentes de dominicis domini regis tale privilegium quod a gleba amoveri non debant quandiu velint, et possint facere debitum servitium. Et hujusmodi villani sokmanni propriè dicuntur glebæ a scriptiis. Villana autem faciunt servita, sed certa et determinata.”

In reference to the etymology of the term socage, a difference of opinion exists amongst the best authorities; some, including Littleton and Lord Coke, deriving it from the French word *soc*, a ploughshare, as its services, though in process of time transformed into a pecuniary rent, were originally of an agricultural character only; whilst others consider the Saxon phrase *soc*, a franchise or privilege, as the more probable original, because socage was distinguished from other tenures by the great *privilege* of certain and defined service. Bracton's opinion on this subject is thus expressed:—

“Dici poterit socagium a soco, et inde tenentes socmanni, eo quod deputati sunt, ut videtur, tantummodo ad culturam,” &c.

It appears, therefore, from the preceding representation, which is abundantly capable of being confirmed by authorities other than those quoted, that four distinct kinds of lay tenures, all deriving themselves more or less immediately from feudalism, formerly existed;—namely, knight-service, free socage, villein socage, and pure villenage; of which the two last were in process of time reduced to copyhold and knight-service, which continued until the middle of the seventeenth century converted, into free socage, a tenure which, as well as that of copyhold, remains in operation to the present time.

According to evidence supplied on this subject by various authorities of eminence, there is reason to believe that Denmark, Sweden, Bohemia, and Hungary, were exempt from the influence of feudalism. In Hallam's “Middle Ages,” it is represented that the operation of this system principally affected, as to local extent, the dominions of Charlemagne, and those countries subsequently, by invasion or otherwise, placed in political connexion with such as had been subject to his rule.

Of these tenures just spoken of, pre-eminence in degree and extent unquestionably belonged to that of knight service, *servitium militare*, or *service de chivaler*, as it was termed in law-French. To constitute a tenure in chivalry, it was necessary that the estate should consist of twelve plough-lands—a plough-land, or *carucata terræ*, being the quantity of ground cultivable by one plough in the course of a year—which was called a knight's fee, or *feodum militare*. Subsequently, the quantity thus some-

what obscurely expressed was fixed at 460 acres of cultivated land, the annual value of which was estimated in the beginning of the thirteenth century at 20*l*. The *reditus*, or return rent or service for a knight's fee, was the obligation of attendance at the wars, when such an occurrence took place, during forty days in every year; the possession of half a knight's fee referred only to half the return, and so on, each diminution in quantity involving a proportionate decrease in the service, or *reditus*. Although there is abundant reason to conclude that this service was the only one contemplated, on the occasion of the universal adoption of feudalism at Sarum, yet other results, as ordinary feudal incidents, were subsequently realized, on the ground that they formed a regular and irremovable appendage of the system. These consisted of aids, relief, fines for alienation, escheat and forfeiture, primer seisin, wardship, and right of marriage.

In England, aids consisted principally of three divisions, namely, the redemption of the lord's person from captivity, the knighting of his eldest son, and the provision of a suitable portion for his eldest daughter on the occasion of her marriage; neglect in the performance of the first of these obligations, when of a culpable or voluntary character, was punishable, in case of the rigorous enforcement of the strict principles of the feudal law, with the absolute forfeiture of the vassal's estate. The ceremony attendant on the elevation of the lord's eldest son to the dignity of knighthood, was formerly a pageant, accompanied by no inconsiderable degree of pomp, circumstance, and expense; the aid demandable for this purpose could not be exacted until the heir was capable of bearing arms, its object being, that the defence of the kingdom should be provided for by the education of the heir-apparent of the seignior in deeds of arms and chivalrous accomplishments. The duty of realizing a fitting dower for the daughter was probably referable to the inability of great feudatories, wholly conversant in military pursuits, to provide a marriage portion, and to the peculiar nature of the feudal tenure, which precluded the possibility of the imposition on their estates, of incumbrances of this or any other description. Exemption from these aids resulted from no rank or profession, monasteries themselves, until the time of their dissolution, having been subject to the liability. In these respects, a striking parallelism is observable between the relations of the lord and vassal of the feudal law, and those which connected the patron and client of the Roman republic; of which circumstance the following passage affords conclusive testimony:

"Erat autem hæc inter utrosque officiorum vicissitudo—ut clientes ad collocandas senatorum filias de suo conferrent; in æris alieni dissolutionem gratuitam pecuniam erogarent; et ab hostibus in bello captos redimerent."—Paul. Manutius de S natu Romano, c. 1.

Much dissatisfaction having arisen in consequence of the indeterminate quantity of these aids, and of the occasional injustice and extortion of which that circumstance permitted the practice, it was ordained by King John's charter, that those taken by inferior lords should be reasonable; an enactment whose ambiguity, continuing the source of considerable latitude of interpretation, led to a final adjustment of the matter by the statute Westm. 1. 3. Edw. I., which fixed the aids for marriage and knighting respectively at twenty shillings for each knight's fee; that for redemption, being necessarily uncertain, always remained, on that account, incapable of definition. Relief, which was only payable in case the heir, at the death of his ancestor, had attained his full age of one-and-twenty

years, continued uncertain until the reign of Henry II., when it was ordered that it should thenceforth, in conformity with the laws of the Conqueror, consist of 100s. for every knight's fee; from which arrangement no deviation ever afterwards occurred. Fines for alienation were limited to the king's tenants *in capite*, who were unable, in England, to assign or alien their lands without a licence. In the year 1326, it was settled by statute, that one-third of the yearly value should be paid for a licence of alienation; and in case of neglect in this particular, that a full year's value should be exacted. Escheat and forfeiture occurred on the commission of treason or felony by the tenant, the effect of which was forfeiture of his land, and total annihilation of every inheritable quality, so that, thenceforward, no land could be transmitted through him or from him in a course of descent.

Primer seisin, which was incidental only to the King's tenants *in capite*, constituted the right which the sovereign possessed, of receiving from the heir of any his tenants *in capite* dying, seised of a knight's fee, provided he were of full age, one whole year's profits of the lands.

This proceeding, which in reality was only a species of relief, was the result of the ancient law of feuds, which empowered the superior, immediately on the death of the vassal, to take possession of the estate, in order that protection might thereby be afforded against the injurious consequences of aggressive or hostile intrusion, until the claims of the heir were personally preferred, which, in strict law, unless exhibited within a year and a day, were held to be annulled. The circumstance of the King being entitled, during this period, to the whole profits, or first fruits of the land, subsequently, it is said, afforded the Popes, as feudal lords of the Church, a pretext to claim from every clergyman in England the first fruits or *primitiæ* of his benefice. Wardship, which, it would seem, was a feudal incident peculiar to England and Normandy, entitled the lord of the fee to the custody of the lands and person of the heir, until the age of twenty-one in males, and sixteen in females. The profits of the estate, under these circumstances, belonged to the guardian, in order that therewith a fitting substitute might be provided to render those military services, the personal performance of which, on the part of the heir, was precluded by the fact of infancy. The attainment of the age of twenty-one, and that of sixteen, by the heirs male and female, respectively, entitled them to sue out their livery or ousterlemain; a procedure whereby the delivery of their lands out of the guardian's custody was effected, and for which, a fine amounting to half a year's profits was payable. For the purpose of more accurately ascertaining the rights or dues to which the Crown was entitled by these first fruits of tenure, and of granting livery to the heir, the itinerant justices were directed to institute inquiries concerning them, by a jury of the county; by means of this proceeding, which was denominated an *inquisitio post mortem*, information was obtained, on the death of every man of fortune, shewing the value of his estate, the tenure by which it was held, and the age, name, and condition of his heirs. The results of these inquisitions, in various respects, are highly valuable and important, inasmuch as they constitute a source, from which information is obtainable, not of a positive and remarkably authentic character, but frequently incapable of being derived from any other records. As an illustration of these remarks, as well as for the purpose of exhibiting an instance of the extreme accuracy and curious abbreviation observed in these documents, the subjoined is given *verbatim et literatim*:—

"INQUISITIONUM CANCELLARIÆ HIBERNIÆ REFERTORIUM.

Naas 17 Maii 1620.

Hen^r Harrington mil^s seis. fuit, de feod. taliat. de vil. et ter. de Ouldetowne 70 acr. Johnstowne 89 acr. Rowlanston 78 acr. ter. et 15 acr. pastur. Linan's gardinge 36 acr. Merriwall 1 castr. 2 mes. 5 cottag. & 6 acr. Harriston 2 castr. cū divers. turrib. Inf a circuit. magn. aul. 1 gard. 1 pomar. le haggard place, 1 capel. 1 campanil. & al. ruinos. plac. contin. 3 acr. ac 2 mes. 5 cottag. & 140 acr. ter. in vil. de Harriston —pd. & in vil. de Woynson 1 molendin. aquatic.; pd. Hen. fuit etiam seis. de maner. de Galmoreston; ac de 1 castr. & le bawn cū. quibusdā. al. edific., 1 Magn. aul. cellar. subter le vaulte, 1 pomar, et le haggard place, nec non 5 mes. 10 cottag. & 240 acr. ter. in dict. maner. de Galmerston; et in Rochestowne 1 castr. 2 mes. et 103½ acr.; in Kilgoen 1 castr. 4 mes. 10 cottag. & 277 acr.; in Killenan 1 castr. 2 mes. 4 cottag. & 334 acr.; veter. castr. 2 mes. 5 cottag. & 160 acr. ter. in vil. de Uske; in Ballisau 4 mes. 46 cottag. & 467 acr.; in Kilcullen pcell. Monaster. de Kilcullen; et fuit etiam seis. de maner. de Kilcullen; et 35 acr. ter. in vil. de Ballinlug prope maner. de Kilcullen, et ad eand. maner. spectan. 20 acr.; in Nicollstowne 6 cottag. & 400 acr. scit. circuit. et nup. dom. fratrū. vocat. nov. monaster. al New-abbey; ac 1 dom. 1 molendin. aqua ic. & 200 acr. ter. rector de Giltowne cū. decim. & rector de Timolinbegg et decim. in vil. Belatore, et Portersei; pd. Hen. Harrington mil. similiter seis. fuit, de feod. de scit Hospital Sci. John. de Tristledermott cont 200½ acr. ter. 2 Ruinos. dom. 2 mes. & 6 cottag.; Giggford 1 mes. 3 cottag. & 200 acr.; Collenston, Tomenston, & Coolerake 12 mes. 70 cottag. & 1276 acr.; H^r eston 2 mes. & 111 acr.; Kilka 4 acr.; de monaster. de Timolinbegg, & 2200 acr. & 1 Molendin. aquatic.; Oulde Grange 1200 acr., et St. John's lands in Inchmacadder qu. oīa. sunt pcell. monaster de Timolinbegg; et de ter. de Belan tenent^r de Re. in capite p. Svic. mil.; —pd. Hen. Harrington mil obijt inde seis. 1 maii 1612 Joh. Harrington mil. fuit ejus fil. et her. etat. 34 et maritat.; pd. Joh. fuit de pmiss. seis. de feod. taliat., ad us. ipsius Joh. et hered. mascul. de corpore suo pcreat.; obijt 22 Dec. 1614, Sine et her. de corpore suo; —Wil. Harrington mil. est her. dict. Joh. et fil. Jacob. ejus. frat. et fuit de oībz pmiss. seis. de feod. taliat. ad us. ejusdē Wil. et hered. mascul. s.—Sic &.

The preceding extract distinctly declares, that Sir Henry Harrington, who died in the year 1612, was succeeded by his son Sir John, who, dying in 1614, was succeeded by his nephew, Sir William Harrington. The estates of which Sir John Harrington died seised, were in fee tail, in consequence of which, the inheritance being restricted to his heirs-male, they passed from his only child, Lady Fretchvil, to his nephew, Sir William. It also furnishes evidence which is clearly calculated to correct an error occurring in Debrett's Lineage of the Harrington Family, and reiterated in a paper, headed "Great Alliances," which appeared in *The Patrician* for October, 1847. The misapprehension alluded to, represents that the third and youngest son of Sir James Harrington, of Exton, became the head of the family, on the death of Sir Henry Harrington and his two sons Sir John and James. Now such could not have been the case, inasmuch as the above-mentioned Sir John was succeeded by his nephew Sir William, on the decease of whose great-grandson, the late Henry Harrington, Esq., of Grange-Con Castle, in 1842, the male line of Sir Henry Harrington became extinct; on the occurrence of which event, and not before, the present baronet, who is descended from the youngest son of Sir James Harrington of Exton, was placed in the position of head of the family. The document already quoted as an illustration of the genealogical value resident in these inquisitions, is confirmed by the result of similar investigations, instituted at the same period, in reference to estates held *in capite*, in Wicklow and other counties, by

Sir Henry Harrington, a large portion of which was alienated, without royal license, by his grandson, Sir William Harrington, the alienees being the ancestors of the present Mr. Carrol, of Ballynure, and the Earl of Aldborough.

It would seem that this mode of procedure became, in process of time, the source of abuse and oppression, to such an effect, that many persons were compelled, in consequence of false inquisitions, to sue out livery from the Crown, who, by no means, were tenants *in capite*. With a view to the correction of this grievance, and to the conduct of these inquiries, in a more efficient and unobjectionable manner, it was deemed expedient to establish a Court of Wards and Liveries, which was accordingly effected by act of Parliament in the year 1541.

It should here be observed, that in these chivalrous times, the attainment of his majority, rendered it compulsory on the feudal heir, either to receive the order of knighthood or submit to the infliction of a considerable fine. The reception of this dignity, investiture with which was a pageant attended with considerable pomp, ceremony, and expense, constituted the indispensable qualification for the performances of deeds of arms, and arose from the exercise of a prerogative, which was expressly recognised in Parliament, by the statute *de militibus*, 1 Edw. II., and uniformly regarded as the very flower of the Crown, having undergone no interruption, nor been the subject of any complaint, even during the reigns of our best princes, was finally abolished by statute 16 Car. I. c. 20, on which occasion it formed one of the concessions extorted from that ill-fated monarch. In reference to this subject it may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to remark, that the origin of feudal knighthood is, in all probability, traceable to a somewhat analogous practice which obtained amongst the ancient Germans, whom Tacitus describes, as qualifying their young men to bear arms, by presenting them in full assembly with a shield and a lance—

“In ipso concilio vel principum aliquis, vel pater, vel propinquus, scuto praeaque juvenem ornant; hæc apud illos toga, hic primus juventæ honos. Ante hoc domus pars videntur; mox reipublicæ.” De Mor. Germ. c. 13.

The right of marriage constituted a species of authority with which, in relation to his infant wards, the guardian in chivalry was likewise invested—a privilege whereby he was entitled to tender to his ward, when of suitable age, a fitting match without disparagement, which, if refused on the part of the ward, being a male, involved a forfeiture to the lord, of double the value which he might have attained for the alliance;—“*duplicem valorem maritagii*”;—whilst a similar rejection proceeding from a ward of the opposite sex, subjected her estates to the liability of being held by the guardians, until she should have attained the age of twenty-one. It furthermore appears, that even the omission of the tender under consideration, on the part of the superior, was not unattended with burdensome consequences, since, in the event of such contingency, the ward, on coming of age, was compellable to pay the single value, which by possibility might have obtained for the marriage. This species of tyranny was justly regarded as an intolerable oppression, objectionable in every respect, and unaccompanied with one practical advantage. It was, indeed, perfectly rational; nay, in those days, it was almost absolutely necessary, that a certain restraint should be exercised in this particular,

to obviate the political consequences of which an alliance with the king's enemy might possibly have been productive; any exaction or demand, however, extending beyond these limits, seems unquestionably to have been an unjustifiable innovation, utterly and altogether unsupported by any feudal principle or exigency. This most oppressive grievance continued, notwithstanding the promise of Henry I. in his charter to abstain from the exaction of any consideration for *his* consent, until it was in a degree abated by Magna Charta, which provided that the heir should be married without disparagement, the next of kin receiving timely notice of the extract—

“*Ila maritentur ne disparagentur, et per consilium propinquorum de consanguinate sua.*”

The privileges thus conferred on the next of kin, were seriously disturbed by the charter of Henry III., in which the clause relating to the subject is merely as follows:—

“*Hæredes maritentur absque disparagacione,*”

after which the term *hæredes*, which, in its original application, was strictly confined to heirs female, by its ambiguity afforded a pretext for a more extended interpretation, so as to include heirs male also, who, thenceforward, were claimed, notwithstanding the grammatical force of the words *maritare* and *maritagium*, which, *ex vi termini*, plainly indicated the providing of a husband merely. This, in conjunction with the other feudal incidents, continued in full force until the middle of the seventeenth century, when all were finally abolished.

A variety of the feudal tenures, was that denominated Grand Serjeanty, *magnum servitium*, the leading characteristic of which secured to the tenant an exemption from the duty of attending the sovereign generally in his wars, substituting in lieu thereof the performance of honorary services, such as carrying his sword, banner, or discharging the duties of champion, or other functionary on the occasion of the king's coronation: the tenant by Grand Serjeanty was specially exonerated from all liability to those exactions, claimable under the denomination of aids, or *escuage*. Tenure by cornage was a modification of the former, the peculiar obligation of which consisted in winding a horn, as a warning to the king's subjects, in the event of an invasion of the realm by the Scots, or other enemies: these services were of a purely personal nature, and totally unrestrained in respect of quantity or duration. Ultimately, however, a very considerable alteration was superinduced, whereby the nature and character of the services of chivalry underwent almost a radical metamorphosis. The rendering of personal attendance, in knight service, having been extremely troublesome, and productive of perpetual inconvenience and embarrassment, the tenants in chivalry gradually devised means, whose object was an avoidance of these consequences, by the substitution of pecuniary compensation, which, in process of time, was levied by assessments on every knight's fee, being termed *scutagium*, *escuage*, *servitium scuti*, or the service of shields. This tax, which appears to have been first imposed by ordinances of Henry II., in the year 1159, on the occasion of his expedition to Toulouse, produced no less a sum than 12,400 pounds in silver; at which time the value of silver was, in the estimation of the best authorities who have written on the subject, at least ten times

greater than at present; perhaps the introduction of the subjoined table may not be deemed incompatible with this topic. In the reign of

	s.	d.
Edward I. a pound of silver was coined into .	20	0
Edward III.	22	0
Henry IV.	30	0
Edward IV.	37	6
Henry VIII.	45	0
Elizabeth	60	0
At present it is coined into	66	0

Thus in the reign of Edward I. the quantity of silver which one shilling contained, would be equivalent to 3s. 3½d. of our currency, independently of which consideration, it should be recollected, that the intrinsic value of that metal has since undergone an immense depreciation, in consequence of the vast accumulation produced by the annual supplies of the American and other mines.

This mode of taxation was so rigorously and arbitrarily enforced by the successors of Henry II., that eventually becoming the subject of national clamour, King John was obliged to consent, by his Magna Charta, that no scutage should be imposed otherwise than by consent of Parliament:—

“Nullum scutagium ponatur in regno nostro, nisi per commune consilium regni nostri.”

These scutages have been justly regarded as the precursive source of all subsequent subsidies, and the veritable foundation of the land-tax of modern times. At length these feudal tenures, with all their complicated and burdensome accompaniments, having fallen into desuetude, during the Cromwellian Usurpation, were finally extinguished by the statute 12 Car. II.; whereby, with the exception of tenures in frank-almoign, copyholds, and the honorary services of grand-sergeanty, they were converted into free and common socage. Petit-sergeanty, or *parvum servitium regis*, differed from grand-sergeanty, by referring, not to personal service, but the holding of lands of the king, on the condition of rendering to him annually some small implement of war, as a lance, an arrow, &c. Contemporaneously with these tenures, which, as has been shewn, were the genuine effects of feudalism, certain customs of Saxon or Danish origin, and exhibiting much diversity of character, were permitted to exist in different parts of England. Of these, the most remarkable was that denominated, in contradistinction to the Norman institutions, Borough English, the characteristic peculiarity of which resided in the selection of the *youngest* son for the enjoyment of the inheritance. A variety of reasons has been assigned for this singularity, that given by Littleton being that the youngest was deemed best entitled to preference, on the presumption that his brethren, because of their maturer age, had previously provided themselves with the means of subsistence. Others referring the custom to a much more extraordinary course, represent that the object contemplated was, the restriction of the inheritance to the offspring of the tenant, which would have been prostrated by admitting the principle of primogeniture, on account of the usurpation by the lord of the fee of the tenant's marital rights, on the night immediately following the solemnization of the nuptials. However, no decided evidence can be adduced, shewing that such custom had ever obtained in England, although unquestionably it had existence in Scotland, under the name of

"marcheta," until the reign of Malcolm III., who acquired a richly-merited popularity, and entitled himself to the admiration of posterity, by commanding the abolition of a practice which constituted a species of tyranny, the most disgustingly hideous and demoralizing, to which any class of people could by possibility be subjected. Probably the purely pastoral condition of society may have been the true source of a custom, in compliance with which, the sons, as they successively arrived at maturity, migrated from the paternal home, with a certain allotment of cattle, in quest of other habitations, leaving the youngest to become the eventual prop of the father's declining years, and the sole inheritor of his residuary possessions; it is universally observed among the Tartar tribes, and appears to have been extensively recognised by the northern nations:—

"Pater cunctos filios adultos a se pellebat, præter unum quem hæredem sui juris relinquebat." Walsing Upodigm. Neust. c. i.

Tenure in frankalmoign, libera elemosyna, or free alms, relates to the manner in which a religious corporation, aggregate or sole, held lands of the donor to them and their successors for ever."

The service which was rendered for lands so confined, was not of an accurately defined or certain description, having generally consisted in offering prayers for the souls of the benefactors and his heirs, in consequence whereof, an exemption from the requirements of fealty was permitted, in which circumstance this service presented a marked contrast to all others whatsoever. The following may be interesting as embodying a specimen of the form, latinity, and other characteristics of these ancient monastic memorials. The document in question bears date 1380:—

"BÆUVALEENSE CENOBIIUM IN AGRO NOTINGHAMENSIS. CARTA FUNDATIONIS, 1343.

"De duobus capellanis pro anima Willielmi de Aldeburgh chevalier, et Edwardi Baliol celebrantibus.

"Noverit universitas vestra, nos priorem et conventum domus Bellaevallis, ordinis Cartusiensis, Eborac. diocesis, considerantes piam et sinceram affectionem quam dominus Willielmus de Aldeburgh ergo nos et domum nostram semper in vi a sua novimus habuisse, et præsertim, pro magna et notabili summa pecuniæ quæ in dominus Willielmus de Rythre chevalier, et Sybilla uxor ejus, et Elizabetha quæ fuit uxor Briani Stapleton chevalier, sorores et hæredes prædicti domini Willielmi, nobis, in maxima necessitati nostra solverunt, concessisse pro nobis et successoribus nostris, ad liveniendum duos monachos singulis diebus specialius celebraturos, pro patre et matre prædicti domini Willielmi, ac pro seipso et uxore sua, et pro animabus prædicti domini Willielmi de Rythre, ac uxoris suæ, et Edwardi Baliol chevalier in perpetuum, &c.

LICENTIA REGIA PRO EADEM CANTARIA FUNDANDA.

"Richardus dei gratia Rex Angliæ et Franciæ, &c., Salutem; licet de communi consilio regni nostri Angliæ statutum sit, quod non liceat viris religiosis ingredi feodum alicujus, ita quod ad manum mortuam deveniat, sine licentia nostra, et capitalis domini, de quo res illa immediate tenetur; de gratia tamen nostra speciali licentiam dedimus Elizabethæ quæ fuit uxor Bryani de Stapleton chevalier, quod ipsa quandam annum redditum quadraginta Solidorum exeuntem de mediæstate maneriorum de Kyrkeby Orblawers et Rereby; ac domino Willielmo de Rythre chevalier, et Sybillæ uxori ejus, quod ipsi quandam

reditum annuum quadraginta solidorum, exeuntem de altera mediætate maneriorum prædictorum, quæ de nobis tenentur, dare possint priori, et conventui de Bellavalle ordinis Carthusiensis, habendum sibi et successoribus ad inveniendos duos monachos Cappelanos, divina pro animabus Willielmi de Aldeburgh chevalier, patris et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus, matris prædictarum Elizabethæ quæ fuit uxor Bryani, et Sybillæ domini Willielmi de Rythre uxoris, ac animabus Willielmi de Aldeturgh chevalier, fratris earundem Elizabethæ, quæ fuit uxor Bryani, et Sybillæ, et Margeriæ uxoris ejus, ac pro anima Edwardi Paliol chevalier, in ecclesia ipsorum prioris et conventus de Bellavalle singulis diebus celebraturos, &c."

This tenure appears to have been as old as the earliest periods of the Saxon constitution, and through the superstitious reverence and respect, in those days accorded to religious men, uninterfered with by any of those mutations consequent on the Norman revolution; it was also in frankalmoign, that the ancient religions and monastic establishments principally enjoyed their princely possessions; and it is a remarkable circumstance that the glebe lands of the parochial clergymen, as well as those of numerous ecclesiastical and eleemosynary foundations are held by this tenure at present. Cæsar, speaking of the Druids, and the privileges with which they were invested amongst the ancient Britons, describes them as possessing "*omnium rerum immunitatem*," in imitation, or more properly speaking perhaps, in continuance of which immunity, probably it was, that tenants in frankalmoign were exonerated from all services whatever, with the exception of the *trinoda necessitas*, in reference to the construction of castles, preservation of highways, and defence of the realm in the event of invasion. Even at the present time, this tenure exhibits a similitude to the characteristics of any other, being in its nature and essence purely and altogether spiritual, and wholly unassociated with any feudal ingredient, or obligation; in which circumstance resided the leading distinction existing between frankalmoign and tenure by divine service, whereby certain special and clearly defined services were enjoined, as the celebration of an *ascertained* number of masses, the distribution of a prescribed quantity of alms, &c.

On the subject of manors, it may be observed, that although to a certain extent in existence antecedently to the Norman invasion, yet that subsequently they became subject to such changes and innovations as worked an almost total obliteration of their original aspect and character.

The word manor, in that signification which it assumed after the conquest, would seem to indicate an extensive district, in possession of a lord, or great personage, of which a portion was usually distributed to tenants in perpetuity, whilst the remainder being reserved for his own peculiar purposes, received the denomination of *terræ dominicales*, or demesne lands. The term manor is suggestive of two derivations; namely—a *manendo*, in reference to the fact of its being the usual residence of the lord, and *mesner*, in allusion to the circumstance of the tenants resident thereon being in a peculiar and especial manner under the lord's *guidance* and direction. Of the demesne lands, part remained in the actual occupation of the proprietor in fee, and were principally devoted to the exclusive and immediate purposes of his establishment and household—part was held in villenage, and the residue being waste and uncultivated, was denominated the lord's waste, and ordinarily appropriated to the purposes of common of pasture, for the tenants generally; "*Est autum dominicum propriè terra ad mensam assignata, et villenagium quod traditur villanis ad excolendum.*"*

* Fleta.

Manors were originally termed baronies, and still receive the designation of lordships; the lord or baron, invested with such possession, was, in consequence, authorized to hold a court baron, or domestic court, whose jurisdiction was co-extensive therewith, and had for its object the repression of nuisances, and misdemeanours, and the adjustment of all disputes arising amongst the tenantry.

When several of these manors, belonged to one great baron or lord paramount, his seigniority in relation to such possessions was termed an honor, of which eighty have been enumerated by Selden, as existing in England. Before the demolition of the Saxon government, a certain clan of persons were retained in a state of absolute and hereditary bondage, constituting, as well as their children and effects, the unquestioned property of the lord of the soil; these unfortunates resided on what was termed folk-land, from which they were, on all occasions, removable, whenever such proceeding happened to be the pleasure of the lord. The establishment, however, of feudal usages throughout the land, seems to have effected a very material amelioration in their condition, by the partial extension to them of those privileges and benefits of enfranchisement and protection of which the oath of fealty, to which they were admitted, was uniformly productive. Although their instrumentalities manifestly exalted in the social sphere, yet their position being deemed inferior to every grade, was known by the appellation of villenage, which consisted of two classifications; those belonging to one, were denominated villeins regardant, whilst such as were included in the other received the designation of villeins in gross; the former being inseparably annexed to the land, and the latter, appertaining to the person of the lord, were capable of being transferred by deed from one owner to another. That this species of social degradation may be regarded as in some degree a remnant of the Danish tyranny, is perhaps deducible from the parallel presented by the condition of the boors of Denmark and the traals of Sweden. They were precluded from exercising the natural right of migration, or even temporary change of residences without permission, and in the event of running away, or being purloined, were capable of being claimed and recovered by action, as beasts or other chattels which had passed illegally from the possession of the owners.

It is a curious circumstance, that whilst the legitimate offspring of villeins inherited the paternal state of debasement, their illegitimate issue were born free, in accordance with that maxim of law which declares a person so circumstanced to be *nullius filius*. Notwithstanding the rigors to which they were liable, it does not appear that much practical severity was ever exercised towards them: as the King's subjects, protection was afforded them against all atrocious injuries, no person having the power of inflicting death, or any personal mischief, without being subject to the usual legal punishment for such offences; besides which, in almost all cases the hereditary enjoyment of the land originally allotted was, through the lenient benevolence of the lords, uninterruptedly permitted from generation to generation, until it eventually acquired a prescriptive character, and established at common law, the life of which is custom, an interest in those holding, not only equal, but most frequently far superior to that of the proprietors in fee themselves, who became thus deprived of the power whereby the villein was subject to ejection, in consequence of which, the title of the latter to his lord being dependant on custom, as evidenced by the roll of the manor court, and admissions thereunto relat-

ing, as entered on those rolls, this species of tenure, created by the process just described, was ultimately denominated a copyhold ; thus it appears that copyholders, have sprung from villeins, and that, generally speaking, the yeomanry of the present day are but a modern modification, or rather the hereditary successors of those whose condition was that of villenage, in the by-gone periods of feudalism. By these means, and the gradual progress of manumission, constructive or otherwise, the personal condition of villenage was finally superseded by that of freedom, and a social estate, in its original constitution, theoretically if not practically, burdened with servile incidents, and thoroughly slavish restrictions, expanded and improved, so as to eventuate in the development of a class, justly esteemed as constituting the strength of their country, the bulwark of its liberties, and known to the world as the yeomanry of England. By the 12th Car. II., as has been already observed, feudalism, in its operation, with respect to privileges and services, suffered legal extinction ; but that glorious spirit of chivalry, that enthusiastic devotedness to truth and honour, whose elements form the instincts of noble minds, which it evolved and perfected, and of which it constituted the embodiment and expression, are still recognised as the distinctive characteristics of the true-born gentleman, of the chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as the imperishable principles from which proceeded that "poetry of action," which a Wolf displayed on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the deathless death of a Chatham exhibited in the senate house of his native land ; which though stricken down will yet arise, the glorious product of its own ashes, undwarfed in dimensions, undiminished in force, undimmed in lustre.

"Ipsa sibi proles, suus est pater, et suus hæres,
Nutrix ipsa sui, Semper alumna sibi ;
Ipsa quidem, sed non eadem, quia et ipsa, nec ipsa est,
Æternam vitam mortis adepta bono."—Claudianus, Eleg. de Phœnice.

HIPPEUS.

CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Basing, Hants.

BOLINBROKE: What! will not this Castle yield?

PERCY: The Castle royally is mann'd against the entrance. — SHAKESPEARE.

OUR great civil war of the seventeenth century—the hard-fought contest of the Cavaliers and Roundheads—exhibits in a marked degree the superiority of the English character over that of other European nations. The conflict was boldly waged on the battle-field: the nobles rallying round the throne, fought with a devotion that set at nought all considerations of personal advantage, and with a gallantry that recalled the early ages of chivalry. The “rebel Commons,” deserve, too, their meed of praise: they drew the sword in vindication of what they deemed the liberties of their country, and they sheathed it not, until they had placed those liberties on a firm constitutional basis. Yet, in all the rancour engendered by these animosities, and amid all the ill-feeling that civil war never fails to call forth, no deed of premeditated vengeance—no blood spilt on the scaffold when the battle strife was hushed, sullied the fair fame of either party. Englishmen, be their political opinions what they may, recall those stirring times with a sensation of national pride and pleasure. The active loyalty of a Langdale, a Falkland, a Granville, and a Pawlet, and the stern patriotism of a Hampden, a Cromwell, a Waller, or a Fairfax, are alike applauded, and alike combine to render the pages of our history, which narrate their achievements, a highly honorable episode in the world's annals. Weak, indeed, must be the nationality of an English reader, who can peruse the record without experiencing a sentiment of honest exultation at the spirit and energy that pervaded the whole war.

Instances of the most brilliant as well as the most desperate examples of bravery, both in public and private encounters occurred during the progress of the struggle: the nerve of England was strained to the utmost, and mighty, indeed, were its efforts. The great battles—the two Newburys, Marston Moor, Edge Hill, and Rowton Heath, require but to be named: their details are familiar to all. The minor contests, however—contests of equal, though more circumscribed, daring and gallantry—have a peculiar and perhaps a more attractive interest. History is seldom so amusing as when, descending from the lofty regions of general description, it dwells for a moment on some ancient place or renowned individual, excluding as it were the world's vast prospect, and limiting our sight to the less exclusive, but more clearly defined view of some favored spot. These few cursory remarks on the days of English loyalty and English revolt, have been suggested by the subject before us—the old fortress of Basing, one of the most determined in its resistance to the Parliamentary forces.

Basing is a considerable village in Hampshire, about two miles north-east from Basingstoke. The name is Saxon, and signifies a coat of mail ; to which it is said the place once bore some resemblance, referring perhaps to its military strength. That it was, previously to the Conquest, a place of more importance than Basingstoke, there is no reason to doubt, from the Saxon addition of stoke (or hamlet) added to the latter. Basing's first military glory dates from the memorable battle fought between the Danes and the Saxons, commanded by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, in the year 871, in which the latter were defeated. It became still more famous, however, for the gallant stand made against the forces of the Parliament, in the reign of Charles the First, by John Pawlet, Marquis of Winchester, a lineal descendant of Hugh de Port,* Lord of Basing, who, at the period of the Domesday Survey, held fifty-five lordships in Hampshire. Basing, the head of these extensive possessions, appears to have been very early the site of a castle, as mention of the land of the old castle of Basing occurs in a grant made by John de Port to the neighbouring priory of Monk's Sherborne, in the reign of Henry the Second. William, his grandson, assumed the name of St. John ; and Robert, Lord St. John, in the forty-third of Henry the Third, obtained a license to fix a pole upon the bann of his moat at Basing, and also permission to continue it so fortified during the King's pleasure. In the time of Richard the Second, Basing, with other estates of this family, was transferred by marriage to the Poynings ; and again, in the time of Henry the Sixth, to the Pawlets, by the marriage of Constance, heiress of the former, with Sir John Pawlet, of Nunny Castle, in Somersetshire.

Sir William Pawlet, Knt., third in descent from this alliance, created Baron St. John, of Basing, by Henry the Eighth, and Earl of Wiltshire and Marquis of Winchester by Edward the Sixth, was a very polished nobleman, and greatly in favor at court through most of the successive changes that occurred in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. He held the office of treasurer nearly thirty years.† Being asked how he contrived to maintain his situation in such perilous times, wherein so many great changes had taken place in church and state, he answered, "By being a willow, and not an oak." He rebuilt the castle at Basing in a magnificent and even princely style ; so much so, indeed, that Camden, in allusion to the vast expense of living entailed on his family by its splendour, observes, that "it was so overpowered by its own weight, that his posterity have been forced to pull down a part of it."

Here King Edward the Sixth honoured the Marquis of Winchester with his presence, for four days. King Philip and Queen Mary, whom the Marquis had accompanied to Winchester after their marriage, were also entertained at Basing for five days. Here, also, in the year 1560, his lordship received Queen Elizabeth with "all good cheer," and so much to her satisfaction, that she playfully lamented his great age ; "for, by my troth," said the delighted sovereign, "if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to have

* It appears that Hugh de Port, Lord of Basing, held at least two manors, Cerdeford and Eschetune, by inheritance from his ancestors, before the Conquest; he took the habit of a monk at Winchester. His son, Henry de Port, Lord of Basing, was buried at Cerusie in Normandy.

† He is said to have left a manuscript account of his life; and also gave a particular detail of the siege of Boulogne, where he was one of the principal commanders.

him for a husband before any man in England." The Marquess died in 1572, at the age of 97, having lived to see 103 of his own immediate descendants: he was buried in Basing church.

William, his great grandson, and fourth Marquis of Winchester, had likewise, in the year 1601, the honor of having Queen Elizabeth for a guest, and that for a period of "thirteen days, to the greate charge of the sayde Lorde Marquesse." During her Majesty's sojourn, the Duke of Biron, accompanied by about twenty of the French nobility, and a retinue of nearly four hundred persons, were lodged at the Vine, the seat of Lord Sandys, which house had been purposely furnished with hangings and plate from the Tower and Hampton Court, "and with seven score beds and furniture, which the willing and obedient people of the countrie of Southampton, upon two dayes' warning, had brought in thither to lend the Queene." When Elizabeth departed from Basing, she affirmed that "she had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any Prince in Christendome could doe: that was, she had in her progresses, at her subjects' houses, entertained a royal ambassador, and had royally entertained him." This Marquis died in 1628, at Hawkwood, now Hackwood, the present seat of his descendants.

John, his son, the fifth Marquis of Winchester, was the brave nobleman who rendered his name illustrious by his gallant defence of Basing House, in the cause of Charles the First, during a tedious siege and blockade, or rather a succession of them, with short intermissions, continued upwards of two years.

The noble mansion of Basing was built upon a rising ground, and was surrounded with a brick rampart, which was lined with earth, and all encompassed with a dry ditch. Basing House is not to be confounded with the castle; to the east of which it is situated at a small distance, some remains of the foundations still existing.

In the beginning of the Civil Wars, this garrison much distressed the Parliamentarians by the command it had of the western road, inasmuch that it was several times besieged by their forces under Colonel Norton, Colonel Morley, and Sir William Waller, who greatly distressed, but could not take it. The Marquis declared, that "if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would hold it out to the extremity." At first there were none but the Marquis's own family, and one hundred musqueteers from Oxford, but afterwards the King supplied him as occasion required. To inspire the garrison with courage, and perseverance in the resolute contest, he wrote with a diamond in every window "Love Loyalty;" for which reason the house was called Loyalty House, and the words in French, *Aimez Loyault*, afterwards became the motto of the family arms, as they are to the present day.

The investment commenced in August, 1643: the first material assaults were made by Sir William Waller, (called from his former successes, William the Conqueror,) who thrice, within nine days, attempted to take it by storm, with 7000 men, but was repulsed, and obliged to retreat with great loss to Farnham.

The final investment of Basing House appears to have been undertaken by Cromwell. When the king's cause declined everywhere, Oliver came with his victorious troops out of the west, and attacked Basing House, and so vigorously pushed on the siege, that the Royalists saw it impossible for them to hold out as they had formerly done, and thereupon desired a parley; but the General was resolved to chastise them for their obstinate loyalty,

and would hearken to no proposals, intending to take it by storm. Having therefore posted his army around the house, the attack was begun, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments having forced the works of the besieged, mounted the walls and entered the house before the defendants perceived their danger. Thus Basing House, which had held out so long, and had been thought almost impregnable, was at length taken by storm, Oct. 14th, 1645, and burnt to the ground. Seventy-two men were lost on the king's side, and about 200 (another account says 400) taken prisoners, among whom was the Marquis himself, and several other persons of distinction, whom Cromwell sent up to Parliament, and received the thanks of the house for these successful services. Oliver's letter, still preserved in the British Museum, thus narrates the siege:—

“ I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries, we settled the several posts for the storm; Colonel Dalbert was to be on the north side of the house, near the Grange, Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed in the morning at six o'clock. The signal of falling on was the firing of four of our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness; we took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through, and got to the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear. In the meantime, Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a double culverine, and from that work; which, having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerous. We have little loss; many of the enemy our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality: most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which, the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, and divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance and much ammunition, to your soldiers a good encouragement. I humbly offer to you to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons: it will take about eight hundred men to manage it; it is not frontier; the country is open about it; the place exceedingly ruined by your batteries and mortar-pieces, and a fire, which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbert, make a strong quarter at Newberry, with three or four troops of horse, I dare be confident, it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to these parts, inasmuch as Newberry lies upon the river, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford, or Farringdon, into these parts, and by lying there will make the trade more secure between Bristol and London, for all carriages: and I believe the gentlemen of Wiltshire and Hampshire, will, with more cheerfulness, contribute to maintain a garrison upon a frontier than in their own bowels, which will have less safety in it. Sir, I hope not to delay, but march towards the West to-morrow, and be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgement to you, that if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your army, else, believe me, Sir, it will not be able to answer the work you have for it to do. I entreated Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this garrison, which God safely delivered to us, to our great joy, but to his loss of almost all he had, which the enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness. God exceedingly abounds in his goodness towards us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet; and th. t

he hath brought forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor kingdom,
 who desires to serve God and you with a faithful hand,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The number of soldiers slain before the walls, from the commencement of the siege, is recorded to have been upwards of 2000. The plunder obtained on this occasion is said to have amounted to 200,000*l.* in cash, jewels, and furniture, among which was a bed worth 1,400*l.* A private soldier is said to have received 300*l.* as his share of the booty. Among the distinguished persons taken prisoner was Sir Robert Peake, who commanded the garrison under the Marquis. Lieut.-Col. Wilburn, and Sergeant-Major Cufaude, of the Loyalists, are said to have been slain in cold blood. Dr. Thomas Johnson, the celebrated botanist, being with the royal army, received a wound of which he died. Six Catholic priests (the Marquis being a Catholic) were also among the slain. Robinson, a stage-player, was killed by Major-Gen. Harrison, who is said to have refused him quarter and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms. Hollar, the celebrated engraver, who was there at the time, made his escape. Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of the "Church History of Britain," and other works, being a chaplain in the royal army under Lord Hopton, was for some time shut up in Basing House while it was besieged. Even here, as if sitting in the study of a quiet parsonage far removed from the din of war, he prosecuted his favourite work, entitled "The Worthies of England;" discovering no sign of fear, but only complaining that the noise of the cannon, which was continually thundering from the lines of the besiegers, interrupted him in digesting his notes. Dr. Fuller, however, animated the garrison to so vigorous a defence, that Sir William Waller was obliged to raise the siege with considerable loss, by which the fate of Basing House was for a considerable while suspended. When it was besieged a second time and fell, Lord Hopton's army took shelter in the city of Exeter, whither Fuller accompanied it.

Hugh Peters was at the taking of Basing House, and being come to London to make a report of it to the Parliament, said it was a house fit for an emperor to dwell in, it was so spacious and beautiful. The Marchioness of Winchester, second wife of the Marquis, was distinguished for courage and prudence, like the celebrated Blanche, Lady Arundel, who so nobly held Wardour Castle. The Marchioness valiantly aided in the defence of Basing House, which was taken during her absence. She wrote a journal of the proceedings relative to the siege.*

After the original house was destroyed, a mansion was built on the north side of the road opposite the ruins. This house was pulled down about fifty or sixty years ago, and the materials carried to Cannons near Kingsclere.

The brave Marquis, whose property was thus reduced to ruins in the cause of his sovereign, lived to the Restoration, but received no recompense from an ungrateful court for his immense losses. His loyalty was the more remarkable as coming from a Catholic subject to a Protestant King. During the latter part of his life he resided at Englefield, in Berkshire, where he built a noble mansion, the front of which resembled the face of a church

* The Journal of the siege of Basing House, printed at Oxford in 1645, is considered as one of the most eventful pieces of history during the civil war.

organ. Dying in 1674, he was buried in the parish church; the epitaph on his monument, was written by Dryden, :—

“He, who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm’d the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here; rewarded by a heav’nly Prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear;
Or if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of this age’s faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heav’n confin’d in thee,
Few subjects could a King like thine deserve;
And fewer such a King so well could serve.
Blest King, blest subjects, whose exalted state
By suffering rose, and gave the law to fate!
Such souls are rare; but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to Heaven.”

The Marquis translated from the French the “Gallary of Heroic Women,” 1652; and Talon’s “Holy History,” 1653.

The first wife of the Marquis was Jane, the very accomplished daughter of Thomas Viscount Savage: she was taught Spanish by James Howell, Esq., who addressed a very curious letter to her Grace. (See his Familiar Letters, vol. 1.) She was mother of Charles, first Duke of Bolton, but died in the delivery of her second child, in the 24th year of her age. An epitaph to her memory was written by Milton. There was a Cambridge collection of verses on her death, among which Milton’s lines appeared, being written while he was a student at Christ’s College. Ben Jonson wrote an Elegy on the Lady Anne Pawlett, Marchioness of Winton. She was sister to the Earl of Essex, and to the Marchioness of Hertford.

Her son Charles Paulett, sixth Marquess of Winchester, was elevated to a dukedom, 9th April, 1689, as Duke of Bolton. His grace *m.* 1st Christian, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John Frecheville, of Stavely, afterwards created Lord Frecheville, by whom he had no surviving issue; and 2ndly, Mary, eldest illegitimate daughter of Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, and widow of the Hon. Henry Carey, and by that lady had two sons and three daughters, Charles, his heir; William, who *m.* twice, and left issue by both marriages; Jane, *m.* to John, Earl of Bridgewater; Mary, *d. unm.*; and Elizabeth, *m.* to Toby Jenkins, Esq. Of this duke, Burnet says, “This year (1699) died the Marquess of Winchester, whom the king had created Duke of Bolton. He was a man of a strange mixture. He had the spleen to a high degree, and affected an extravagant behaviour; for many weeks he would not open his mouth till such an hour of the day when he thought the air was pure. He changed the day into night, and often hunted by torchlight, and took all sorts of liberties to himself, many of which were very disagreeable to those about him. He was a man of profuse expense, and of a most ravenous avarice to support that; and though he was much hated, yet he carried matters before him with such authority and success, that he was in all respects the great riddle of the age.” His grace was *s.* by his eldest son, Charles, 2d Duke of Bolton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1717, who was father of Charles, 3d Duke of Bolton, K.G., constable of the Tower of London, and Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets. His grace *m.* 1st, Anne,

daughter and sole heiress of John Vaughan, Earl of Carberry, which lady died childless; and 2ndly, Miss Lavinia Bestwick, well known as an actress in the character of Polly Peachum, by whom he had no legitimate issue, but had three sons prior to the decease of the first duchess. He *d.* 26th Aug. 1754, when the honors devolved upon his brother, Harry, 4th Duke of Bolton, whose son Charles, 5th Duke, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, had an illegitimate daughter, Mary Jean Paulett, who eventually succeeded by entail to the greater part of his Grace's extensive estates, and married Thomas Orde, Esq., afterwards Baron Bolton.

Dromana, co. Waterford.

THE SEAT OF LORD STUART DE DECIES.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, of woods, and lawns, and shores,
And glittering trees and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

SUCH is truly the landscape seen from the lordly mansion of Stuart de Decies. Dromana is built on the summit of a precipitous cliff overhanging the Munster Blackwater, and though some centuries have rolled by since the waters first reflected on their surface the aerial dwelling, it is still strongly seated on its rocky throne, and looks firmly as of old. Our drive from the thriving little town of Cappoquin, (for which Sir Richard Musgrave and his Star Steamer have done more than all the Star-honoured peers of Ireland have ever done for any town in their locality,) led us through a succession of most picturesque scenes. The entrance to Lord Stuart's domain is singularly fanciful and striking. A handsome bridge over the Finnisk river leads to a pagoda lodge with its minarets and globular headed towers looking like some romantic scene in the Arabian Nights suddenly realized before us. This opens on, in every sense of the word, the "wide domain;" land and water, field and grove, proclaim the territorial lord; we drove along the flowery meads through which flocks and herds roamed unrestrained by fences, and unbroken save by the clumps of stately forest trees, dotting the green, and darkening the verdant lawn with friendly shade. The mansion presents a long front, and does not exhibit any architectural display in its outward appearance, but the interior is quite worthy of its hospitable and noble owner; and while its situation is sure to render it an object of interest, the historical associations which blend with its walls add considerably to the effect of its venerable and striking appearance. Seward, in his "*Topographia Hibernica*," states the dwelling to be then (1795,) the seat of the Earl of Grandison, and built on the foundation of an ancient castle, formerly the chief seat of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond. This powerful race possessed the entire of the country bordering on the Blackwater; and one of the fierce conflicts between them and their rivals, the Butlers of Ormond, was fought close by, at Affane, on 1st February, 1564. On this occasion the Fitzgeralds sustained a great defeat, having 300 men killed and the chief himself wounded and made prisoner. But neither the loss of the battle, nor the number of his clansmen slain, nor his own freedom

lest, nor the anguish of his wounds, could diminish the boldness of his spirit, or weaken his hostility to his hereditary foes. While the triumphant conquerors were bearing their bleeding enemy a captive on their shoulders, the leader of the Ormond army rode up and tauntingly asked "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" The tone and words rankled in the breast of the vanquished lord far more deeply than the weapon of the speaker's host had tortured his flesh. He raised proudly his drooping head, and casting a haughty glance of defiance upon his questioner, boldly replied, "Here, in his proper place, still on the necks of the Butler's."

Dromana is reputed the birthplace of the venerable Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of 140 years crossed the Channel and travelled to London to demand and obtain from King James I. the restoration of her jointure of which she had been deprived on the attainder of her husband. How long she might have enjoyed the fruits of her journey it is hard to say, but a fall from a cherry tree into which she had climbed to get at the fruit put a sudden period to her receipt of the royal bounty.

The grounds of Dromana are varied and very picturesque. The gardens command some fine views, and a spacious terrace affords a prospect as far as Cappoquin. Near the gardens is a tasteful bastion, arches beneath which afford accommodation as a boat-house. There is a handsome keeper's lodge in the deer park, and abundance of rides and drives through the spacious grounds.

The title, Stuart de Decies, is borne by a nobleman no less distinguished by his high rank than his great personal worth and exemplary public conduct. He is a resident landed proprietor—foremost in every useful manner to benefit his fellow countrymen.

In "Ryland's History of Waterford," it is stated the Lords of Decies derived their descent from James, seventh Earl of Desmond. In 1561 a descendant of this nobleman was created Baron of Dromany and Viscount Dessis. Dying without issue, his estates (the title being extinct,) devolved on his brother, Sir James Fitzgerald, who removed from Cappoquin to Dromana, where he died in December, 1581. In "Burke's Peerage," it is recorded that the Hon. Edward Villiers in 1677 married Catherine, daughter and heiress of John Fitzgerald, Esq., of the Decies, lineally descended from James, seventh Earl of Desmond, and who, dying, left his eldest son John heir to his grandfather as fifth Viscount Grandison. He was created Earl of Grandison 11th September, 1721. His great-great-grandson is Henry Villiers Stuart, Baron Stuart de Decies, of Dromana.

There is a fine collection of paintings—principally portraits of the celebrated courtiers of the time of Charles II.—in Dromana.

The following interesting account of one of the family pictures is from the pen of a gentleman well acquainted with this locality, and whose labours in the fields of literature have enriched the pages of the "Patrician" with many valuable communications.—"We were younger by a dozen years or more when we spent the greater part of a summer's day among the paintings at Dromana. We have not seen them since, and mayhap shall not again; and we remember them now only confusedly, with the exception of one, which perhaps was kept in mind by reason of its own wild story.

"The painting was of large dimensions, and represented a middle-aged man dressed in half-armour, while close beside him stood an attendant

youth, clad in a menial's doublet, who was receiving his superior's commands with a surprised and frightened look. The pair represented were the Brigadier Villiers and his page, and the following is the traditionary account of the picture. Villiers had provoked the hostility of Elizabeth by uniting his forces with those of his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond; and had, furthermore, so far committed himself, by some acts of violence and bloodshed on his own account, as to be fully conscious of his treatment should he fall into the hands of his enemies. Ere long, the cloud which he saw gathering in the horizon grew into bigness and nearness; for the English army in Munster were ordered to detach the flower of their soldiery, under an experienced commander, and, marching them direct against the Brigadier's fortress on the Blackwater, to dismantle the stronghold, and capture the insurgent chief either dead or alive. The Brigadier had been prepared for the tidings and resolved to meet the coming blow. Having carefully provisioned his castle, he garrisoned it with some of the most able-bodied of his retainers, and joined with them two hundred Spanish mercenaries, commanded by Don Julio, a Captain who had fought in the Low Countries. The siege commenced, and the royal troops evinced no less determination to possess themselves of the castle than the garrison within to defend it to the last extremity. Batteries were run up on the opposite bank of the river, and some heavy ordnance having been transported from Youghal in barges, the fire on both sides was hotly maintained.

The English, being now reinforced, crossed the river, and attacked the devoted fortress on the land side also, thus placing the besieged between two fires. Their shot was now incessant; and the Brigadier plainly saw, that however well-directed were his own guns, his men could not stand to them under the play of the double batteries. A vigorous *sortie* was made; and, though gallantly encountered by the English, was crowned with complete success. The entrenchments around the castle were levelled with the ground, the guns rendered useless, and the garrison supplied themselves with food and ammunition at the enemy's expense. Their triumph, however, was but short-lived; the lines were patiently renewed, and new cannon mounted on the batteries; and, from the signs in the enemy's camp, it was plain that fresh troops had arrived, and that a far severer struggle would now commence. Again the batteries were opened, and guns of heavier metal were now put in requisition. A practicable breach was at length formed close to the postern, and the assault forthwith commenced. All that heroism could do was done by Villiers and Don Julio, who fought side by side; and the night closed upon the combatants with the castle untaken. The breach certainly was made in its walls, but no enemy had passed it; while the pile of slain in front told how desperate had been the efforts.

But the Brigadier knew that his hour was come; the defence had been gallant, yet could not now be protracted; and the morn would assuredly see the enemy in possession of his stronghold. Their mockery he could not brook, and their vengeance he was resolved to anticipate; but how, or by what mode? In his boyhood he had probably been a reader of the classics, and the precedent of Seneca suggested to him an easy death by opening the larger veins and arteries. This he concluded on doing. Still life was sweet, and death cold and exceedingly disagreeable; even that very species of it on which he had been deliberating, might be a far different thing from what he had learned of it; and, for every reason, it

would be highly desirable that some one should "shew him the way." The Brigadier lived in a strong age, when there was little of that squeamishness about human life and its value which has devolved on us of the nineteenth century. He must have been, moreover, by nature, something of an experimental philosopher; and now his simple desire was to trace step by step the slow process by which animated flesh and blood is reduced to a heap of insensate matter, and that in the required way his evil destiny pointed out. Summoning in haste his little page, he coolly bade him prepare to die; he even considerably informed him of the way by which he proposed to dispatch him, adding, that he "had always heard it was unattended with much pain; and if the case *were so*, he intended following by-and-bye." And the Brigadier was as good as his word. He watched, with something like anxiety, the change passing over the features of the dying youth—the convulsive heavings of his bosom—the agonized throes of his limbs—and then, gravely remarking,—“Seneca was a fool,” he flung himself on his sword, and in a few seconds ceased to breathe.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNINGS.

THE daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castlecoote, co. Roscommon, —an Irish gentleman of moderate fortune and respectable position—were more celebrated for their beauty, and the brilliant alliances they formed, than any of their contemporaries. The following account of these young ladies was given, *verbatim et literalim*, by the parish-clerk of Hemmingford Grey, in Huntingdonshire, to James Madden, Esq., of Cole House, Fulham :—

“SIR,—I take the Freedom, in wrighting to you, from an Information of Mr. Warrinton, that you would be Glad to have the account of my Townswoman the Notefied, the Famis, Beautifull Miss Gunnings, Born at Hemingford Grey, tho they left the Parish before I had Knolege Enough to Remember them, and I was born in 32 (1732) But I will give you the Best account I can, which I believe is Better than any man in the Country besides Myself, tho I have not the Birth Register for so long a Date, and since Dr. Dickens is dead, I dont know where it is, but the Best account I Can Give you is, Elizth. the Eldest,* married to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, after his Decease, to the Duke of Arguile; the second Mary, to the Viscount of Coventree; the third I neve knew Ritely to home, but I beleeve to some privett Gentleman. I Rember a many years ago at least 30, seeing her picture in a print Shop,† I beleeve in St. Poul's Churchyard, as follows.

the youngest of these Beauties here we have in vue,
so like in person to the other two,
ho Ever views her features and her fame,
will see at once that Gunning is her Name.

which is the Best account I Can Give you of them three; but then there was two more, which perhaps you dont know any thing about, which I will Give you the True Mortalick Register off, from a black mavel which lies in our chancel, as follows:

“Sophia Gunning the youngest of 4 daughters,
all Born at Hemingford, in Huntingdonshire
to John Gunning Esq. Died an Infant, 1737.
Lissy Gunning, his 5 Daughter, Born in Irel.
Died Dec. 31, 1752. Aged 8 years 10 m.

* This is wrong: Elizabeth was the second daughter.

† The print alluded to is an *oval*, painted by *Cotes*, and engraved by *Spooner*. Beneath is the name, “Miss Gunning,” and a little lower the following lines:—

“This youngest grace, so like her sisters' Frame!
Her kindred Features tell from whence she came,
’Tis needless once to mention Gunning's name.”

“ ‘Suffer little Children and forbid them not to Come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’—*Matthew*, 19, 14.

“ This, Sir, is the Truest and Best Information I Can Give you, or Can Get ; and if this is of any use to you, I should be much obliged to you to let me have a line or two from you, that I may be satisfied that it was not in vain. And am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“ WM. CRISWELL.

“ Hemingford Grey, August 14, 1796.”

With reference to the marriage of Elizabeth (Gunning) Duchess of Hamilton to Colonel John Campbell, afterwards the Duke of Argyle, we have the following letter of Horace Walpole:—

“ MY LORD,—You and Monsieur de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of setting Cartels with expedition : you don’t exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negociation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle. I beg Mr Pitt’s pardon—not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours—and everybody likes it but the Duke of B—— and Lord C——. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women ! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton ? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventurers. The first time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding sheet, with a train of Kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

H. W.”

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

THE celebrity of the Miss Gunnings was achieved in the circle of fashion; the ladies of Llangollen became, in their day, no less remarkable, but their sphere was a remote vale in Wales, and their course of life far removed from the world’s busy scenes. Heedless of the gay prospect which shone so brilliantly before them, reckless of its attractions and allurements, and wisely preferring the calm joys of retirement, the devoted friends, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby took up their abode in the vale of Llangollen, and there passed the even tenor of their lives. Miss Seward has given so interesting a description of “ their fairy palace ” that we cannot do better than extract it —

“ I resume my pen,” says the Poetess of Lichfield, “ to speak to you of that enchanting unique, in conduct and situation, of which you have heard so much, though, as yet, without distinct description. You will guess that I mean the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale, their mansion, and their bowers.

“ By their own invitation, I drank tea with them thrice during the nine days of my visit to Dinbren ; and, by their kind introduction, partook of a rural dinner, given by their friend, Mrs. Ormsby, amid the ruins of Valle-crucis, an ancient abbey, distant a mile and a half from their villa. Our party was large enough to fill three chaises and two phaetons.

“ After dinner, our whole party returned to drink tea and coffee in that retreat which breathes all the witchery of genius, taste, and sentiment.

You remember Mr. Hayley's poetic compliment to the sweet miniature painter, Miers :

‘ His magic pencil, in its narrow space,
Pours the full portion of uninjur'd grace.’

So may it be said of the talents and exertion which converted a cottage, in two acres and a half of turnip ground, to a fairy-palace, amid the bowers of Calypso.

“ It consists of four small apartments ; the exquisite cleanliness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the finished elegance of the gay, the lightsome little dining-room, as that contrasts the gloomy, yet superior, grace of the library, into which it opens.

“ The room is fitted up in the Gothic style, the door and large sash-windows of that form, and the latter of painted glass, ‘ shedding the dim religious light.’ Candles are seldom admitted into this department. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptic arch of the Gothic door. This lantern is of cut glass variously coloured, enclosing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney-piece, and these supply the place of the, here always, chastised day-light, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves the thrice-lovely solitude.

“ A large *Æolian* harp is fixed in one of the windows, and, when the weather permits them to be opened, it breathes its deep tones to the gale, swelling and softening as that rises and falls.

‘ Ah me ! what hand can touch the strings so fine,
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn, airs divine,
And let them down again into the soul !’

This saloon of the *Minervas* contains the finest editions, superbly bound, of the best authors, in prose and verse, which the English, Italian, and French languages boast, contained in neat wire cases : over them the portraits, in miniature, and some in larger ovals, of the favoured friends of these celebrated votaries to that sentiment which exalted the characters of Theseus and Perithous, of David and Jonathan.

“ Between the picture of Lady Bradford and the chimney-piece, hangs a beautiful entablature, presented to the ladies of Llangollen Vale, by Madame Sillery, late Madame Genlis. It has convex miniatures of herself and of her pupil Pamela ; between them, pyramidally placed, a garland of flowers, copied from a nosegay gathered by Lady Eleanor in her bowers, and presented to Madame Sillery.

“ The kitchen-garden is neatness itself. Neither there, nor in the whole precincts, can a single weed be discovered. The fruit trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce ; the garden-house and its implements arranged in the exactest order.

“ Nor is the dairy-house, for one cow, the least curiously elegant object of this magic domain. A short steep declivity, shadowed over with tall shrubs, conducts us to the cool and clean repository. The white and shining utensils that contain the milk, and cream, and butter, are pure ‘ as snows thrice bolted in the northern blast,’ In the midst, a little machine,

answering the purpose of a churn, enables the ladies to manufacture half a pound of butter for their own breakfast, with an apparatus which finishes the whole process without manual operation.

"The wavy and shaded gravel walk which encircles this Elysium, is enriched with various shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and everything in grace and beauty, and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep hollow glen. In its tangled bottom, a frothing brook leaps and clamours over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies the knoll, and a semilunar seat, beneath its boughs, admits four people. A board, nailed to the elm, has this inscription,

"O cara Selva! e Fiumicello amato!"

"It has a fine effect to enter the little Gothic library, as I first entered it, at the dusk hour. The prismatic lantern diffused a light gloomily glaring. It was assisted by the paler flames of the petit lamps on the chimney-piece, while, through the opened windows, we had a darkling view of the lawn on which they look, the concave shrubbery of tall cypress, yews, laurels, and lilacs; of the woody amphitheatre on the opposite hill, that seems to rise immediately behind the shrubbery; and of the grey barren mountain which, then just visible, forms the back ground. The evening star had risen above the mountain; the airy harp loudly rung to the breeze, and completed the magic of the scene.

"You will expect that I say something of the enchantresses themselves, beneath whose plastic wand these peculiar graces arose. Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the *embonpoint* as to plumpness; her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable; enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless in her fund of historic and traditional knowledge, and of everything passing in the present eventful period. She has uncommon strength and fidelity of memory; and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, is very awakened, and she expresses all she feels with an ingenious ardour, at which the cold-spirited beings stare. I am informed that both these ladies read and speak most of the modern languages. Of the Italian poets, especially of Dante, they are warm admirers.

"Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner:

'Her voice, like lovers watch'd, is kind and low.'

A face rather long than round, a complexion clear, but without bloom, with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We see, through their veil of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor, exist, with equal powers, in this her charming friend.

"Such are these extraordinary women, who, in the bosom of their deep retirement, are sought by the first characters of the age, both as to rank and talents. To preserve that retirement from too frequent invasion, they are obliged to be somewhat coy as to accessibility.

"When we consider their intellectual resources, their energy, and industry, we are not surprised to hear them asserting, that, though they have not once forsaken their vale, for thirty hours successively, since they entered it seventeen years ago, yet neither the long summer's day, nor winter's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, ever inspired one weary sensation, one wish of returning to that world, first abandoned in the bloom of youth, and which they are yet so perfectly qualified to adorn."

A ROYAL GRANDMOTHER.

DURING the troubles in the reign of King Charles the First, a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant-maid ; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant ; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her ; but he died when she was yet a young woman and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

AN INCONSOLABLE HUSBAND.

SIR John Pryse, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, married three wives, and kept the first two who died, in his room,—one on each side of his bed: his third lady, however, declined the honour of his hand till her defunct rivals were committed to their proper place. During the season of miracles worked in 1748 by Bridget Bostock, of Cheshire, who healed all diseases by prayer, faith, and an embrocation of fasting spittle, multitudes resorted to her from all parts ; Sir John wrote the following letter to this wonderfull woman, to make him a visit at Newtown Hall, in order to restore to him his third and favourite wife, now dead :—

"Madam, having received information, by repeated advices, both public and private, that you have of late performed many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians have failed, and that the means used appear to be very inadequate to the effects produced, I cannot but look upon you as an extraordinary and highly-favoured person ; and why may not the same most merciful God, who enables you to restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and strength to the lame, also enable you to raise the dead to life ? Now having lately lost a wife, whom I most tenderly loved, my children an excellent step-mother, and our acquaintances a very dear and valuable friend, you will lay us all under the highest obligations ; and I earnestly intreat you, for God Almighty's sake, that you will put up your petitions to the Throne of Grace on our behalf, that the deceased may be restored to us, and the late dame Eleanor Pryse be raised from the dead. If your personal attendance appears to you to be ne-

cessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants, to wait upon you hither, whenever you please to appoint. Recompense of any kind, that you could propose, would be made with the utmost gratitude; but I wish the bare mention of it is not offensive to both God and you. I am, madam, your obedient, &c.

JOHN PRYSE."

MRS. HOWE AND HER ABSENT HUSBAND

ABOUT the year 1706, I knew (said Dr. King) one Mr. Howe, a sensible well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l*, or 800*l*. per annum; he married a young lady of good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallett, she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her, that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, while she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage-walk in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, said, "You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting; this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away! However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage-walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife walked home with her, and lived together in great harmony from that time to the time of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in the house in Jermyn-Street, near St. James's-church; he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man) he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence! He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. The act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the vote, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by

that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount ; and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn-Street to a small house in Brewer-Street, Golden-Square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him that he usually dined with him twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining room, where she generally sat and received her company ; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home he would never confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct ; apparently there was none ; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it.

EPITAPH.

IN the now deserted Church, St. Listo at Rome, the following inscription, corroborative of the traditional descent of the noble family of Eustace, may still be traced.

D. O. M.
 Hic jacet
 R. D. Jacobus Eustachius
 alias Fitz Eustace
 Sacerdos
 Ex familiâ S. Eustachii
 Romani Martiris in Ibernias
 a sexcentis circiter annis
 Stabilita
 Obit V Feb. MDCCXII.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

MANKIND are indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first printed newspaper. It was entitled "The English Mercurie," and was by authority "inprinted at London by Her Highness's printer, 1588." The earliest number, preserved in the British Museum library, dated July 23, in that year, contains the usual intelligence, given after the fashion of the *London Gazette* of the present day. In these "Mercuries" we meet with advertisements of books, and they differ not very much from the announcements of our own time. During the civil wars, periodical papers, the champions of the two parties, became more generally circulated, and were edited by writers of ability; among the principal we may name Marchamont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Roger L'Estrange. At the Restoration, the proceedings of parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority, and the first daily paper after the revolution took the popular title of "The Orange Intelligencer." In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the "Daily Courant." The first provincial journal known in England, was the "Norwich Postman," started in 1706, at the price of a penny, but "a halfpenny not refused." The earliest Scottish newspaper made its appearance under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

ANAGRAMS.

CAMDEN has a chapter in his "Remains on Anagrams," which he defines to be a dissolution of a person's name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connection into words is formed by their transposition, if possible, without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters; and the words must make a sentence applicable to the party named. Anagrams, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, are of very ancient date. They were classed by the Hebrews in the cabalistic science, and Plato ascribed strange meaning and influence to the anagrammatic virtues of names. We will instance a few remarkable examples:—In the assassin of Henry III., Frère Jaques Clément, anagrammatics discovered "C'est l'Eufer qui m'a crée." The misfortunes of Mary Stuart were expressed in a Latin anagram:—

Maria Steuarda Scotorum Regina.
Tru-a vi regnis, mors amara cado.

"Georgius Monke, Dux d'Aumarle," the restorer of the monarchy, gives an important historical date, "Ego regem reduxi Ano. Sa. M.D. CLVV." Randle Holme, the quaint and voluminous writer on genealogy, was addressed in this complimentary anagram, "Lo, Men's Herald!" and "Horatio Nelson," the immortal hero of the Nile, is aptly converted into "Honor est a Nilo."

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND, FROM HIS ACCESSION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE. BY JOHN, LORD HERVEY. Edited from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. In two Volumes. John Murray, Albermarle Street. 1848.

This work, now published one hundred and ten years after it was written, is an extremely curious and valuable adjunct to the History of the Reign of George II.; it has a higher value too, in affording one of the most singular insights into the intrigues and manners of a court that was ever presented. Imagination would find it difficult to invent what appears here in the ungarnished truth. Every event, every action, which may seem strange in the pages of the ordinary histories of the period, have here their secret causes unfolded. The whole proves how often the fate of kingdoms and of men turn upon petty circumstances and persons—upon mere trifles, human and neuter. The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, himself an historian, orator, and statesman, of high and deserved fame, has undertaken the editorship of these memoirs. In a prefatory and biographical notice, he gives a luminous account of the life and lucubrations of the author, Lord Hervey. Of the book itself, Mr. Croker thus speaks:—

“Mr. Bowles, in his *Life of Pope* (1806), says:—

“‘Lord Hervey wrote *Memoirs of his Own Time*, with strict injunctions that they were not to be published until the decease of his present Majesty (George III.). They are now in the possession of Lord Hervey’s son, General Hervey, and will be published as soon as the event mentioned takes place.’

“This injunction was not given by Lord Hervey, but in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol; and Lord Hailes himself, if he had seen the MS., would, no doubt, have been, as every reader will now be, of opinion that the reserve of the possessors of the Memoirs, was dictated by unquestionable feelings of delicacy and duty. The prescribed period, however, has been now exceeded by a quarter of a century, and it is hoped that after the lapse of 110 years since it was written, this contribution to the history of the eighteenth century, so desiderated by Lord Hailes, and in itself so curious, may be at last, without impropriety, given to the public.”

The work opens with a most amusing description of the accession of George II., and of the perplexed conduct of wavering parties, when, at that eventful moment, the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole was apparently at an end. The real truth of the affair is thus given:—

"Sir Spencer Compton (whom the new King had in effect made a temporary Prime Minister) was at this time Speaker of the House of Commons, Treasurer to the Prince, and Paymaster to the army; he was a plodding, heavy fellow, with great application, but no talents, and vast complaisance for a Court without any address; he was always more concerned for the manner and form in which a thing was to be done than about the propriety or expediency of the thing itself; and as he was calculated to execute rather than to project, for a subaltern rather than a commander, so he was much fitter for a clerk to a minister than for a minister to a Prince; whatever was resolved upon, he would often know how properly to perform, but seldom how to advise what was proper to be resolved upon. His only pleasures were money and eating; his only knowledge forms and precedents; and his only insinuation bows and smiles.

"But as he did not want pride or ambition, though he wanted parts to feed them, he was extremely pleased with this speech of Sir Robert Walpole's, and looking upon himself, dazzled with the lustre of so bright a prospect, as possessed already of all the favour and power of this new Court, he promised Sir Robert Walpole his protection; and asked in return the assistance of Sir Robert's experience to enlighten him on the present state of affairs, and to instruct him in the future conduct of them.

"They went together forthwith to London, and first to the Duke of Devonshire's,* who was then President of the Council, but laid up with the gout and not able to attend there. The Duke of Devonshire was a man who had no uncommon portion of understanding; and as his chief skill lay in painting, medals, and horses, he was more able as a *virtuoso* than a statesman, and a much better jockey than he was a politician. He had a fair character, the dignity of a man of quality, and was justly more considered than most people of the same great rank and fortune (who, perhaps, had better abilities), from having been always steady to his party and constant to his friends.

"There was nobody present at this meeting but these two knights, the master of the house, my Lord Chancellor King, Lord Trevor, keeper of the Privy Seal, and Sir Paul Methuen, and all that was concerted there was the common forms that were to be observed in the meeting of the Council.

"Whilst these things were regulating, Sir Spencer Compton took Sir Robert Walpole aside and desired him, as a speech would be necessary on the occasion to be made in council by the King, and as Sir Robert was so much more accustomed to this sort of composition than himself, that he would be so good to go into another room and make forthwith a draft of what would be proper for the King to say, whilst he went to Leicester Fields to receive His Majesty's commands.

"Sir Robert at first seemed to decline this office, but Sir Spencer Compton insisting upon it as a favour to him, Sir Robert Walpole, who was the last man in England he ought to have employed on this occasion, undertook at his request that which, if Sir Spencer Compton had had common sense or foresight he would have known the better it was done the worse it would be for himself.

"That which made this step yet more absurd was, that if this precedent-monger had only turned to the old Gazettes published at the beginning of the former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declaration from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him.

"Sir Robert, retiring into a room by himself, went immediately to work, and Sir Spencer Compton to Leicester Fields, where the King and Queen were already arrived, and receiving the compliments of every man of all degrees and all parties in the town; the square was thronged with multitudes of the meaner sort and resounded with huzzas and acclamations, whilst every room in the house was filled with people of higher rank, crowding to kiss their hands and to make the earliest and warmest professions of zeal for their service; but the

* William, second Duke—born about 1674—died in 1729.

common face of the Court at this time was quite reversed, for as there was not a creature in office, excepting those who were his servants as Prince, who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment, so there was not one out of employment who did not already exult with all the insolence of the most absolute power and settled prosperity.

"As soon as Sir Spencer Compton had been with the King in his closet, he returned to his coach through a lane of *bowers* in the ante-chambers and on the stairs, who were all shouldering one another to pay adoration to this new idol, and knocking their heads together to whisper compliments and petitions as he passed.

"At his return to Devonshire House he found the declaration for the King already drawn; he approved it, desired Sir Robert's leave to copy it, and begged that he would not, even to the people in the next room, say anything of his having done it: it was first read to the company at Devonshire House, approved of there without any objections, and then carried by Sir Spencer Compton in his own hand-writing to the King. Sir Robert followed to Leicester Fields, where he found Sir Spencer Compton a good deal embarrassed by the King's desiring him to alter one passage in the declaration, which Sir Spencer wished should stand, and which, if he had not, he did not know how to go about to change. He desired Sir Robert to go into the King and persuade him to leave it as it was originally drawn, which office Sir Robert readily accepted, and was thanked by Sir Spencer for the success he ought to have apprehended."*

"The King stayed four days in town, during which period Leicester House, which used to be a desert, was thronged from morning to night, like the 'Change at noon. But Sir Robert Walpole walked through these rooms as if they had been still empty; his presence, that used to make a crowd wherever he appeared, now emptied every corner he turned to, and the same people who were officiously a week ago clearing the way to flatter his prosperity, were now getting out of it to avoid sharing his disgrace.† Everybody looked upon it as sure, and whatever professions of adherence and gratitude for former favours were made him in private, there were none among the many his power had obliged (excepting General Churchill and Lord Hervey) who did not in public as notoriously decline and fear his notice as they used industriously to seek and covet it. These two men constantly attended him, and never paid so much as the compliment of a visit to Sir Spencer Compton, who had already opened a levée and received the solicitations of the whole world as the only channel to the King's ear. Among these herds was Mr. Dodington, one of the Lords of the Treasury, whose early application and distinguished assiduity at this juncture to the supposed successor of his former patron and benefactor was never forgiven.

"Sir Robert Walpole, his brother Mr. Horace Walpole, Ambassador to France, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Townshend, the two Secretaries of State, who were, properly speaking, the whole old administration at the death of

* This was the opportunity for the Queen's recommendation of Walpole. "She, a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, and who had silently watched for a proper moment for overturning the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office."—*Reminiscences*.

† "My mother (says Horace Walpole), Sir Spencer's designation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way [to pay her respects to the King and Queen] between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the Queen than the third or fourth row; but no sooner was she described by her majesty, than the Queen cried aloud, There I am sure I see a friend! The torrent divided and shrunk to either side; 'and as I came away,' said my mother, 'I might have walked over their heads if I had pleased.'"—*Reminiscences*.

the late King, expected themselves and were expected by the whole world hourly to be displaced.

"The first of these the present King had, in the latter years of his father's reign, called *rogue* and *rascal*, without much reserve, and several people, upon several occasions; to Horace Walpole he had as liberally and as publicly dispensed the appellations of scoundrel and fool; and for the Duke of Newcastle, the King, when Prince, had been so personally disobliged by him, that he had sworn a thousand times he never would forgive him; and, joined to this resentment of the particular injuries he thought he had received from him, he had, as to his public character, his parliamentary abilities and knowledge in business, the same just contempt which most other people had contracted for his Grace, either by their own observation or the deference they paid to the opinion of the public. For Lord Townshend, the King looked upon him as no more an honest man than as an able minister; and attributed to the warmth of his temper and his scanty genius, the strength of his passions and weakness of his understanding, all the present intricacy, uncertainty, and confusion in the affairs of Europe.

"The whole world knowing this to be His Majesty's opinion of these four governors of this kingdom, that, as I have just related, he used always to speak of the first as a great rogue; of the second, as a dirty buffoon; of the third, as an impertinent fool; and of the fourth, as a choleric blockhead; it was very natural to expect the reins of power would not long be left in their hands: and when Lord Malpas, son-in-law to Sir Robert Walpole, was turned out of the Mastership of the Robes, and not in the softest manner, the day after the King came to the crown—it was concluded he led a dance which the rest were soon to follow

"If it had not been for the stupidity of Sir Spencer Compton, who did not know his own strength, or what use to make of it, they had all—but certainly at least Sir Robert Walpole—been displaced the very day after the King came to the crown; but as this awkward statesman was either blind to his own interest or ignorant of his own power, he suffered that opportunity to slip through his hands, which, if he had skill to improve, or resolution to seize, he might indisputably have been what he was equally ambitious of and unfit for."

Lord Hervey thus sketches the portrait of a contemporary monarch:

"France was at this time governed entirely by Cardinal Fleury; he was, though not nominally, yet virtually, First Minister, and with undivided sway; he had been about the King from his infancy, and had such full possession of him, that from the time of Monsieur le Duc's* disgrace nobody but the Cardinal ever spoke to him of any business whatever. This monopoly of the King's ear and confidence the Cardinal owed partly to his Majesty's opinion of him and an habitual attachment that people mistook for affection, and partly to the King's natural laziness and dislike to letting many people know how ignorant he was in his own affairs, which was a defect he had just sense enough to feel and be ashamed of, but not resolution and application enough to correct and amend. I cannot, by the best accounts I have had, or by what I have myself seen of this insensible piece of royalty, venture absolutely to say that he was of a good or a bad disposition, for, more properly speaking, he was of no disposition at all; he was neither merciful nor cruel, without affection or enmity, gratitude or resentment, and, to all appearances, without pleasure or pain. Whatever he did seemed rather the mechanical operations of an automaton than the result of the will and direction of a rational being. The state of his mind on all occasions seemed still to be an entire apathy, unacting and unmoved; if he had any

* The Duke de Bourbon, who succeeded the Regent as First Minister in 1723, was dismissed in 1726, and died in 1740.

passion it was avarice, and if he took pleasure in any amusement it was in gaming. He had not any share in that epidemical gaiety and alacrity that runs through the generality of the French nation; but seemed to take as little pleasure as he gave, to live to as little purpose to himself as to anybody else, and to have no more joy in being King than his people had advantages from being his subjects."

Queen Caroline, who really, during her life, ruled England in the place of the King, obtained that dominion, according to Lord Hervey, by the mere exercise of her own shrewd good sense—

"However, as the Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments, whilst she affected to receive his Majesty's, she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pagan god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the King, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires, and lampoons of these days were composed:—

'You may strut, dapper* George, but 't will be in vain,
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.†

"This was one of the poetical pasquinades that were handed about in manuscript at this time. There was another that began—

'Since England was England, there never was seen
So strutting a King, and so prating a Queen,' &c.

* George II. was very short. One of the lampoons on him describes the pleasure with which he received Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe, who was very low in stature:—

"Rejoiced to find within his court
One shorter than himself!"

† Sophia Dorothea of Zell, wife of King George I., was confined by her husband in the castle of Ahlen for thirty-two years, and died there only seven months before the King.

and several more of the same stamp and in the same style. People found they galled, and that increased the number of them. The first of those I have cited had like to have been fatal to Lord Scarborough. Upon being taxed by the King with having seen it, he confessed he had so, but refused absolutely to say by whom it had been shewn him, assuring his Majesty that previously to his reading it or to the knowing what it was, he had given his honour never to tell through whose hands he received it. The King, with great warmth and anger, said to him—‘Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation and you King, the man should have shot me, or I him, who had dared to affront me, in the person of my master, by shewing me such insolent nonsense.’ Lord Scarborough replied, he had never told his Majesty that it was a *man* from whom he had it, and persisting in the concealment he had promised, left the King (who never spoke to him for some months after) almost as much irritated against him as the author.”

The marriage of the Princess Royal with the ugly Prince of Orange is a very amusing history, as the following extract will shew:—

“The chapel was fitted up with an extreme good taste, and as much finery as velvets, gold and silver tissue, galloons, fringes, tassels, gilt lustres and scones could give. The King spared no expense on this occasion; but if he had not loved a shew better than his daughter, he would have chosen rather to have given her this money to make her circumstances easy, than to have laid it out in making her wedding splendid.

“He behaved himself well during the ceremony; but her mother and sisters were under so much undisguised and unaffected concern the whole time, that the procession to the chapel, and the scene there, looked more like the mournful pomp of a sacrifice than the joyful celebration of a marriage; and put one rather in mind of an Iphigenia leading to the altar than of a bride.

“The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected such an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke like hair that flowed all over his back, and hid the roundness of it; and as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable about his stature.

“But when he was undressed, and came in his night-gown and night-cap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, ‘*Ah, mon Dieu—quand je vois entrer ce monstre, pour coucher avec ma fille, j’ai pensé m’évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m’a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n’aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu, c’est trop sotte en moi, mais j’en pleure encore.*’ Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able, for this was a circumstance he could not soften and would not exaggerate. He only said, ‘Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one’s married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one’s eyes, that one looks at it mechanically, without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger.’ ‘One may, and I believe one does (replied the Queen,) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one’s growing blind.’

“The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife. Princess Emily said (how truly is doubtful), nothing upon earth should have induced her to marry

the monster. Princess Caroline, in her soft sensible way, spoke truth, and said she must own it was very bad: but that in her sister's situation, all things considered, she believed she should have come to the same resolution."

We must, however, pause, otherwise we should go on giving extract after extract, far beyond our limits, from this able and entertaining work. The book, and the mode of its publication, do high honor to those engaged in its production.

THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER; A TALE OF A YOUNG MONKEY. BY THE BROTHERS MAYHEW. Illustrated by Phiz. H. Hurst, King William Street, Charing Cross.

AN amusing, comie production, equally witty as, and less coarse than, the previous stories in the same vein by these humorous writers. The first chapter of the first number is a fair specimen of the authors' peculiar talent:—

"'Hi! Hi! Stop! conductor, stop! I told you, man, to put me down at Doctor Vyse's; and why the deuce can't you mind what you're told?'"

"In obedience to this summons, which was accompanied with a smart volley of pokes from the end of a thin German umbrella, the conductor hallooed along the roof to the driver, 'Hold hard, Jim, near side,' and the Blackheath omnibus pulled up as sharply as the state of the roads would admit.

"No sooner had the impatient inside jumped out, than whilst waiting for his change, he again sharply rebuked the conductor for having taken him beyond the spot he had named.

"'You know I said Minerva House, as plainly as I could speak, man, and here I shall have to go wading back through all this snow, when every minute is of the utmost consequence to me. You want a good strong opposition on the road, you do, fellow.'

"'Why Mr. Impey, sir,' replied the cad, in a whining tone, and with a slow shake of the head calculated to soften the hardest of hearts, 'you see the roads is like so much glass, and as we had a lady hinside for the Terruss, I thought, if it were only for the sake of the poor osses, you know, sir, you wouldn't object to——'

"'Then you will please not to think for me for the future,' answered the fussy little gentleman. 'And come! come! come, man! let me have that change, will you? or am I to go away without it, and summons you for it?'

"'Very good, sir,' said the conductor, while, as if to detain the impatient Mr. Impey as long as he could, he pretended to rout with his forefinger over the handful of silver he had just pulled out of his pocket. 'Sharpish weather this, aint it, sir,' he added with a knowing grin, as he saw the little gentleman knocking his umbrella quickly on the ground.

"'D—n the weather, sir!'" cried Mr. Impey, growing red in the face, and buttoning his greatcoat up with extreme vigor. 'I want my change. Am I to wait here all day for my change? I only wish to heaven you'd refuse to give it me! Once for all, he continued, going up to the man, and shaking his forefinger at him, 'I ask you in the presence of these witnesses do you mean to give me my change or not?'

"'Certainly, Mr. Impey, sir,' replied the cad, with a wink of his off eye and a knowing nod to the driver, 'I'm sure we're quite heart-broken—aint we, Jim?—to think as how we've been a detainen on you.' Then as he saw Mr. Impey

bounce suddenly round, as if to march off, he cried out, 'Oh, Mr. Impey! here it is, if you please, sir! I knew I'd got one somewhere about me, sir.'

"The impatient gentleman returned and thrust out his hand towards the conductor, while he fixed his eye upon the badge, and muttered to himself, 'One, four, eight, three. You shall suffer for this, my man, I'll take good care.'

"Just as Mr. Impey was about to take the change, 'by accident' the coin slipped through the conductor's fingers and fell into the snow, leaving a round hole to mark the spot.

"'O-o-o-h dear! dear! I beg your pardon, I'm sure, Mr. Impey, sir!' exclaimed the omnibus cad, drawing his breath in between his teeth and lifting up his foot as if in extreme agony. Then thrusting his tongue into his cheek, he cried out 'all right, Jim! drive on!'

"As the omnibus left the furious Mr. Impey, the conductor saw him stooping down and hunting for the money with the point of his umbrella among the snow, and now raising himself straight up and shaking his fist after him; whereupon the conductor, who was doing the 'double-shuffle' on his little square ledge behind the omnibus, put his hand to the side of his mouth and shouted out at the top of his voice, 'Be so good as to give my love to Doctor Vyse's cook, will you, sir?' and as he heard the passengers titter, he added 'and kiss Mary Hann for Jim, please sir.'

"This set all the passengers off laughing, and a young gentleman with an imperial, a very narrow and very flat brim to his hat, who sat on the box sucking the bent silver horse's leg at the head of his short cane, turned round and complimented the conductor, by saying, 'Hulloa, Bill! you walked into the old 'un like one o'clock. You've been having a feed of beans on the road.'

"'Yes sir,' replied Bill, touching his hat, 'I think there's a few chinks for our side. He's an uncommon sweet-tempered man, Mr Impey is, to be sure, even when he gets out of the right side of his bed, and this morning he seems to have been in such a terrible hurry that he got out on the wrong 'un. I wonder what's up at Minervar Rouse now, eh, Jim? Only look at the old 'un yonder, how he's cutten over the heath, right up to his ankles in snow, 'coz he won't take the time to go round by the road.'

"'So he is; he's after summat queer, I'll wager, Bill,' cried Jim, slapping his left hand against his right side as fast as he could to warm it. 'And he don't know on that ditch t'other side as is chock full of snow. Teddy nearly druv the 'CELEBRITY' into it t'other morning—it's right level with the road now. There, I told you so, Bill! Just look at him! Bang up to his thighs, s'elp me—ha! ha! ha!'

"'Haugh! Haugh!' roared Bill, as he again broke into the double-shuffle. 'Well, that comes o'being in such a plaguy hurry. However, I shan't cry my eyes out about it. I hope the gen'elman wears drawers, Jim.'

"'Who is he, do you know, conductor?' asked the inside passenger, who sat next the door, in a plum-colored mackintosh, that rustled like brown paper every time he moved, and made the whole omnibus smell of India rubber. 'Does he live down here?'

"'Oh no, sir!' answered the cad, 'He only comes down here to see Dr. Vyse, the schoolmaster. They're relations, I think.' Then hallooing to the driver he asked, 'Didn't Doctor Vyse marry Impey's sister, Jim?'

"When Jim had answered, 'he had heerd tell as much,' the conductor proceeded. 'Oh yes! I'm sartain he did, for I never seed two people so much alike in all my borned days. She's got his nose, if ever I seed a woman with a man's nose afore. But they say he's an uncommon clever lawyer.'

"'What! in the profession, then?' said a gentleman with a blue bag, and a narrow black satin frill peeping out from the middle of the fall of his stock. 'In business for himself, do you know? Impey! Impey! Impey! Dear me, I don't recollect the name! Now are you sure it isn't Skimpey, sir, of the firm of Skimpey, Richards, and Skimpey?' he added, looking round the buss

with a frown and a shake of his head, as if he were a counsel cross-examining some obstinate witness.

"'No, sir, Impey's my man,' replied the cad. 'Old Impey of Lyon's Inn. I know him well, 'coz he's pulled me up twice afore his honour the Lord Mayor—once for stoppen to take a drain with Cha'cy Bussill, the policeman—you know Charley Bussill, Jim?' he cried out, again appealing to the driver, 'him as has got seven year on it across the water'—and when Jim had put up his whip in the affirmative, the conductor went on, 'and t'other time he summoned me for declaring he were drunk and refusen to take him by the last buss, which he made out were out of spite, and nearly got me boxed for it.—One inside for the Terruss, Jim,' he added, again calling along the roof.

"'Impey, of Lyon's Inn! dear me, yes! How strange I should have forgotten it—very strange, certainly!' exclaimed the gentleman with the bag, looking round with a bland smile at his fellow insides, as much as to say, 'Isn't it?' 'And I know the man so well. Does a good deal of discounting and common law. His managing clerk's name is Cohen, and a very nice gentlemanly fellow he is. I've seen him at King's Bench walk during term time, with at least fifty writs in his hand. He's worth his weight in gold that man is. Impey wouldn't part with him for anything. Egad! it's not much use asking for time in that office; for whilst Impey's promising it you, hang me if Cohen isn't off to sign judgment. Oh! they're clever dogs, they are. Gad! I do think Impey's one of the sharpest fellows we have in the profession.'

"'Ah, you may well say that, sir!' said the cad, with his elbows on the window of the door. 'I'm blowed if he aint as sharp as the back of an eatin'-house knife, and walks into you when you least expects it. He's as knowing, too, I may say, as a Hinglish Cap'en at Bouloug summare. Aint he a fellow for having his whack for his money just. Why, he's just this sort of chap, you see: if one of them there scoundrelly cheap Greenwich steamers undertook to land him at Hungerford and then arter all was to put him ashore at London Bridge—as you know ladies and gen'elmen they always makes a pint o' doing—I do verily believe he'd have out a po'-chay and four to take him right through the city; or if so be as it was a fine day, and he preferred the water, he'd engage the Lord Mayor's barge, and the wery next morning commence a haction agin the company for the hexpences.—Number six in the Terruss, Jim.'

"'And serve the rascals perfectly right,' exclaimed the lawyer's clerk indignantly. 'A contract's a contract all the world over. What are the plain facts of the case?—A agrees to deliver B at C, and instead of doing so deposits him at D. And what remedy has B? why to go by either E or F to C, and then immediately institute proceedings against A for the expenses he had incurred in proceeding beyond D, as laid down by my Lord Abinger, in the case of *Snare v. Anderson* and others, in the sixth of *Barnwell and Cresswell*. I would do the very same —.'

"Here the sudden pulling up of the omnibus, threw the stout lady, who was about to alight, with such violence into the lap of the gentleman with the blue bag, that it evidently left him no breath in his body to proceed with his speech. The conductor led the laugh, in which all the passengers joined, while the poor clerk, though evidently bursting with passion, but still gasping for breath, was unable to get out a word.

"While the conductor was feeling for the change for the lady who stood at the foot of the steps, a big heavy bell was heard ringing sharply at the other side of the heath. 'Only hark how old Impey's a-tugging at that there school-bell of Doctor Vyse's,' hallooed the cad to the driver. 'There must be summat uncommon pressen the matter there, Jim. I'd stand something handsome now, if I knowed what was in the wind in that quarter. My eye! just hark at him. There goes another peal for you, when he knows too that the poor boy aint had time to answer the fust. Why if he'd come down with the joyful news of the death of some rich relation of old Vyse's, and the whole property being throwd into Chancery, he couldn't be more hanxious.' Then, as

he gave the lady her change, he once more shouted out—‘All right, Jim! Push along, time’s up now!’

“As soon as the buss was under weigh again, Jim turned his head round, and said, from over his shoulder, ‘It can’t be nothing about any of Vyse’s young gen’elmen, you know, Bill, ’coz it’s holiday-time. Besides, they don’t consarn Impey.’

“‘And catch him a-taking the buss and a-paying for it, when he’s about ere a thing as don’t consarn him,’ replied the conductor, jumping down upon the step, and stamping his feet to warm them. ‘Depend on it, whenever you sees old Impey in such a plaguy rattling hurry as he is to-day, he’s arter some queer game or other. It really looks as if old Vyse had been up to summat. However, let the Doctor a been doing whatever he may, all I’ve got to say is this here—So long as he’s got old Impey on his side, he’s sartain sure in the end to be proved as hinnocent as Captain Warner’s long range.’”

This entertaining trifle possesses some pathos, which gracefully mingles with the fun.

To the Editor of “The Patrician.”

SIR, —In your Essay on the question of “Who is an Esquire?” in the eighth number of the *Patrician*, you deduce the derivation of the title Gentleman from the French *gentil* and the Latin *generosus*. Allow me to suggest that both these words are themselves derivatives, the latter from *genus*, and the former from *gentilis*, a word which leads us to a primary and more significant source of etymology.

The Roman title of *Gentilis* and the dignity of *Gentilitas* implied the possession of the privileges of a *Gens*, a house, or *Clan*, a right claimed by none but patricians. These *Gentes*, originally only ten in number, comprised the families of the first settlers of new-born Rome, and constituted the first *Tribus*. Two other *Tribes*, each containing ten *Gentes*, were afterwards added, and their inferiority to the older noblesse was marked by the distinction into *Gentes majores* and *minores*.

These thirty *Gentes Patriciæ* were the Roman nobility, and ten representatives from each constituted the Senate. These three *Tribus* alone were *Patricians* and *Gentiles*, all those subsequently added to the citizenship were *Plebeian*. Every Roman citizen had a *Tribus*, the *Patrician* only had a *Gens*. Neither the privileges nor the burthens of this distinction could be communicated except by adoption or clientage, and though *Reform Bills* subsequently cofounded the political rights implied in it, pride of ancestry cherished the *jus imaginum* long after the dignity itself had, like our *Esquire*, become but an image and a name.

So tenaciously were these rules of precedency observed not only in Rome, but in the other early Italian states, that the long-descended Etruscan *Lucumo* might in Rome be but one of the *Plebs* while unenrolled in a *Gens*, and the *Vir patriciæ gentis* of Rome became a commoner in the forum of Veii: similar distinctions spread with the power of Rome to her provinces, and in her fall were adopted by her barbarian victors. The Alberghi of mediæval Italy are the representatives of the early *Gentes*, The Frank *Gentilis homo* and feudal *Gentil homme* identical with the Roman *Gentilis* or *Vir patriciæ Gentis*.

Your obedient servant,

SCOTUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF JOHN BURKE, ESQ.

A GLOOM comes over the spirit of this journal in consequence of the melancholy decease of its original projector, the senior of the authors of "The Peerage." Since the death of his wife, Mr. Burke had been little fit for business, and had confided the entire management and editorship of his genealogical and literary works to his son, Mr. John Bernard Burke. A brief summary of Mr. Burke's useful and distinguished career may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The family, from which "the Author of the Peerage" paternally sprang, was seated, in high repute, for several successive generations, at the Castle of Meelick, in the West of Ireland, an inheritance conferred on its immediate founder, John Burke, by his father, Richard, second Earl of Clanricarde. Maternally, Mr. Burke had an equally honorable ancestry, deriving through his mother, who was cousin-german of the eminent law reporter Richard Vaughan Barnewall and of the late Sir Robert Barnewall Bart., from the distinguished Anglo-Norman House of Barnewall of Crielstown Castle, the parent stock, whence issued the noble families of Kingsland and Trimlestown.

Mr. Burke's grandfather, John Burke, was an officer in the Austrian Service : and his father, Peter Burke, Esq., of Elm Hall, in the county of Tipperary, for many years an active magistrate for that and the King's County. In politics, a moderate Whig, Mr. Peter Burke held himself always aloof from the agitation going on around him, and on more than one occasion proved of great service to Government, in preserving the peace of his district. He lived on terms of friendship with the late and the present Earls of Rosse, with Colonel Bernard, of Castle Bernard, and, indeed, all his fellow magistrates, by whom his sense, his rectitude, and his independence were duly appreciated and respected. Mr. Peter Burke married Anne, daughter and co-heir of Matthew Dowdall Esq., M.D., of Mullingar, an eminent physician, by Bridget, his wife, daughter of Robert Barnewall, Esq., of Moyrath, co. Meath, and had issue, John, the subject of this notice, Joseph, now a Poor-Law Inspector in Ireland, and Bridget, the widow of M. Hoey, Esq.

The elder son, John Burke, was born 29th November, 1786. His father after securing to him a good classical education, wished him to attach himself to mercantile affairs. He therefore, in pursuance of this desire, became a merchant, and for some years continued busily engaged in commercial pursuits. The occupation was, however, not to his taste. Naturally endowed with a mind that excelled in the excitement of politics and literature, he felt no pleasure in any other employment. While thus situated, and yet very young, he married his cousin Mary, second daughter of Bernard O'Reilly, Esq.,* of Bally-

* The O'Reillys of Ballymorice, descended in a direct unbroken line from the O'Reillys, Princes of Brefny, derived more immediately from the marriage of Terence O'Reilly, Esq., with Rose, sister of Philip O'Reilly, Esq., of Ballymorice. Mrs. Burke's uncle, the late John O'Reilly, Esq., of Anneville, married Ellis, sister of Dr. Chevers, one of the Irish Catholic Bishops, and left two sons, Christopher, of Anneville, and John, late Consul-General at Guati-

moris, in the county of Longford, a woman of beauty, talent, and amiability; to whom he was ever after devotedly attached. With her he came to London. Once there, Mr. Burke gave vent to his genius. His first essays in writing were strictly political. Articles of his, of course anonymous, appeared in many newspapers, and particularly in the *Examiner*, then at the height of its popularity. One squib he inserted in that Journal against Mr. Canning, was so sensitively felt by the minister, that, long after, he took occasion to notice it, and to express his unforgiveness of it. Mr. Burke was also a poet: a little volume of verses which he published, partly also in a political vein, had an immediate and rapid sale. It would now be difficult to enumerate the many productions of this nature, he at that period of his life successfully, though anonymously, brought out in prose and verse. Through these, and subsequently the fruits of his attention to the more purely literary periodicals of the day, he always maintained a respectable position, and continued to rear and educate liberally a large family. After having profitably edited an edition, with a continuation by himself, of Hume and Smollet's History of England, he happily thought of a new work, in improvement of the pitiful volumes called Peerages, at that time published. This idea brought him into connection with Mr. Colburn, and it is but justice to that eminent publisher to say, that he at once fostered the speculation, and joined liberally and energetically in its advancement. The first edition of Mr. Burke's "**PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE**" was published in 1826. On the merits of that most useful book it perhaps becomes us not here to dilate. Its success from the beginning was very great indeed, and that success has since gone on increasing. After some few prosperous editions, Mr. Burke was assisted by his son, John Bernard Burke, then but just returned from College. Their united labours since produced the **HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY; THE GENERAL ARMORY**; and the **EXTINCT PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE**—works of the greatest value to the Historian and Genealogist.

The cheering prosperity attending these pursuits, and his own friendly disposition, led Mr. Burke into the habit of seeing much company. His hospitality was unbounded, and many, we are sure—many, too, of note and station—will now recall with sorrowful satisfaction the pleasant hours they have spent under his social roof. But it was the will of Providence that the joys of his domestic life should not remain unchecked. Within the space of two years, Mr. Burke had the agony to see die three of those children to whom he was so fondly devoted; one of the three who thus perished in their youth was a boy of extraordinary ability and promise. That death the parents never entirely recovered. But Mr. Burke's cup of bitterness was not yet filled. His wife, who had been the life and soul of his existence—she whose ready wit and perpetual good humour had charmed and won for him so many friends—who, in fact, made his home a paradise, died after a severe and lingering illness, on the 17th November, 1846, to the inexpressible grief of all around her. From

mala; and two daughters, of whom the elder, Anne, became the wife of Sir David William Smith, Bart., of Alnwick. Mrs. Burke's father, Bernard O'Reilly, Esq., though a younger son, succeeded to the ancient patrimony of Ballymorice. He married Mary, another daughter and co-heir of Dr. Dowdall, mentioned in the text, and had by her numerous issue. All the sons are now dead. Of the surviving daughters, Mrs. Burke's eldest sister, Mrs. Somers, resident at Roristown, county Meath, is a lady of talent and literary reputation in Ireland, and a friend of Miss Edgeworth's.

that day his heart and spirit failed him. After attending her funeral, when he remarked to a relative near him, that the pedestal of his life was gone from under him for ever, he relinquished all labour to his son, and retired to the Continent. He for some time sojourned at Bruges, and latterly at Aix la Chapelle, where he was much courted and respected by the English residents. On the morning of the 26th March, Mr. Burke went, in apparent health and spirits, to attend divine service. On his return from church he was struck with apoplexy, and never rallied after. He lingered until the following evening, when he expired, in the 62nd year of his age. The two physicians who were with him, Dr. Velten and Dr. Straaten, both distinguished practitioners at Aix, declared they never witnessed a more awfully sudden or hopeless case. Mr. Burke was interred with much ceremony, in the cemetery at Aix la Chapelle, the English residents being present at the funeral. Mr. Burke has left three surviving children, PETER, a barrister on the Northern Circuit; JOHN BERNARD, who was also called to the bar, and who is now the author of the "Peerage" and the "Landed Gentry," and the Editor of this Magazine; and one daughter, MARY CLARINDA.

One remarkable feature in Mr. Burke's mental powers, was the readiness with which he would sometimes light on a felicitous idea connected with literature. In this way he has caused the publication of some successful books, with which he has had no further connection than suggesting their origin. We may particularly cite an instance of this. One morning the thought came across him that a series of Standard Novels would be likely to prove popular. He put the notion on paper, and the same day sold the proposal to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, the publishers, for a considerable sum; the "Standard Novels" are to this day extremely successful. In this peculiar faculty, Mr. Burke resembled his friend, the late Sir Richard Phillips, the celebrated bookseller, who used to avow that he equalled him in it.

With some singularity and a slight hastiness of manner, which those who knew him well readily overlooked, Mr. Burke possessed a disposition of extreme kindness and benevolence; he doated on his family, and delighted in the society of friends. All who knew him could not fail to remark and admire the independence of his spirit, and the warmth and generosity of his nature. To the poor he was continually charitable, and he even displayed oddity in this—for when he met beggars in the street, especially women and children, he would not give them money, but would walk with them after him to a baker's shop and there provide them with loaves of bread; this he has often done, regardless of the crowd it attracted. Mr. Burke was thoroughly a pious man. He attended scrupulously to his religious duties, was particuar in inculcating them in his family, and was strongly averse at all times to a thought or word that would treat sacred things with irreverence. A worthy and good man both in public and private life, he leaves a memory to be cherished, and a reputation to be respected as one of those who have done good service to the literary, historical, and heraldic learning of England.

P. B.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

- Aberdour. The Hon. Aliee Watson Douglas, daughter of Lord Aberdour, 7th April, aged 2.
- Agnew. Mrs. Vans Agnew, senior, of Bambarroch, 29th March, aged 87.
- Anderson, William Whitelocke, Esq., 14th April, aged 75.
- Andoe, Miss M. E. F., at Wyndam-street, 15th April, aged 73.
- Angerstein, Amelia, wife of John Angerstein, Esq., at Weeting Hall, 1st April.
- Argles, the Rev. John A., rector of Fritenden, Kent, 23rd March, aged 87.
- Aspinwall, Frances Allan, dau. of Col. Aspinwall, Consul for the United States in London, 1st April, aged 26.
- Assen. On the 20th Feb. last, at Sierra Leone, Francis Bacon Assen, Esq., deeply regretted.
- Atkins, Mrs., of Allsop-terrace, New Road, 4th April.
- Baring, Henry, Esq., 13th April, at Berkeley-square, aged 71.
- Baring, Sir Thomas, Bart. The death of this venerable and respected Baronet took place on the 3d April, at his seat at Stratton, in Hampshire, in his 77th year. Sir Thomas married, 13th Sept., 1794, Mary Ursula, eldest daughter of Charles Sealy, Esq., of Caleutta, and by her, who died about two years ago, has left several sons and daughters; the eldest of the former being the present Right Hon. Sir Francis Thornhill Baring, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the youngest of the latter being the wife of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere. At one period Sir Thomas sat in Parliament for the borough of Wyeombe, and for many years acted as magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Hampshire. The family of Baring, which came originally from Bremen, has long held most distinguished rank in the city of London. Mr. Erskine designated but correctly Sir Francis Baring, when he styled him "the first merchant in the world." Sir Francis, who was the father of the Baronet just deceased, possessed so much influence with the commercial world, that his death, which occurred in 1810, occasioned a sensible depression in the public funds. At the decease of Sir Francis, his title and the landed estate attached were inherited by his eldest son, the subject of this memoir, who became, also, head of the great commercial house which bears his name. The Right Hon. Alexander Baring, Sir Thomas's next brother, has been raised to the Peerage as Lord Ashburton.
- Barnett, Major John, late of the 40th regt. This gentleman died at his residence at Southsea, aged 73. He was one of the Veterans of the Peninsular war, having been present, and actively engaged in no less than sixteen of the principal battles; and was severely wounded at Vimiera and Toulouse. He was also present at Waterloo, where he was again wounded. He afterwards served many years with his regiment in the East Indies, when, in consequence of the severe nature of his wounds, and the state of his health, he was obliged to retire from active service.
- Barton, Caroline Delitia, third daughter of Charles C. Barton, Esq., 7th March, at Stuttgart, aged 7.
- Bateman, Walter Henry, eldest son of Henry Bateman, Esq., of Clapton, 23d March, aged 15.
- Bayley. On the 19th April, at Bath, in the 57th year of her age, Anne Augusta, wife of William Butterworth Bayley, Esq.
- Bayley, Mrs. Mary, of Swanscombe, Kent, 21st March, aged 66.
- Beadon. On the 21st April, at Eton College, after a short illness, Augustus Frederick, eldest son of the Rev. F. F. Beadon, vicar of Burnham, Somerset, aged nine years.
- Bell. On the 16th April, at Rosstrevor, Ireland, Thomas Bell, Esq., late Capt. in the Bombay N. I., aged 45.
- Bellamy, Harriet, relict of T. L. Bellamy, Esq., 31st March, aged 56, at Judd-street.
- Bertles, Major Henry. This gallant officer entered the army as an Ensign in

- the 36th regt. in 1799. In 1800 he accompanied the expedition to Belle Isle, and obtained his Lientenancy in the 82d regt. In 1803 he obtained his company; and in 1807 served under Lord Cathcart at Copenhagen—was selected by Sir George Smith, gave up the keys of the Arsenal, and covered the retreat of the regiment. In the same year he joined the expedition under Sir Brent Speneer. In 1808 he was appointed Major of Brigade to General Bowes, and after the battles of Roliça and Vimiera, joined Sir Henry Fane's brigade, and remained until after the battle of Corunna. In 1809 he served with Sir William Erskine in the expedition to the Scheldt, and, until recently, was on the Staff at Liverpool.
- Bertolacci, Clements Vincent, third son of the late Anthony Bertolacci, Esq., formerly Civil Auditor at Ceylon, 25th March, aged 39.
- Bethune, Mrs., of Balfour, 18th April, at Chertsey, aged 82.
- Bevan, Anne Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Frederick Bevan, of Carleton Rode, and eldest dau. of the late Sir Robert John Buxton, Bart., 7th April.
- Blandford, George, Esq., 1st April, at Rugby.
- Booth, Eliza Isabella, only dau. of the Rev. Leeds Comyn Booth, M.A., of Burstead Lodge, Twickenham, 8th April, aged 14.
- Bourne. On the 14th April, at Atherstone, Warwickshire, John Bourne, Esq., aged 81.
- Box, George Modd, Esq., 9th April, at Liege, aged 69.
- Brasnell. On the 10th Feb., at Ahmedabad, in the 25th year of his age, Charles Edward Brasnell, Esq., of the 8th Bombay Native Infantry, and youngest son of the late William Brasnell, Esq., of the island of Tobago.
- Brett, Mrs. Phoebe Ellen, of Brompton, 26th March.
- Bridges, Jane, wife of the Rev. B. H. Bridges, rector of Danbury, 9th April, aged 81.
- Bridges. Early on the 5th April, in Red Lion-square, aged 52, Elizabeth, wife of John Bridges, Esq., and second dau. of the late Joseph Fortescue, Esq.
- Briggs, James, Esq., M.R.C.S., of the Edgware Road, 29th March.
- Bright, the Rev. William R., eldest son of Dr. Bright, of Saville Row, 5th April, aged 24.
- Briscoe, Frederick, youngest son of the late Major Briscoe, of the Royal Art., 21st Jan., at Ceylon, aged 24.
- Brittain. On the 14th April, at Rothsay, Isle of Bute, Frances Brittain, widow of the late James Brittain, Esq., of Buenos Ayres, and Croom's-hill, Blackheath.
- Britton. The wife of John Britton, Esq., F.S.A., 16th April.
- Brooks, Miss Louisa Ann, of Pimlico, 3d April, aged 45.
- Bryant, Jacob George, Esq., J.P. for Kent, 27th March, aged 71.
- Bulkely, Henry, Esq., of Standlow, co. Stafford, and of Cheltenham, 27th March.
- Burke, John, Esq., at Aix la Chapelle, April 27th, aged 62.
- Burnard, Ophelia, relict of George Cooper Burnard, Esq., 1st April.
- Bush, Elizabeth, relict of the late Lieut. George Bush, R.N., 17th March.
- Buxton, J., son of the late J. H. Buxton, Esq., at Ashbourne, 18th April.
- Cadogan, Louis Robert, youngest child of Viscount Chelsea, at Putney Heath, 18th April.
- Cardross, Elizabeth Shipley Erskine, youngest daughter of the late Lord Cardross, 15th April.
- Carmichael, Captain William H. H., 68th regt., second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Carmichael, 7th April, aged 26.
- Carnsew, Emma Frances, youngest dau. of Thomas Carnsew, Esq., of Flexbury, co. Cornwall, 29th March, aged 17.
- Churchill, Smyth, Esq., formerly of Hitchen, Herts., 27th March, at Ramsgate, aged 83.
- Clayton. On the 18th April, at Bridge-place, Lewisham, Kent, of apoplexy, Henry Clayton, Esq., aged 65.
- Cleaveland, Miss, only surviving daughter of the late Colonel Cleaveland, of Lymington Hants, 12th April, aged 65.
- Clemell. On the 30th-March, at Harbottle Castle, in the county of Northumberland, in his 82d year, Thomas Clemell, Esq., eldest son of the late Thomas Fenwick, Esq., of Earsden, in the same county.
- Clerk, Caroline Octavia, youngest dau. of the late Walter Clerk, Esq., of East Bergholdt, Suffolk, 25th March.
- Clive, Henry, Esq., of Barkham. The death of this gentleman occurred on the 16th March. Originally educated for the bar, Mr. Clive travelled for some years the Oxford circuit; but in the spring of 1818 he accepted the office of Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, which he continued to hold until 1822, when he retired with his political chief, Lord Sidmouth. He had first entered Par-

- liament as member for Ludlow in 1808, and for that borough he sat until elected for Montgomery, which he represented up to the passing of the Reform Bill. In 1839 he contested Ludlow, but was defeated by Mr. Alcock by a small majority. From that period he took no further part in politics, devoting the remainder of his life to the discharge of those duties which belong to the magistrate and country gentleman. In these, his unwearied exertion, his upright conduct, and the kindness of his heart, soon gained for him universal esteem. At the time of his death, Mr. Clive had completed his 70th year. He was, we believe, a younger son of George Clive, Esq., of Whitfield, co. Hereford, and brother of the late Edward Bolton Clive, Esq.
- Congreve, Richard Henry, second son of W. W. Congreve, Esq., 22d March, at Clermont, co. Wicklow.
- Cooper, Mrs. A., 17th April, at Kingston-on-Thames, aged 94.
- Coulton, Sophia, relict of James Trevena Coulton, Esq., at North Brixton, 13th April.
- Courtenay, the Rev. Charles, A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge, 24th March, aged 55, at Van Ockley, Surrey.
- Cox. At Hastings, suddenly, from congestion of the brain, in the 14th year of her age, Emily Elizabeth Cox, eldest daughter of Mr. W. H. Cox, of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Crafer, Sophia, relict of T. Crafer, Esq., at Turnham Green, 19th April.
- Crawford, the Hon. Hester, wife of Sir G. W. Crawford, Bart., 18th March, at Pisa.
- Cullen, Henry Edward Singer, at Streatham, 7th April, aged 26.
- Dalhousie, the Hon. Arthur Ramsay, fifth son of George eighth Earl of Dalhousie, 2nd April, aged 72.
- Dansey, Sarah, wife of the Rev. W. Dansey, at Donhead, St. Andrews, Wilts, 17th April.
- Davis, Elizth., wife of John Davis, Esq., M. D., Mayor of Hertford.
- Deeds, Lieut.-Col. Henry, 34th Reg., son of the late William Deeds, Esq., of Sandlong Park, Kent, 26th March, on his passage from Corfu to Malta.
- Dent, William McKerrall, Esq., 4th Madras Infantry, at Maddox street.
- Dickson, Lieut.-Genl. Sir J., K.C.B., Col. of the 61st Regiment, 7th March, aged 73. This gallant officer was son of the late Right Rev. William Dickson, Bishop of Down, by his wife, one of the daughters of the Rev. Jeremiah Symes, of Ballybeg, county Wicklow. His military career commenced in 1798, when he entered the army as Cornet in the 8th Dragoons. During the Peninsular War, he served on the staff as an Assistant Quartermaster-General, and received a Cross and one Clasp for his distinguished conduct at Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse. His last service in the field was in the crowning victory of Waterloo. Sir Jeremiah attained the rank of Major-General in 1827, and was appointed, in 1841, to the command of the forces in Nova Scotia. At the period of his decease, he held the Colonelcy of the 61st Foot. Sir Jeremiah married Jemima, daughter of Thomas Langford Brooke, Esq., of Mere, in Cheshire.
- Dobson, Joseph Sykes, 6th son of John Dobson Esq., of Southampton Place, Euston Square, 24th Jan., at Demerara.
- Dolben, Anne, relict of the Rev. T. D. Dolben, Rector of Ipsley, 20th March.
- Donizetti, Gaëtan, the celebrated musical composer, 8th April. He was b. at Bergamo, 1798. He was intended for the law but relinquished that pursuit, adopted that of music, and first studied under Meyer and afterwards under the celebrated Mattei, who completed the education of Rossini. It is well known Donizetti became a most prolific composer, having given to the world as many as nearly seventy operas, most of them familiar to the English public. Yet in Italy they are more popular, and frequently thirty or forty different theatres perform his operas on the same night.
- Douglas, James Ahmuty, youngest son of Archibald Douglas, Esq., late of the Madras establishment, 21st March.
- Downing, on 26th March, at Bishopston-lodge, near Ripon, in her 90th year, Elizabeth, relict of the late William Downing, Esq., of Studley, and dau. of Captain Rawson, of Hull.
- Duff, Mary Abercrombie, eldest dau. of Adam Duff, Esq., of Woodcot, Oxon., 14th April, aged 15.
- Dunne, Esq., 18th April, at Burmell, co. Cambridge.
- Durbin, Anne, wife of J. J. Durbin, Esq., 3rd April, at Cheltenham, aged 63.
- Durbin, J. J., Esq., at Rodney Villa, Cheltenham, 18th April, aged 74.
- On Friday, the 21st inst., at Edenhurst, near Liverpool, in his 52d year, Richard Earle, Esq., one of Her Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Lancaster.

Echalaz, Mary, relict of the late Joseph Echaz, Esq., of Clapton, Middlesex, 1st April, aged 77.

Ede, Eleanor Mary Mathew, second dau. of the late, Job Ede, Esq., 3rd April, at Oak Lodge, near Southampton.

Edelman, John Christopher, Esq., at Homerton, 16th April, aged 57.

Edwards, Vaun, Esq., of Upper Holloway, aged 76.

Egan, Sarah, relict of Dr. James Egan, L.L.D. of Greenwich, 17th March, aged 90.

Egerton, Major, 43rd Reg., 10th April, at Birr, King's County, from an accident, aged 39.

Ellicombe, Geraldine Frances D'Aquiar, wife of George Bradford Ellicombe, Esq., of Chester-square, 19th March, at Corfu.

Elliot, George Henry, Esq., of Burfield Park and Hurst Lodge, Berks. This gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Berks Militia, and a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of that county, died in London, on the 15th April. He was eldest son of the late Rev. George Henry Glasse, A. M., Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex, and assumed the surname and arms of Elliot by Royal license in 1811. He was born in 1789, and married, in 1812, Mary Josephine, daughter of General Sir James Hay, Colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, by whom he leaves one son, Captain George Henry Elliot, and three daus. Col. Elliot's grandfather, the learned Dr. Samuel Glasse, Vicar of Wanstead, held the distinguished position of Chaplain in ordinary to King George III., and was also Chaplain to the Trinity House. The Colonel's stepmother, the widow of his father, the Rev. George Henry Glasse, married, for her second husband, Commodore Sir John James Gordon Bremer, K.C.B., the gallant naval commander.

Elliott, Florence, youngest dau. of Dr. Elliott, at Stratford, Essex, 3rd April.

Elwall. On the 19th April, of rheumatic fever, Blucher Elwall, Esq., of Judd-street, Brunswick-square, aged 34.

Fearon. At Torquay, on the 27th March, Daniel Fearon, Esq., only surviving brother of the late Rev. D. Fearon, M.D., of Ore, near Hastings.

Fennell. Of consumption, on the 25th March, at the house of his brother, Park-crescent, Worthing, Robert Spencer, in his 18th year, youngest son of the late Rev. Robert Fennell, of the Temple, Brighton.

Ferris. On the 25th of March, at Southampton, aged 59, Elizabeth Dorothy,

wife of the Rev. Thomas Ferris, vicar of Darlington, and only child of the late Charles Lamb, Esq., of Higham, in the co. of Sussex.

Field, Sarah, eldest dau. of the late Richard Field, Esq., formerly of Brixton Rise, 26th March, aged 73.

Finch, Anne, relict of B. Finch, Esq., at Albany-st., 2d April, aged 53.

Finden, Anne, wife of Wm. Finden, Esq., of Camden-town, 8th April.

Fitzgerald. At his residence, Park-place, Chelsea, on the 28th March, Captain John Geo. Fitzgerald, of her Majesty's 7th Royal Veteran Battalion, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the co. of Middlesex.

Fletcher, Anastasia, eldest dau. of the late Sir Thomas Fletcher, Bart., 16th April.

Fothergill, Mary, only surviving dau. of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Fothergill, of Kingthorp, co. York, 28th March, at Naples.

Fox, Sarah, widow of Thomas Fox, Esq., formerly of Lewisham, 5th April.

Fox. At his residence, in the South Bailey, Durham, April 18th, George Townshend Fox, Esq., magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the co. of Durham, aged 66.

Goodale, John, Esq., of Normanton, near Derby, 1st April, aged 38.

Gossett, Major-Gen. Sir William, K.C.H. and C.B., Royal Engineers, and Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, aged 66. This gentleman died at his seat, Charlton Grove, near Woolwich, on the 27th March, after a long and painful illness. He was born in 1783, the son of Matthew Gossett, Esq., of Jersey, by his wife, a dau. of Mr. Durell, of the same island. At the early age of 15, the subject of our present notice, obtained a commission in the corps of Royal Engineers, and shortly after, in 1799, proceeded with the army to Holland. He subsequently served in Ceylon during the Kandian war, and was with Lord Exmouth at the bombardment of Algiers. On the latter occasion he was in the boat which entered the harbour and set on fire the Algerine frigate; and he received, in requital of his gallant conduct, the insignia of a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and of a Commander of the Order of St. Ferdinand. In political life, Sir William was long known. In 1813, he accompanied Lord Heytesbury as secretary of Legation to the Barbary States; in 1828, held office as Secretary to Viscount Beresford, then

- Master-General of the Ordnance; in 1829, became Private Secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, during his Grace's Government of Ireland; and in 1830, was appointed Under-Secretary of State in that country, an office he continued to hold until 1835. At the period of his decease he was a Colonel in the army, and Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons. Sir William married in 1808, Gertrude, daughter of Ralph Allen Daniell, Esq., of Trelissick, in Cornwall, M.P. for West Looe.
- Granville, Fanny, relict of George Granville, Esq., late of Chester, 15th March, aged 63.
- Gresham, Thomas, Esq., at Cheltenham, 8th April, aged 81.
- Gray, Fanny, wife of George Mounsey Gray, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, 28th March.
- Grenfell. On the 26th March, at Exmouth, aged 73, Mrs. Sophia Perry Grenfell, widow of the late Mr. John Granville Grenfell, in the co. of Cornwall.
- Grey, Lauray, wife of Charles S. Grey, Esq., 24th March, at Malta.
- Guizot. On Friday evening, the 31st March, at Pelham-crescent, Brompton, in the 84th year of her age, Madame Guizot. Though profoundly agitated by the dreadful events which drove her from her country, her pious and energetic soul supported her through the fatigues of the long journey and the untried sea to rejoin the objects of her tender affection and unceasing cares in their exile. She arrived a fortnight ago, apparently well, cheerful, and almost untired; but the tender and heroic spirit had done its part—it could no longer sustain its frail tenement, so rudely shaken by the storms of life. A slight cold was followed by a complete and rapid decline of strength, and she sank to rest entirely resigned, and grateful that she was permitted to die surrounded by those to whom her life had been devoted. This is no time to enlarge on the high virtues and the noble qualities of this remarkable woman. Her death will, we are sure, excite universal sympathy and regret.
- Gyllett, Margaretta, relict of Major Gyllett, 8th April, aged 90.
- Haines, John Hinc, youngest son of Geo. Haynes, Esq., of the Hampstead-road, 28th March.
- Halkett, Lady Katherine, 31st March, at Richmond Hill.
- Harcourt. On the 8th of February last, at Ferozepore, in his 23d year, Lieut. Henry Harcourt, of the 68th Regiment Native Infantry, fourth son of J. J. Harcourt, Esq., late of East India-House.
- Hardy, Col. Edmund, late of Bombay Artillery, 28th March, at Clifton.
- Harland. On Thursday, the 23d March, at Sandon Vicarage, Staffordshire, Emma Douglas Harland, youngest dau. of the late C. Harland, Esq., of Ashbourne, Derbyshire.
- Harnage, Jane, widow of Col. Harnage, late of the 62d Regiment, 1st April, aged 93.
- Harrison, Arthur Oates, Esq. Society has sustained a loss in this venerated gentleman, who died on the 31st ult., aged 81, never having rallied since the decease of Mrs. Harrison, in December. Mr. Harrison was a Guardian of the Deaf and Dumb, the Scottish and Female Orphan Asylums, for many years, a founder of the Hospital for Diseases of the Ear, and other charitable institutions. He was one of the greatest private naturalists of this age, in conjunction with Sir Joseph Banks; and his extensive collections of the most rare and curious specimens of nature and art he generously presented to the Linnean, the London, and the Paris Institute Museums, being a member of each. His picture gallery contained many works of his *proteges*—Hoffland, Moreland, Turner, Pearson, Reynolds, Hudson, &c., painted pictures expressly for him, and which caused his only son to follow the profession, and to produce his elaborate work of the Emblazoned Register of the Order of the Garter, under the recent patronage of her Majesty, ever promoting science. The musical talents of the celebrated musician and composer, Nathan, were first discovered and patronized by him: and all that emanated from that musician's early accomplishments emanated through him. His faculties continued in full force to the last, and his contributions to the public press have, for half a century, been received with that esteem, nerve and intelligence alone could impart.
- Havard, Louisa, last surviving daughter of the late William Havard, of South Lambeth, 3d April, aged 80.
- Hemming, Mary Anne, relict of the late William Hemming, Esq., at Foxlydiate House, co. Worcester.
- Hill, Elizabeth Sarah, only daughter of Edward Hill, Esq., 28th March, at South Lambeth, aged 25.
- Hilton, Maria Bernard, wife of James

- Hilton, Esq., 6th April, at Lamb's Conduit-place.
- Hodgson, the Rev. G. M., M.A., 23d March, at the Close, Salisbury, aged 38.
- Hogg. On the 10th March, in Chester, Edward Hogg, Esq., M.D., in his 66th year. Dr. Hogg formerly resided at Hendon, in Middlesex, where he was highly esteemed in his profession, and endeared to a large circle of friends by his urbanity of manner and tender sympathies for all suffering humanity within the sphere of his reach and usefulness. Subsequently he travelled over much of Europe and in Asia, made considerable antiquarian researches, and eventually gave to the world some interesting volumes, entitled "Dr. Hogg's Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem."
- Hopkins, Elizabeth, relict of the late Richard Hopkins, Esq., 21st April, at Kensington.
- Horley, Jane, wife of William Horley, Esq., of Hoddessdon, 12th April.
- Hornbuckle, the Rev. I. W., 11th April, at Staplehurst, Kent, aged 73.
- Hughes, Terence McMahon, Esq., many years' correspondent to the *Times*, at Lisbon, and author of "Revelations in Spain," "The Ocean Flower," and other works, 19th March, aged 35.
- Hunter, James, Esq., of Islington, 22d March, aged 62.
- Hurry, Elizabeth, relict of the late W. J. Hurry, Esq., of Great Yarmouth, 10th April, aged 82.
- Hyde, John, Esq., at Lyndale Park, near Faversham, 25th March, aged 54.
- Inglefield, Rear-Admiral Samuel Hood. The accounts by the Overland Mail announce the death of this distinguished naval officer, who held at the time the command in the Indian seas, having been previously Commander-in-Chief of the Brazilian station. Admiral Inglefield was son of the late commissioner Nicholas Inglefield, R.N., and entered at an early age the sea service of his country. In 1798, he obtained the rank of Lieutenant, and in the following year distinguished himself at the defence of St. Jean d'Acre. Subsequently he commanded the Hunter and the Bæhante, and, in the latter, captured the French brig of war, Griffon. He served in the *Dædalus* at the capture of Sarnano and of two privateers in 1808. His commissions of Commander and of Captain bore date 1802 and 1807, and his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral, 1841. He was married to a daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Albany Otway, and had several children. One of the sons, also a naval officer, at present in command of a sloop of war, was promoted for services performed during the expedition sent up the river Parana, in 1845, against General Rosas. Another son, Valentine, is a Lieutenant, R.N., and one of the daughters is married to a son of Sir Augustus De Butts.
- Innis, Charles, Esq., of Euston-sq., 12th April, aged 67.
- Isaacson, Stuteville, Esq., R.N., 29th March, aged 70.
- James, Thoms Paisley, only son of the late Rev. Evan James, of Stepney, 12th April, aged 19.
- Janson, William, Esq., at Tottenham, 4th April, aged 76.
- Jenour, Capt. Matthew, late of the 69th Regiment, 31st March, aged 60.
- Jermyn. On the 20th April, in Eaton-place, the Lady Katharine Jermyn, of confluent small-pox.
- Jones, John, Esq., of Llanarth-court, Monmouthshire, at Bute House, Petersham, in his 58th year. The male representative of a very ancient family, of which the Chivalrous House of Herbert was a scion, Mr. Jones derived from as illustrious a line of ancestry as any in the principality. He was eldest son of the late John Jones, Esq., of Llanarth-court, by Mary, his wife, eldest dau. and co-heir of Richard Lee, Esq., of Llanfoist House, near Abergavenny, and grandson of Philip Jones, Esq., of Llanarth Court, by Catherine, his wife, youngest sister and co-heir of John Wyborne, Esq., of Hawkwell, Kent. Mr. Jones married 11th Sept. 1817, Lady Harriet Plunkett, only dau. of Arthur James, eighth Earl of Fingall, K.P., and has left with other issue, a son and successor, John Arthur Jones, Esq., now of Llanarth Court, who is married to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart.
- Keightley, Sarah, widow of Archibald Keightley, Esq., of Liverpool, 16th April, aged 77.
- Kell, Sarah, wife of Robert Kell, Esq., of the Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, 27th March, aged 66.
- Kemp, Edward Reynolds, second son of the Rev. E. C. Kemp, at Wlissonselt Rectory, aged 18.
- Kent, William Jackson, son of Mr. Kent, of Hampton, co. Middlesex, 10th April, aged 22.
- Kent, Sir Charles William Egleton, Bart. This gentleman, a captain in the 1st Life Guards, expired suddenly on the 8th April, while at barracks with his regi-

- ment, it is supposed from the bursting of a blood-vessel. This melancholy event causes the extinction of the Baronetcy. Sir Charles was born 15th February, 1819, the only child of the late Sir Charles Eggleton Kent, Bart., by the Lady Sophia Margaret, his wife, dau. of William, first Earl Beauchamp. His grandfather, the first Baronet, was Sir Charles Eggleton, of Fornham, St. Genevieve, Suffolk, who assumed the additional surname of Kent in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his maternal grandfather, Samuel Kent, Esq., of Fornham, M.P. for Ipswich, and Purveyor of Chelsea Hospital.
- Kilby, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. T. Kilby, of Wakefield, 14th April.
- Kneller, George Desborough, of the Post-office, eldest son of the late George Kneller, Esq., of Windsor, 18th Feb., at St. Thomas.
- Lainé, Juliette, wife of J. J. Lainé, French Consul at Liverpool, 16th March, at Paris.
- Laprimandaye, the Rev. Charles Henry, for 48 years vicar of Leyton, Essex, 25th March, aged 85.
- Larken, George, Esq., 13th April, at Puckeridge, aged 43.
- Lawford, Anne, wife of Thomas Wright Lawford, Esq., of Careg Cenen, co. Carmarthen, 23rd March.
- Lawton Ellen, wife of George Lawton, Esq., Proctor, at Ncmthorpe, 26th March.
- Leadbeater, Henry, Esq., late of the Excise Office, 20th March, at Hartest, Suffolk, aged 76.
- Le Blanc, Eliza Felicia, only surviving child of Col. and Mrs. Francis Le Blanc, 14th April, at Blackbrook House, Fareham, aged 14.
- Lec. On the 22nd March, aged 29, at the residence of his father-in-law, W. M. Coc, Esq., Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Wm. Stadden Blake, youngest son of the late John Wyat Lee, Esq., of Munden-hall Essex.
- Leigh, Leonard, Esq., of St. Cross, near Winchester, 6th April, aged 74.
- Leslie, Anne Charlotte, eldest dau. of Major-Gen. John Leslie, K.H. 23rd Feb., at Madras.
- Lilley, Joshua, Esq., 20th March, at Royston, Herts, aged 76.
- Lingen. On the 13th April, at 31 Frederick-street, Newhall-hill, Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Lingen, in his 77th year. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Rev. Ralph Lingen, formerly rector of the parishes of Rock, Worcestershire, and Evesbach, Hertfordshire.
- Locke, Henry Palmer, eldest son of James Locke, Esq., of Trevor-square, 20th March.
- Lomi, Eliza, wife of Mark Lomi, Esq., M.D., at Manda Vale, 7th April.
- Lovell, Lilly, eldest dau. on the 22nd March; Blanch Caroline Francis, youngest dau. on the 24th; and Fredericka Georgina, 2nd dau. of Edward Lovell, Esq., of Dindar, co. Somersetshire, aged 6, on the 28th March.
- Lowther, James, Esq., late of the Post Office, 1st April, at Brompton.
- Mackenzie, Catherine, daughter of the late Admiral George Mackenzie, 12th April, aged 86.
- Mackie, Martha, relict of Charles Mackie, Esq., of Kennington, and the Stock Exchange, 2nd April, aged 55.
- Macmahon, Anne, relict of Terence Macmahon, Esq., late of Capahard, co. Clare, 20th March, at Brompton.
- Man, Lonisa, wife of William Man, Esq., 10th April, aged 48, at Bromley.
- Method. On the 20th April, at Norwich, Dorothea Francis, relict of the Rev. Thomas Method, a Canon Residentiary of that cathedral. and rector of Stonham Aspal, Suffolk, aged 68.
- Marchant, Emma, only dau. of John Marchant, Esq., of Ware, Herts, 3rd April, aged 20.
- Mathews, Mrs. J. W., of North Brixton. 17th April.
- Mc Gillivray. On the 28th March, at Reading, at the house of her son-in-law, A. C. C. Denny, Esq., aged 57. Anna Mackenzie Kennedy, relict of the late Lachlan Mc Gillivray, Esq., of Daviot, Inverness-shire, and St. Thomas in the East, Jamaica.
- Mc Manus, Dr. of Baker-street, Portman-square.
- Meyrick, Sir Samuel Rush, K.H., L.L.D., &c. This gentleman, distinguished alike for his antiquarian learning and his knowledge of ancient armour, died on the 2nd April, at his seat, Goodrich Court, county Hereford. He was the only son of the late John Meyrick, Esq., of Great George-street, Westminster, and of Peterborough House, Middlesex, F.S.A., by Hannah, his wife, dau. and co-heir of Samuel Rush, Esq., of Ford House, Herts Through his mother, Sir Samuel succeeded to an estate at Chislehurst, in Kent, but disposed of it in 1809. In 1828, he built, after the design of Edward Blore, the mansion of Goodrich Court, in a most beautiful situation on the tour of the Wye, and there resided up to the time of his decease. The architecture of the castle is of the time of Edward II., and

- has obtained much commendation. Besides the numerous works of art and antiquity the structure contains, it is justly celebrated for the most instructive collection of armour in the kingdom. The family from which the deceased gentleman descended was a younger branch of the House of Bôdorgan, and was established by Rowland Meyrick, Bishop of Bangor, in 1559, and one of the Conneil of the Marches of Wales. Sir Samuel, born 26th of August, 1783, married 3rd October, 1803, Mary, daughter and co-heir of James Parry, Esq., of Llwyn Hywel, county Cardigan, and had one son, Llewelyn, who died unmarried, 14th Feb., 1837. He was magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Hereford, and served as its High Sheriff in 1834. The honour of knighthood he received as a mark of Royal approbation of the services he rendered in the arrangement of the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London.
- Meddleship, Mrs. E. A.**, 25th Jan., at Madras, aged 23.
- Miles, Elizabeth**, relict of Richard Miles, Esq., of Kensington, 12th April, aged 72.
- Miller, Janet Helen**, eldest surviving dau. of Dr. Miller, 3rd April, at the Grove, Exeter, aged 26.
- Mills, The Rev. William**, Rector of Shellingford, Berks, 15th March.
- Mitchell, Captain William**, paymaster 2nd battalion Royal Regiment, 11th April, aged 71.
- Monck**. On the 9th April, at Rugby, of a very severe attack of mumps, aged 12 years, William Lambert, eldest son, of Charles Att. Monck, Esq., and eldest grandson of Sir Charles Monck, Bart., of Belsey, Northumberland.
- Money-Kyrle, Emma**, relict of the late Rev. William Money-Kyrle, of Horn House, co. Hereford, 6th April, aged 62.
- Montague, John, Esq.**, 31st March, at the Horseferry-road.
- Moore, Lieut.-Col. William, H.P.**, 14th Regt., 7th April, aged 80.
- Morrice**. On Saturday, the 25th March, in Finsbury-square, James, son of the Rev. Andrew Ducarel Morrice, of Heath, Bedfordshire, and rector of Betsanger, in Kent, in his 28th year.
- Moss, Mrs. Edwin**, of Wimpole-street, 12th April.
- Mudge**. On the 13th April, after a lingering illness, Jane Elizabeth, wife of Zachary Mudge, Esq., of Sydney, near Plympton, Devon, and only daughter of G. F. Dickson, Esq., of Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park, in the 29th year of her age.
- Murer, James, Esq.**, 24th March, at Cecil Lodge, Abbot's Langley, Herts, aged 83.
- Murphy, J. B., Esq.**, of King's College, London, formerly of Yougal, 1st April at Pan.
- Murray**. On the 10th April, at Turin, Hon. Lady Murray, widow of Lieut.-Col. Sir John Murray, Bart.
- Murton**. On the 1st April, at Longueville, near Dieppe, France, Henry Fortesque Murton, late of the Royal Marines, the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Murton, of that corps.
- Myddleton, Harriet**, last surviving dau. of Richard Myddleton, Esq., of Chirk Castle, co. Denbigh, 14th April.
- Nassau, Anne**, of Spring-hill, near Windsor, 4th April, aged 74.
- Neave, Sir Thomas, Bart.** This venerable Baronet, whose decease occurred on the 11th April, at the advanced age of 87, was the eldest son of Sir Richard Neave, a commercial character of great eminence, who filled the office of Governor of the Bank of England in 1780, and obtained the title of honour his family enjoys in 1795. Sir Thomas married, 13th June, 1791, Frances Caroline, daughter of the late Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham, and has left four sons and two daughters. Sir Richard Digby Neave, the eldest son, and present Baronet, is married to the youngest daughter of the late Lord Arundell; and Mr. Sheffield Neave, the third, is a director of the Bank.
- Newcome, Maria**, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Newcome, Vicar of Gresford, 23rd March, aged 67.
- Newton, Mary**, relict of Alexander Levi Newton, Esq., 19th March, at Brussels.
- Nicholls, John George, Esq.**, of West Molesey, co. Surry, 8th April, aged 76.
- Noaks, Edward Maplesden**, third son of the late Jarvis Noaks, Esq., of Shorne, Kent, 26th March, aged 43.
- Noble, John, Esq.**, formerly merchant of London, aged 70, at Bishopsteignton, Devon.
- Nugent, Lady Anne Lucy**, 18th April.
- Oliphant, Laurence Thomas**, infant son of Major Oliphant, 13th April.
- Ottley**. On the 25th March, at her town residence, deeply regretted by her family and friends, Elizabeth Jackson, relict of the late Warner Ottley, Esq., of York-terrace, Regent's-park, and Stanwell, Middlesex, aged 65.
- Parker, Frances Lina**, wife of Henry M. Parker, Esq., Bengal civil service, 25th March.
- Parker, Capt. Sir William George, Bart.**, R.N., 24th March, aged 60. The name

- of Parker has been long and honourably associated with our naval annals. The Baronet whose decease we record, held the rank of Post-Captain, and distinguished himself so far back as 1806 by his gallantry, when Lieutenant of the *Renomnee*, in cutting out a schooner from under the batteries of Torre del Vieja. He was only son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, Bart., by Jane, his wife, eldest daughter of Edward Collingwood, Esq., of Greenwich. He married, 29th August, 1808, Elizabeth, daughter of James Charles Still, Esq., of East Knoyle, Wilts., and has left five sons and six daughters. Sir William died at Plymouth on the 24th ult., aged 60.
- Paterson, Ludolf, Esq., late of Mexico, aged 39.
- Pelly, Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. Francis Pelly, late Rector of Siston, 4th April.
- Peto, Mrs. John, at Sutton House, near Hounslow, 14th April, aged 69.
- Pigot. At Langlee, near Melrose, N.B., on the 24th March, after a short illness, Leonora, widow of C. H. Pigott, Esq., of Great Marlborough-street, and daughter of the late Sir William Russell, Bart.
- Pilkington, Catharine, wife of W. Ormerod Pilkington, Esq., at Ulster place, Regent's Park, 13th April.
- Pitcairn, John, Esq., 5th April, at Edinburgh.
- Plaskett, Charlotte Cecilia, wife of T. H. Plaskett, Esq., of Clifford street, 27th March, aged 65.
- Pollock, Horace, youngest son of the Lord Chief Baron, 20th April, aged 3 years and 6 months.
- Pooley, The Rev. David, M. A., Head master of the Grammar School, Oundle, co. Northampton, 9th April, aged 33.
- Porter, The Rev. G., Vicar of Mt. Sherborne, 8th April.
- Powell, Mrs. Katharine, of Great Coram street, 24th March.
- Powerscourt. On the 5th April, Isabella, Dowager Viscountess Powerscourt, relict of Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt, and daughter of the late Right Hon. William Brownlow.
- Poynter, Emma, wife of Ambrose Poynter, Esq., of Park-street, Westminster.
- Pritchard, Sarah, relict of David Pritchard, Esq., of Cemarth, co. Montgomery, 5th April, aged 76.
- Procter, Mrs. E. R., relict of Joseph Procter, Esq., at Islington, 16th April, aged 81.
- Procter, Lieut.-Col. John, late of the 30th regiment, 14th March, at Temple Sowerby. Another of the Peninsular officers is added to the long list of those who have passed away during the last few years. Colonel Procter's death occurred last week, at Temple Sowerby. The gallant officer served in the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807; was with the troops in America; and fought with distinction throughout the Corunna campaign.
- Rackham, Thomas, Esq., at Aylsham, Norfolk, 11th April, aged 82.
- Randoll, Philip, Esq. of Goswell Road, 28th March, aged 80.
- Rawlings, Francis, youngest son of Joseph Rawlings, Esq., at Southampton, 27th March.
- Reeks, Harriet, dau. of William Reeks, Esq., of Portsmouth, 26th March.
- Richards, John, Esq., formerly of the Bank of England, at Kennington, 31st March.
- Ripley, Harriet, relict of the late John Richard Ripley, Esq., of Clapham Common, at Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, 19th April, aged 83.
- Ring, Emma Creser, wife of David Babbington Ring, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, dau. of the late James Brown, Esq., of Bedhampton Park, Hants, at Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, after a short illness, 15th April.
- Riversdale, Lord. Accounts from Ireland announce the death, at Lisnegar, co. Waterford, of the Right Hon. William Tonson Lord Riversdale. His Lordship, born 8th December, 1775, was eldest son of the first Peer, a military officer of rank, and Lieutenant-Governor of Cork, who was created Baron Riversdale of Rathcormac (of which borough he was patron) 13th October, 1789. The patriarch of the family in Ireland, Major Richd. Tonson, obtained a grant of land in the co. Cork from Charles II. for his distinguished exertions in favour of royalty during the Civil Wars, and purchased the castle and lands of Spanish Island, in the same county. These estates were considerably increased by a bequest to the Tonson family from Major Anthony Butler, who, having no issue, settled his property upon Richard Tonson, Esq., of Spanish Island, the father of the first Peer. Lord Riversdale, whose death we record, was Colonel of the South Cork Militia. He married, in 1799, Charlotte Theodosia, dau. of St. Leger Aldworth, First Viscount Doneraile, but as he has left no child, the family

- honours devolve on his Lordship's only surviving brother, Dr. Ludlow Tonson, the eloquent and estimable Bishop of Killaloe.
- Robe, W. J. G., Esq., at Frog's Hall, Takeley, co. Essex, 18th April, aged 49.
- Roberts, Elizabeth, relict of Howland Roberts, Esq., of Feltham, Norfolk, 8th April, aged 82.
- Roberts, Anne, relict of William Roberts, Esq., of Rotherhithe, 28th March, aged 76.
- Robson, Mrs. John, of South-st. Grosvenor Square, 8th April, aged 64.
- Rodes, James, Esq., at his father's residence, Waverhill, Handsworth, Staffordshire, 30th March, aged 34.
- Rogers, Hester Miss, at Dowdeswell House, 18th April, aged 88. This much respected lady was the representative of the ancient family of Rogers, long established in Gloucestershire and resident at Dowdeswell since the days of Elizabeth; she is succeeded in her estates by her nephew, Richard Rogers, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant, eldest surviving son of the Rev. Chas. Coxwell, of Abington, and Rector of Dowdeswell, by Ann, sister of the deceased, and dau. of the Rev. Richard Rogers, LL.B., of Dowdeswell.
- Rooke, Anne Mrs., dau. of the Rev. R. Rooke, aged 90.
- Russell, George, Esq., at Risley, county Derby, 6th April, aged 59.
- Rowles, Susanna, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Rowles, East India Company's Service, after a few days' illness, at Bath, 10th April.
- Savery, Frederick, late of Trinity Terrace, Southwark, 6th April, aged 53, at Nottingham.
- Seallon, Robert, Esq., Commander Royal Navy, 26th March, at Prittlewell, Essex, aged 77.
- Scott, Elizabeth, Mrs., widow of the late Thomas Scott, Captain in the 70th regiment and brother of the late Sir Walter Scott, the first Baronet of Abbotsford, at her residence, in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, 13th April, aged 72.
- Selby, Thomas, youngest son of the late Walter Selby, Esq., of Biddleston, co. Northumberland, 5th April.
- Sheppard, Sir Thomas Cotton, Bart. The decease of this respected Baronet occurred last week at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and, as in the case of Sir Charles Eggleton Kent, the title becomes extinct. Sir Thomas was son of the first Sir Thomas Sheppard, Bart., of Thornton Hall and Littlecote, by Elizabeth, his wife, only child and heiress of William Cotton, Esq., LL.D., of Crakemarsh, co. Stafford, and assumed the surname of his maternal ancestors at the demise of his elder brother, William Thomas Cotton-Sheppard, Esq. Through his grandmother, Sir Thomas represented the very ancient baronetical family of Tyrrell of Thornton, and inherited their estates. At the time of his death, Sir Thomas Sheppard had completed his 63rd year. He married, 10th Dec., 1822 (the year after his succession to the Baronetcy) Mary Anne, only child of the Rev. George Turnor, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Vicar of Wraggsley, but has left no child.
- Sheppard, Edward, eldest son of Edward Sheppard, Esq., of Fir Grove, Salop, 25th March, aged 47.
- Simonds, George, eighth son of William Simonds, Esq., at St. Cross, near Winchester, 17th April, aged 17.
- Simpson, Charles, Esq., late of Carlisle-street, Soho, 28th March, aged 35.
- Simpson, Robert, Esq., at Kenilworth, 12th April, aged 64.
- Sleigh, John, Esq., at Leek, co. Stafford, 6th April, aged 81.
- Smith, Anne, relict of the Rev. Richard Smith, Rector of Marston, co. York, 20th March, aged 85.
- Spedding, Leny Christopher, youngest son of Benjamin Joseph Spedding, Esq., of Harefield, Middlesex, 27th March, on his passage from Madras.
- Speir, William, Esq., of Brighton, 20th March, at Madeira.
- Starr, Mrs., relict of Thomas Starr, Esq., of Canterbury, 13th April, aged 80.
- Stead, James, Esq., at Ovingdean, Sussex, 17th April, aged 80.
- Sterky, Mary Anne, wife of Chas. Sterky, Esq., at Walton Place, Hans Place, 20th April.
- Strickland, Jane, relict of J. Strickland, Esq., at Rutland Hall, co. Lancaster, 19th April.
- Stripling, Thomas, Esq., of Lichfield, 25th March, aged 84.
- Summer, Beatrice Elizabeth, only child of the Rev. C. V. Holme Summer, at Byfleet Rectory, Surrey, 1st April, aged 18.
- Sweetman, Mrs. Laura Sophia, dau. of the late Colonel Richard Temple, at Rotherhithe, 23rd March.
- Swinburne, Maria Rosa Louisa, dau. of the late Henry Swinburne, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Sir John Swinburne, Bart., of Capheaton, Northumberland, at Spetchley Park, Worcestershire, 2nd April.
- Swindell, Elizabeth Kitty, youngest dau.

- of the late John Swindell, Esq., at Marlowes, Herts, 9th April, aged 19.
- Taylor, Julianna, wife of William Taylor, Esq., 4th April, at Redcliffe-upon-Trent, Notts.
- Taylor. On Friday morning, the 31st of March, at his residence at Hornsey, after a few days' illness, John Taylor, Esq., of Mincing-lane, in his 41st year, third son of the late Rev. Thomas Grimwood Taylor, M.A., of Dedham, Essex.
- Thorn. On Saturday, the 15th April, at his residence, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, after a lingering and painful illness, Thomas Thorn, Esq., late of Islington, in the 50th year of his age.
- Thomas, William Charles, Esq., of St. James's-street, Bedford Row, 13th April, aged 76.
- Tinne, William Thomas, Esq., late Capt. in the 8th Hussars, 21st March.
- Townley, Mary, wife of the Rev. Jonathan Townley, vicar of Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, 6th April, aged 63.
- Trail. On the 1st April, in the 95th year of her age, at her residence, Green-park-buildings, Bath, the Lady Frances Trail, dau. of the fifth Earl of Wemyss, and relict of the Rev. William Trail, LL.D., Chancellor of the Cathedral Church of Connor.
- Trower. On the 7th April, at 1, Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, aged 86, Sarah, relict of James Trower, one of the Masters of the High Court of Chancery, and late of Thorncroft, Leatherhead, Surrey.
- Turner, Septimus, Esq., 17th Feb., at Canada, aged 36.
- Tweed, Captain John Powell, R.N., 17th March.
- Twining. On the 2d April, aged 36, Aldred Twining, Esq., of Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, second son of Richard Twining, Esq., of Bedford-place, Russell-square.
- Valentine, John H., Esq., 17th March, at Montrose, aged 77.
- Vernon, Thomas, Esq., 28th March, at Tewkesbury, aged 75.
- Viret, Miss, 24th March, at Watlington, Oxon., aged 71.
- Walker, Apollonia Charlotte Anne, relict of the late James Walker, Esq., of Blackheath, 17th April, at St. John's Wood.
- Waller, the Rev. Richard, for 53 years rector of Birch, Essex, 6th April, aged 78.
- Watts, Miss Mary Anne, 23rd March, at Battle, Sussex, aged 60.
- Webster, Maria, wife of James Webster, Esq., 17th April.
- Welbank, John, Esq., M.R.C.S., 8th April, aged 84.
- Wenham. On the 1st April, of paralysis, at her residence, Old Brompton, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thomas Wenham, late of the Stock-Exchange, only dau. of the late Major Donald Macdonald, of the Perth Highland Fencibles, and granddaughter of the late General Alexander Macdonald.
- Whitehead, Miss, the last surviving dau. of the late George Whitehead, Esq., of Weston House, Bath, 9th April.
- Wemyss. On the 17th April, at Gloucester, Major Francis Wemyss, in his 73d year.
- Wilkinson, Margaret, last surviving dau. of the late James Wilkinson, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 8th April, aged 68.
- Windeyer. On the 2d Dec., 1847, at the residence of his brother-in-law, William Henty, Esq., at Invermay, near Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, in his 42d year, Richard Windeyer, Esq., barrister-at-law, and representative for the county of Durham in the Legislative Council of New South Wales.
- Winsland. On the 31st March, in her 18th year, of rapid decline, Emma Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Nicholas Winsland, Esq., of Montagu-street, Russell-square.
- Wood, Harriet Elizabeth, relict of John Wood, Esq., of Hackney, 16th April.
- Worsley. On the 23d March, at the Rectory, Little Ponton, in the 83d year of his age, the Rev. Ralph Worsley, M.A., rector of Finchley, in the county of Middlesex, and sub-dean of the Cathedral Church of Ripon.
- Wright, John Smith, Esq., at Rempstone Hall, Notts., 26th March, aged 74.
- Wrottesley, the Hon. Mrs. Walter, 29th March, at Chester-square.
- Wyman, Mrs., 5th April, at Barnes, aged 45.
- Yolland, C. A., Lieut. R.N., 25th March, aged 42.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE TOMBS OF RICHMOND CHURCH.

“O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell!”—SHAKESPEARE.

RICHMOND—Sheen, or “the beautiful,” as the Saxons termed it—still ranks among the fairest, the loveliest localities of handsome, honest, and happy England. It is in vain that the railway has invaded Sheen,—that omnibuses and steamers pour into it their plenteous plebeian crowds. Richmond’s charms are so lasting and immutable, that even these temporary, though frequently recurring disfigurements, cannot materially impair them. Grievous truly is it to feel the delicious calmness of the place disturbed by coarse, boisterous revelry; and to have apples, oranges, and ginger beer, shouted and sold on “those meads for ever crowned with flowers,”—meads, whose perfume for the time is spoilt by cigar-smoking abomination. Oh! how different in their gaiety or dress are the nymphs and youths who thus vulgarize the spot, to those who used to shine around the embarkation of Belinda, or adorn the favourite haunts of the great Queen Anna. Yet the evil is transitory; it comes and goes, and when it has departed, Richmond resumes its delightful solitude again. There are periods too in the week when the place is left in perfect quiet, and when it is right grateful to roam about it. But of all times, that of summer moonlight affords, from the summit of Richmond Hill, the most enchanting view—a view unrivalled, and indeed, beyond “whate’er the Muse has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.” It is a glorious sight! The mild glare of the pale orb above is sufficient to mark in light and shade every feature of the landscape. The meadows and the woodlands stretch out in solemn, silent, stately magnificence: the Thames becomes a complete sheet of rippled silver, its waters apparently motionless, yet gliding, as the poet has it, like happiness away. The exquisite comparison, in Burns’ celebrated lines, matchless for delicacy and feeling, here rises forcibly to the recollection—

“As in the bosom of the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e’en,
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of bonny Jean.”

But the remembrance of this charming aspect leads us from our subject. We must quit the stillness of the moonlight, for the more solemn silence of the grave.

Among the myriads who continually resort to Richmond, comparatively few think of stopping, on their way to the hill, at that little, plain, old-

fashioned church, situate near the entry of the town. Yet, within its hallowed ground is there much to investigate, and much to ponder on.

Though its architecture be humble, the tombs in and about it assimilate it to the abbey fane of Westminster; Richmond church and churchyard cover the remains of men and women whose memory will not perish. The subject is one worthy of some detail; let us therefore begin by pausing outside the church. The first tablet that strikes the eye is a plain one, with a medallion head sculptured upon it. Passer-by, whoe'er you be, whether a lover of the stage, or one who, in ideal sanctity, would look down upon it, you must tarry here; beneath that stone lies an actor, the greatest, perhaps, that ever lived—Edmund Kean, he of the withering glance and fiery soul, who could revivify Shakesperian verse in its full majesty and terror; he, whose genius came upon the dead poet, as would a galvanic battery upon the corpse of a giant. This monument bears the following inscription:—"Edmund Kean, died May 1833, aged 48. A memorial erected by his son, Charles John Kean, 1839." Mr. Murray, in his elegant "Picturesque Tour of the River Thames," after contemplating this tomb, gives the following interesting details respecting the great tragedian:—

"Edmund Kean was one of the shuttlecocks of fortune. He was born, some say, in 1787, others, in 1789, and was the son of Edmund Kean, then in the service of a Mr. Wilmot, the builder of the Royalty Theatre, by Anne Carey, an actress. A brother of his father, Moses Kean, is said to have possessed considerable talents for mimicry, and to have imitated with success the matchless Garrick. Miss Carey was the daughter of George Savill Carey, a person who, after acting without much success at Covent Garden, borrowed Stevens' idea of the "Lecture on Heads" for a subsistence. Her grandfather was author of forgotten interludes and operas. Both by the paternal and maternal sides of the house, therefore, we find a predisposition, as it were, to theatricals; and necessity compelled the youthful Kean to tread the stage almost as soon as he was able to crawl. At the tender age of two years, recommended by his beauty, which in childhood was always remarkable, he appeared in some opera as Cupid.

"An amusing story is told of his mishap at Drury Lane, when on one occasion performing one of the band of little devils with which John Kemble enlivened one of the scenes in Macbeth; he, either by design or accident, tripped up his brother goblins, who, 'fell like so many cards,' disconcerting the 'Thane of Cawdor,' who was so enraged that he thumped the future tragedian, and dismissed him from the theatre. Kean is reported to have excused himself by saying, 'that he was not aware that he was engaged to play in tragedy!'

"Mrs. Charles Kemble recollected hearing a clanking noise at the theatre one night, and on inquiring as to the cause, was answered, 'It is only little Kean reciting Richard the Third in the green-room; he is acting after the manner of Garrick. Will you go and see him? He is really very clever.' 'And there he was,' says Barry Cornwall, 'really very clever, acting to a semicircle of gazers, and exhibiting the fierceness, and probably some of the niceties, of that character in which, fifteen years afterwards, he drew to the theatre thousands and thousands of spectators, and built up for himself a renown that will last, that *must* last as long as the actor's fame.'

"From this time lay before him a long career of wandering, privation, and adversity. While at Windsor, in the strolling company of Richardson, he

received two guineas for two hours' performance before King George III. He used to recite at various places of public entertainment, being then called the infant prodigy, Master Carey.

"Mr. Douglas Jerrold informs us: 'Mr. Kean joined the Sheerness company on Easter Monday, 1804. He was then still in boy's costume. His salary was fifteen shillings a week. He then went under the name of Carey. He continued to play the whole round of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, interlude, and pantomime, until the close of the season. His comedy was very successful. In the song, 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey,' he made a great impression upon the tasteful critics of Sheerness! It was about this time, as I have heard my father say, who had it from Kean himself, that Mr. Kean, being without money to pay the toll of a ferry, tied his wardrobe in his pocket handkerchief, and swam the river.'

"On a second visit to Sheerness, 'the models for the tricks of the pantomime,' we are informed by Mr. Jerrold, 'were made by Kean, out of matches, pins, and paper.'

"While yet a stroller, he fell in love at Gloucester with Miss Chambers, an amateur performer, and after some time was married to her at Cheltenham. His consciousness of his own powers, and his self-assurance that he was worthy to arrive at the top of his profession, never deserted him; now and then, in the midst of his drudgery, a part would be allotted to him which he would *top*, as the phrase is, in such a manner, as to call forth enthusiastic praises; on one of these happy occasions, Stephen Kemble said to him, 'You have played the character of Hotspur, sir, as well as Mr. John Kemble.'

"Notwithstanding this success—such is the fate of a man in the theatrical profession, who has not been tried in the ordeal of a London auditory; and so incapable is a provincial place of estimating fully, or liberally rewarding true merit, that Kean, although praised by the Kembles, and by the few persons of taste who witnessed his performances, continued wandering here and there, with wife and child, upon salaries of a guinea and thirty shillings a week, pursuing an unprofitable, precarious, and, as it appeared at the time, hopeless career. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself for that purpose to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very good-naturedly dissuaded him from his design.

"The account of his first introduction to a London manager is graphic in the extreme; it is a theatrical romance in miniature.

"It is contained in the same work to which we are indebted for the short notice of the life of this great tragedian; the life by Barry Cornwall.

"'When the curtain drew up,' Kean began, 'I saw a wretched house; a few people in the pit and gallery, and *three* persons in the boxes, shewed the quantity of attraction that we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting—he was very attentive to the performance; seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me that he was pleased. After the play I went to the dress-room (this was under the stage) to change my dress for the 'Savage,' so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard a gentleman (who I supposed was the gentleman of the stage-box,) ask Lee the name of the performer who played the principal character. 'Oh,' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow! a great little man. He's going to London—he has got an engagement from Mr. Whitbread! a great man sir!' 'Indeed!' replied the

gentleman, 'I am glad to hear it, he is certainly very clever; but he is very small.' '*His mind is large, no matter for his height,*' returned Lee to this. By this time I was dressed for the 'Savage,' and I therefore mounted up to the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my play, observing, 'Your manager says that you are engaged for London?' 'I am offered a trial,' said I, 'and if I succeed, I understand that I am to be engaged.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me in the morning? I am at the — Hotel. I shall be glad to speak to you; my name is Arnold! I am the manager of *Drury Lane Theatre*.' I staggered as if I had been shot! my acting in the 'Savage' was done for; however, I stumbled through the part, and here I am.' After finishing his story, he could think and talk of nothing but the approaching interview with the London manager. Morning arrived, and Kean, after dressing himself as respectably as he could,' says our information, 'repaired to the hotel to breakfast. He was received graciously; and after some conversation as to his experience on the stage, his cast of characters, &c., &c., (which occupied the intervals of the meal,) he was finally engaged by Mr. Arnold, on behalf of Drury Lane Theatre, for a term of three years, at a salary of eight, nine, and ten pounds per week, for each successive year; and he was to have six 'trial parts.' In two hours from the time of his leaving home, he returned to his wife with the above information; he seemed half out of his senses with delight—he had been well received and well entertained, and had now touched the summit of his ambition.'

"His triumphant career from this time until his death, is too fresh in the memory of the play-going world, to need further mention in this place. It will be sufficient to say, that after his appearance on the boards of Drury Lane in Shylock, the ball lay at his foot, and he had only to use good fortune with moderation. This, it is to be regretted, he did not do; his prosperous career was wild, erratic, and uncontrollable; all that Garrick enjoyed, of admiration and respect, from the highest aristocracy of rank, wealth, and talent in the land, might have been Kean's; he spurned them all with hardly concealed contempt, and, in their turn, they retired from courting him with little less than disgust.

"The contrast between Kean and Garrick in private life, is, indeed, surprising, but explicable; the former struggling with want, insult, and obscurity, and compelled into the lowest company in early life, was soured with the world as soon as he began it; in his cup of life bitterness floated at the top, and when he came to drink of the sweets that lay below, his relish was gone. Courtesy and proffered service came to him from the great when his fortune was made by the favour of the public, and when he did not want them; he had something, too, of that fierce, indomitable, and, it is to be feared, offensive pride, characteristic of men of genius and acute sensibility. He could not believe that the great, who now crowded his dressing-room, and thronged his drawing-room, had any other motive than the gratification of their curiosity, although a little reflection should have taught him that his genius led them to court his acquaintance, as his great success: it is certain, however, that Kean disliked to an extreme what is popularly called good society. Kean died in May, 1833, aged only 'forty-eight years.'"

Well do we recollect his funeral. After lying in state, for hundreds to view, in the house adjoining the little theatre at Richmond, the body was borne in long pedestrian procession to the churchyard. Every shop

was shut; and sorrow and silence reigned among the thousands who thronged the streets. The talented son of the actor was the chief mourner, and Macready and Knowles were there. As the coffin sunk into the grave the melancholy thought came forcibly upon us, and time has proved its correctness, that the attraction of the English stage was departing with Kean. While he lived, puritanism with its homilies on the one side, and Italian music with its fashion on the other, laboured in vain. Crowds ceased not to throng Old Drury. How changed is it since! Where are now Shylock and the Moor? Personified no longer as they should be, they hover in memory and spirit around this Thespian tribute to Edmund Kean.

Close to the tablet of Kean stands another mural memorial; it represents a female figure weeping over an urn, marked with the name of the gentle and intellectual individual in whose remembrance it is raised—Mrs. Barbara Hofland. The inscription is as follows:

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY A FEW ATTACHED FRIENDS
TO THE MEMORY OF
BARBARA HOFLAND,

(RELICT OF THOMAS CHRISTOPHER HOFLAND, ARTIST,)

AUTHORESS OF THE "SON OF A GENIUS," &c. &c.

SHE ENDEAVOURED WITH CHRISTIAN HUMILITY

TO RECOMMEND BY HER EXAMPLE

THE LESSONS INCULCATED IN HER WRITINGS.

BORN AT SHEFFIELD, A.D., 1770. DIED AT RICHMOND, NOV. 9TH, 1844.

In the churchyard, a handsome tomb appears to the memory of SIR MATTHEW DECKER, Bart., M.P., who resided at Richmond. His gardens there were the first in England to bring the pine apple to maturity in this climate. He was a native, by birth, of Amsterdam, but derived descent from a Flemish commercial family. He settled as a merchant in London in 1702, and was created a Baronet by King George I. His death occurred 18th March, 1749. By Henrietta, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Richard Watkins, D.D., he had three daughters, Henrietta Maria, wife of the Hon. John Talbot; Mary, of William Crofts, Esq., of Taxham, Suffolk; and Catherine, of Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam.

On the exterior wall of the church a plain tablet may be seen, placed to the memory of his father, "JOHANNES HEARD, Gen.," born at Bridgewater, 30th May, 1698, and deceased at Richmond, 24th June, 1759, by his son, Sir Isaac Heard, Knt., Garter King-of-Arms; and on the east side of the churchyard is the tomb of Dame Martha, third daughter of Robert Wilson, Esq., and wife of Sir Edward Cromptley.

Let us now enter the church. Here numerous antique, but not in-elegant monuments surround us, telling of soldiers, lawyers, and gentlemen, whose names, deeds, and pedigrees claim honourable note.

In the church are several imposing stones; the most conspicuous names on the funeral roll being the following:—

LADY MARGARET CHUDLEIGH, daughter of Sir William Courtenay, Knight, of Powderham, and granddaughter of Henry Earl of Rutland. Her Ladyship died 17th July, 1628.

MARC ANTOINE BENOIT, Esq., a native of Montauban, in France, "Governor of the sons of the Duke of Newcastle," and protégé of many of the nobility. He died in 1687.

SIR CHARLES PRICE, Bart., of Spring Grove, Alderman, and M.P. for London, who resided "at Richmond for thirty-five years, and died 19th July, 1818." This gentleman, the well-known banker, filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1803, and was created a baronet the following year. His grandson is the present Sir Charles Rugge Price.

SAMUEL PAYNTER, Esq., a Magistrate of the Counties of Surrey and Middlesex, died 24th July, 1844, aged 70. This monument of marble is a fine ornament to the church. Mr. Paynter was an influential and much respected inhabitant of Richmond. His large fortune is now possessed by his son and heir, WILLIAM PAYNTER, Esq., of Camborne House, and of Belgrave Square, London.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B.A., so well-known for his high attainments in biblical and classical literature, and for the imprisonment he underwent for his reply to the address of the Bishop of Llandaff.

THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS, Rector of Lound and Bradwell, co. Suffolk, "the friend of the illustrious Gray," died 22nd Nov., 1809.

LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES FLOYER, descended from the family of Floyer, of Floyerhays, co. Devon, a gallant officer of King William's, died 30th Aug., 1759.

DINAH, LADY BAKER, wife of Sir Robert Baker, Bart., and daughter and sole heir of George Hayley, Esq., Alderman, and M.P. for London, died 27th March, 1815. The same monument records the death of her husband, 4th Feb., 1826, and of her eldest son Robert. Her next son, the present Sir Henry Loraine Baker, Bart., still resides at Dunstable House, Richmond.

MAJOR GEORGE BEAN, of the Royal artillery, who "was killed by a cannon ball in the 36th year of his age, at the head of his troop, 18th June, 1815, at the glorious battle of Waterloo."

MRS. BARBARA LOWTHER, sister of the earl of Lonsdale; died 2nd Aug., 1805, and was buried near a marble tablet, erected by her sister, Elizabeth, Duchess of Bolton.

RICHARD, son of THOMAS JESSON, Esq., of Hill Park, Kent; died 26th April, 1835, aged 30.

ROBERT MARK DELAFOSSE, LL.B., a learned and respected schoolmaster of Richmond, died 6th Aug., 1819. The monument is a very handsome memorial of his pupils' grateful remembrance.

JOHN BENTLEY, Esq., and Ellenor, his wife, who died 26th Feb., 1660; they lie under a very elegant tomb.

HENRY, LORD VISCOUNT Brouncker, who, "of Castle Lyons, in Ireland, cofferer to His Majesty King Charles II.,"—has a tablet in the church. His Lordship, who died 14th Jan., 1687-8, was the last peer of his name. The title had been conferred on his father, Sir William Brouncker, Knight, son of the famous Lord President of Munster, Sir Henry Brouncker.

WALTER HICKMAN, Esq., of Kew, who, deceased in 1617, also lies buried here. The slab refers to the marriage of his son Dixie with the sister and co-heir of Thomas Lord Windsor.

FRANCIS HOLBURNE, Esq., Admiral of the White, Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and M.P. for Plymouth, died 15th July, 1771, in the 67th year of his age. He married Frances, daughter of Guy Ball, Esq., of Barbadoes, and widow of Edward Lascelles, by whom he had an only son, Sir Francis Holburne, Baronet, of Menstrie.

One of the oldest tablets bears this inscription: "Here lyeth buried the body of Mr. Robert Cotton, Gentlemâ, sometime an Officer of the Remov-ving Wardroppe of Bedds vnto Qveene Marie, who, by her Ma's special choise, was taken from the Wardroppe to serve her Maⁱe as a Groome in her Privie Chamber al her lyfe time, and after her decease againe he became an Officer of the Wardroppe, wher he served her Maⁱe that now is Qveene Elizabeth many yeres, and dyed Yeomâ of the same office."

Another antique slab appears on the opposite side of the altar; it is to the memory of Margaret, wife of THOMAS JAY, late of Middlesex, Esq., His Majesty's Commissary-General during the unhappy Civil Wars, and mother of Thomas Jay, Esq., Captain of Horse for the King.

The interior of the church contains, in addition to the foregoing, memorials of the families of Fitzwilliam, Halford, Wakefield, Lascelles, Greenway, Lawes, Ward, Guyon, Wright, Dick, Duncombe, Keene, Bardolph, Wingfield, &c.

One striking monument in the interior of the edifice is that erected to the memory of William Rowan, who resided frequently in the vicinity. The following epitaph, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Brett, is inscribed under Mr. Rowan's bust:—

Juxta jacet Gulielmus Rowan, Arn.
 Nuper e conciliariis Regis
 Quondam Collegii S. T. juxta Dublin.
 In Hiberniâ Socius.
 Qualis erat in moribus et Doctrinâ
 Si sileant fama vel literæ
 Testentur contemporanei
 Et in Academiâ literati
 Et in Foro juridici
 Ingenii acumine clarum
 In tota fere artium disciplina eximium
 Libertatis publicæ strenue assertorem
 Fidum, probum, et integrum
 Omnes, etiam invidi agnoscunt.
 Vitæ Academiæ cito fessus
 Prorsus pro tribunali agere
 Curam adhibebat
 Quum Elizabetham e clarâ Eyreum
 Familiâ uxorem sibi adjungebat
 Ex qua unicam genuit filiam
 Gawinni Hamilton de Killeleagh Armigeri
 Nec demum uxorem
 Post opes idoneas conquisitas
 Lites in foro ut solebat dicere iniquas
 Indigne ferens
 Otium Philosophicum
 Et libertatem ampliorem, quam in Hiberniâ
 Frui liceat in Angliâ quæ sivit.
 Vixit annos, 71.
 Obiit Londini, die Junii 27
 A.D. 1767.
 Tandemque requiescit in pace.

Mr. Rowan was bred to the bar, and was twice elected one of the Fel-

lows of Trinity College, Dublin. By will, he devised his fortune to his grandson, Archibald Hamilton, then a boy at Westminster School, "in the hope that he should become a learned, sober, honest, man; live unbribed, unpensioned; zealous for the rights of his country; loyal to his king; and a true Protestant, without bigotry to any sect."

The youthful legatee assumed, in consequence of the bequest, the additional surname of Rowan, and, as the well-known ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, acted a prominent part on the agitated stage of Irish politics, at the close of the last century. His escape, and the noble devotion of the poor fishermen by whom it was effected, will not soon be forgotten in the sister island.

We now come to the proudest monument of all, an humble brass tablet, which at once monopolizes attention, for it points out the grave of one of our sweetest poets, JAMES THOMSON, he who sung the Seasons and their change, and whose memory throws a halo over the whole of Richmond—Aye,

"In yonder grave a Druid lies :
Where slowly winds the stealing wave ;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck their poet's sylvan grave.
"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

On the communion side of the church, the tomb of a distinguished ornament of the British stage arrests the gaze. Mary Anne Yates, the rival of Mrs. Siddons, is buried there. Of this grave, and that of Thomson, Charles Mackay, in his admirable "Thames and his Tributaries," has written with piquant grace and feeling. We cannot but give the passage. He is in the church, and thus speaks of it:—

"It is an old-fashioned edifice, just large enough for a village, with a fine organ, well-covered pews, and walls almost hidden with monumental tablets, and the whole looking as grand and modest as true piety itself.

"Our cicerone, like one who was well accustomed to her task, was leading us round the church, beginning from the beginning, and shewing us in due order the tombs of the worthies of Richmond, when we broke in upon her established practice, and requested her to point out at once the grave of the poet Thomson. She led the way immediately to the darkest corner of the church, when, opening a pew-door, she bade us enter. We had heard much talk of the munificence of the Earl of Buchan in erecting a memorial over the poet's ashes, and we looked around us accordingly for some handsome piece of monumental marble, which might be worthy of the donor, and sufficient for its avowed purpose,—the satisfaction of the bard's admirers. We could not conceal the expression of our disappointment, when the pew-opener, bidding us mount upon the seat of the pew, pointed out to us a piece of copper about eighteen inches square, so out of the reach of the ordinary observer—so blackened by time,—and so incrustated by the damp and the dirt, that it was quite impossible to read one line of the inscription.

" 'Then you have not many visitors to this tomb?' said we to the pew-opener.

“ ‘Oh, yes, we have,’ replied she; ‘but they are not so particular as you, sir: not one in a hundred cares to read the inscription; they just look at it from below, and pass on.’

“We took out our pocket-handkerchief, and began to rub the verdigris from the copper as the pew-opener spoke; which, she observing, mounted also upon the bench, and taking her own handkerchief from her pocket, rubbed away with as much earnestness as we did. The dirt was an inch thick upon it; besides which, the letters were of the same colour as the plate on which they are engraven, so that, after all, we were afraid we should be obliged to give over the attempt as quite hopeless.

“ ‘There,’ she said, ‘now I think you will be able to read it,’ as the rust, by a vigorous application of her hands, was transferred from the tablet to her handkerchief. ‘I think you might manage to make it out, if you are particularly anxious about it.’

“We tried again accordingly, and, with some trouble, read the following inscription:—

“ ‘In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems entitled ‘The Seasons,’ ‘The Castle of Indolence,’ &c, who died at Richmond on the 22nd of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O.S. 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment; for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

‘Father of light and life! Thou good supreme!
Oh! teach me what is good. Teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!’

“ ‘We wish,’ said we to ourselves, ‘that his lordship’s taste had been as good as his intentions, and that, instead of this trumpery piece of brass,—which cannot have cost him much more than five pounds—he had put up a marble tablet, which one might have read without all this scrubbing.’ If we had continued our soliloquy much longer, we should have found fault not only with the taste and liberality, but with the motives of his lordship; but we were saved from the uncharitableness by the pew-opener, who broke in upon our meditation to remind us that immediately under the pew on which we stood lay the ashes of the poet.

“ ‘What! was he buried within the church?’ said we.

“ ‘No,’ replied the pew-opener, ‘on the outside, just against the wall; but the church has been enlarged since that day to make room for the organ; so that the wall passes right across his coffin, and cuts the body in two, as it were.’

“ ‘Cuts the body in two!’ repeated we. ‘And did no charitable soul, when this thing was proposed, so much as hint that the church might have been made a few inches larger, so that the whole body might have been brought inside?’

“ ‘I never inquired,’ said the pew-opener. ‘But, surely, sir, you’ll go and see the grave of the great Mary Anne Yates? Lord bless you, sir, more people go to see that grave than any other in the church!’

“ ‘The great Mary Anne Yates!’ said we in perplexity; for, to our shame be it spoken, we had forgotten the name, and we did not like to expose our ignorance to the pew opener. ‘Oh, by all means,’ said we,

making the best of the matter, and following our conductress to the other end of the church towards the communion-table.

“ ‘There,’ said the pew-opener, removing a small mat with her foot, and directing our attention to a plain slab on the floor, “there lies the body. Of course you’ve heard of her?’

“We said nothing, but made a feint of being so engrossed with the epitaph as not to have heard the inquiry.

“ ‘She was very celebrated, I’ve been told,’ added she, after a pause; ‘and, indeed, I’ve heard that Mrs. Siddons wasn’t anything like equal to her.’

“This observation enlightened us; our ignorance was cleared up. We gazed upon the grave of the tragic actress so greatly admired in her day. ‘And such,’ thought we, ‘is fame; a mere matter of circles and classes. Pilgrims come to the tomb of a person celebrated in one sphere, who are ignorant that in the next grave sleeps one who was just as celebrated in another, and who do not even know that such a person ever existed. The worshippers of poetry never heard of the actress; the admirers of the actress, in all probability, never heard of the poet, and so on, through all the various ranks and denominations of society.’ We were thus cogitating, when the pew-opener told us that she had some other very fine tombs to shew us, and with such an emphasis upon the word *fine*, as impressed us with the notion that she would think we slighted her monuments (and she was evidently proud of them), if we refused to look at them. We went round accordingly, and up in the galleries, where several tablets were pointed out to us, with warm eulogiums upon the sculptured cherubim, or other ornaments that supported them. One struck us as remarkable, a plain blue stone, with a Latin inscription to the memory of Robert Lawes, a Cambro-Briton and a lawyer, who died in the year 1649, ‘and who,’ said the epitaph, ‘was such a great lover of peace and quiet, that when a contention began in his body between life and death, he immediately gave up the ghost to end the dispute.’ There is wit and humour even in the grave. There is an entertaining French work entitled ‘*Des grands Hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*.’ One as entertaining might be made upon the subject of ‘Wit among the tombstones.’ It would not be uninteresting either, and would afford numberless illustrations of that unaccountable propensity of many people to choose the most solemn things as the objects of their merriment. The richest comedy ever penned fails to excite more laughter than the lugubrious jokes of the grave-diggers in Hamlet; and sextons, mutes, and undertakers, are the legitimate butts of the jester and caricaturist all over the world.”

Mr. Mackay inadvertently passes too severe a criticism here on the late Earl of Buchan, the brother of “the Erskines,” a nobleman of high worth and most independent spirit. This Earl, when having only an income of 150*l.* a year, refused a valuable diplomatic appointment, because the ambassador whom he was to attend was of rank inferior to his own. In the memorial to Thomson we must recollect the limited means of the peer, and honor the man in his intention.

We now pause, for these long extracts have extended the subject beyond our purpose. Yet the theme carries with it its apology, for it is a noble and a soothing one, that peaceful memory of the illustrious dead. In conclusion, we recommend our reader, if he wish now to enjoy the gorgeous Sheen, to visit it in its time of solitude, and to mount its hill by fine moonlight, not forgetting before that silvery stillness comes, to enter and meditate within the poetic precinct of its rustic reverential church.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY A LADY.

My noble bird ! my noble bird !
 Whose pinions never fail,
 My message take, my message take,
 Far, far o'er hill and dale.

A Poet speaks—a Poet speaks !
 Serene the air shall be,
 And spring's soft breath, and sunny beams,
 Shall go along with thee.

Seek thou the East, the banks of Rhine,
 Thither direct thy wing,
 And greeting to a constant heart,
 From one that loves her bring.

At lattice high she will be found,
 'Mid myrtle blossoms bright ;
 For oft she gazes tow'ards the West,
 Impatient for thy flight.

Tell her that though I happy seem,
 And join in dance and song,
 My thoughts, each moment as they flow,
 To her alone belong.

Then haste, my bird, my noble bird !
 Whose pinions never fail,
 And say her thus, " I love but thee,
 But thee, o'er hill and dale ! "



CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

XXIII.—THE ASSASSINATION OF MISS REAY BY THE REV. MR. HACKMAN.

THIS affair, with its horrible conclusion, forms one of the most extraordinary love tales on record. The unhappy perpetrator of the crime, the Rev. James Hackman, was certainly a victim of the strangest delusion: his affection for Miss Reay verged throughout the intimacy upon insanity, and when he at last shot her, he could hardly be said to have been accountable for the action. The facts of the case are unparalleled; yet, if possible, the singularity of the circumstances is heightened by the long correspondence which took place between Hackman and Miss Reay, and which for talent, feeling, and romantic interest, fairly claims to rank by the side of the most celebrated series of amatory letters imagination or reality ever produced. The whole of this correspondence was collected and published by Mr. Herbert Croft, in a volume, called "Love and Madness." That book has now become very scarce, and one is therefore the more induced to reprint some portion of its epistolary contents, as illuminating and actually explaining the trial itself. To commence, however, with a detail of the transaction.

The Lord Sandwich, whose part in the melancholy affair connects it with the aristocracy, and whose conduct towards poor Hackman, when sentenced to die, redounded so much to his credit and honour, was John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich. This nobleman was the grandson of his immediate predecessor, Edward the third Earl, and son of Edward Viscount Hichinbroke, by his wife Elizabeth, only daughter of Alexander Popham, Esq., of Littlecote, in Wiltshire. The Earldom of Sandwich was first conferred upon Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, a celebrated soldier and seaman at the time of the civil wars and the Restoration, who perished heroically, while commanding the English fleet against the Dutch, off Southwold Bay, in 1672. John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of this trial, was the Admiral's most distinguished descendant. He was a great diplomatist and statesman, and assisted at the Congress of Aix La Chapelle in 1748. He subsequently became Secretary of State, and First Lord of the Admiralty. His lordship succeeded to the Earldom in 1729, and died in 1792, leaving, by his marriage with Judith, daughter of Charles Viscount Fane, an only son, his successor as fifth Earl, and grandfather of John William, the seventh and present Earl of Sandwich.

It appears that Mr. Hackman was born at Gosport in Hampshire, and was originally designed for trade, in which his father was engaged. It was found, however, that his disposition was of too volatile a nature to admit of success in any business; and his parents, willing to promote his interests to the extent of their power, purchased for him a commission as

ensign in the 68th regiment of foot. He had not been long in the service before he was entrusted with the command of a recruiting party, and going to Huntingdon, in pursuance of his instructions, he became known to the Earl of Sandwich, who had a seat in the neighbourhood, and by whom he was frequently invited to dinner. It appears that he there first became acquainted with the object of his passion, and the victim of his fury.

Miss Reay was the daughter of a staymaker in Covent Garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantuamaker, in George's-court, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell. She was bound when only thirteen; and during her apprenticeship was noticed by Lord Sandwich, who took her under his protection, and treated her with every mark of tenderness. At the time of her being introduced to Mr. Hackman she had lived with her noble protector during a period of nineteen years, and in the course of that time had borne nine children. One of these children is at present an eminent member of the English bar. Although Miss Reay was nearly twice the age of Mr. Hackman, no sooner had he seen her than he became violently enamoured of her.

It was while he was tormented by this unhappy and ungovernable passion that he found that any hopes which he might entertain of preferment in the army were not likely to be realized, and he determined to turn his thoughts to the church. In pursuance of this design he took orders, and obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only about Christmas preceding the deed which cost him his life.

How long he had been in London previous to this affair is not certainly known; but at the time of its occurrence he lodged in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane. On the morning of the 7th of April, 1779, he sat for a considerable time in his closet, reading "Blair's Sermons:" but in the evening he took a walk to the Admiralty, where he saw Miss Reay go into the coach along with Signora Galli, who attended her. The coach drove to Covent Garden Theatre, where the ladies stayed to see the performance of "Love in a Village," and Mr. Hackman went into the theatre at the same time; but not being able to contain the violence of his passion, he returned to his lodgings, and having loaded two pistols, went to the play-house, where he waited till the play was over. Seeing Miss Reay ready to step into the coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged against her, which killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which, however, did not take effect. He then beat himself with the butt-end on his head, in order to destroy himself, so fully was he bent on the destruction of both; but after a struggle he was secured, his wounds dressed, and then he was carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothilfield's Bridewell, and next to Newgate, where a person was appointed to attend him, lest he should lay violent hands on himself. In Newgate, as he knew he had no favour to expect, he prepared himself for the awful change which was about to take place. He had dined with his sister on the day on which the murder was committed, and in the afternoon he wrote a letter to her husband, Mr. Booth, an eminent attorney, informing him of his intention to destroy himself, and desiring him to sell what effects he had, in order to pay a small debt he owed; but it appears that the letter was not despatched, as it was found in his pocket.

The prisoner was indicted at the ensuing Old Bailey sessions, and tried before Mr. Justice Blackstone, the author of the *Commentaries*. It was proved by Mr. MacNamara, that on Wednesday, the 7th of April, he was

quitting the theatre, when seeing Miss Reay, with whom he was slightly acquainted, he offered his assistance in reaching her carriage. She accepted his proffered arm, and just as they were in the piazza he heard the report of a pistol, when he directly felt his arm compressed by the lady's hand, and she then immediately fell to the ground. He thought at first the lady had fallen from fright only, but on stooping to raise her up, he found that his hand was bloody, and he then saw that she was wounded. He immediately conveyed her into the Shakspeare Tavern, whither the prisoner soon after followed in custody. He asked him some questions about his reason for shooting Miss Reay, but the only answer which he gave was, that was not the place to satisfy him. The prisoner afterwards said that his name was Hackman; and he sent for Mr. Booth, who lived in Craven-street. Other evidence was also adduced, from which it appeared that he followed Miss Reay out of the theatre, and having tapped her on the shoulder to attract her attention, he suddenly drew two pistols from his pocket, one of which he discharged at her, and the other at himself. They both fell feet to feet, and the prisoner then beat himself about the head, and called out for some one to kill him. He was secured by a Mr. McMahon, who dressed his wounds, and conveyed him to the Shakspeare Tavern, where Miss Reay almost immediately afterwards died.

On his being called upon for his defence, the prisoner addressed the Court in the following terms:—"I should not have troubled the Court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought that the pleading guilty to the indictment gave an indication of contemning death, not suitable to my present condition, and was, in some measure, being accessory to a second peril of my life: and I therefore thought that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied by suffering my offence to be proved, and the fact established by evidence.

"I stand here this day the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet while I acknowledge, with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine till a momentary frenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I now deplore. The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law after my decease will have its due weight as to this point with good men.

"Before this dreadful act I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this inquiry into my conduct and intention."

The following letter was then read:—

"My dear Frederic,—When this reaches you I shall be no more; but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much: I have strove against it as long as possible, but it now overpowers me. You well know where my affections were placed: my having by some means or other lost hers (an idea which I could not support) has driven me to madness. The world will condemn me, but your good heart will pity me. God bless you, my dear Frederic! Would I had a sum to leave you to convince you of my great regard! You were my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. Knight of Gosport one

hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houses ; but I hope in God, when they are sold and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle our account. May Almighty God bless you and yours with comfort and happiness ; and you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel ! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured ! Oh ! if it should ever be in your power to do her an act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,

“ J. HACKMAN.”

The jury immediately returned their verdict of guilty. The unhappy man heard the sentence pronounced against him with calm resignation to his fate, and employed the very short time then allowed murderers after conviction in writing, and in repentance and prayer.

During the procession to Tyburn he seemed much affected, and said but little ; and when he arrived at Tyburn, and got out of the coach and mounted the cart, he took leave of Dr. Porter and the Ordinary in the most affectionate manner. He was executed the 19th April, 1779.

Such are the details of a murder, upon which the correspondence throws so strange a light. The letters here given are in the order in which they were written.

TO MISS MARGARET REAY.

Huntingdon, Dec. 4, 1774.

Dear M.—Ten thousand thanks for your billet by my Corporal Trim yesterday. The fellow seemed happy to have been the bearer of it, because he saw it made *me* happy. He will be as good a soldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare say ; and Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know. Whichever he serves, you may command him, of course, without a compliment ; for Venus, I need not tell *you*, is the mother of Cupid, and mistress of Mars.

At present the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus—in plain English, the drum tells me dinner is ready ; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting ; nay, we get up by the beat of it, and it every night sends, or ought to send, us to bed and to sleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy—indeed the thoughts of you would prevent the latter. But the next disgrace to refusing a challenge is refusing a toast. The merit of a jolly fellow and of a sponge is much about the same. For my part, no glass of any liquor tastes as it should to me, but when I kiss my M. on the rim.

Adieu—Whatever hard service I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine shall make me yet drop or forget my appointment with you to-morrow. We certainly were not seen yesterday, for reasons I will give you.

I though you should persist in never being mine,

Ever, ever yours.

Huntingdon, Dec. 6, 1775.

My dearest Margaret,—No, I will not take advantage of the sweet, reluctant, amorous confession which your candour gave me yesterday. If to make me happy be to make my M. otherwise, then, happiness, I'll none of thee.

And yet I *could* argue. Suppose he *has* bred you up—suppose you *do*

owe your numerous accomplishments, under genius to him—are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horse that he has bred up should refuse to carry him? Suppose you therefore *are* his property, will the fidelity of so many years weigh nothing in the scale of gratitude?

Years! why, can obligation (suppose they had *not* been repaid an hundredfold) do away the unnatural disparity of years? Can they bid five-and-fifty stand still (the least that you could ask), and wait for five-and-twenty? Many women have the same obligations (if, indeed, there be many of the *same* accomplishments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if indeed, it be an obligation) of existence. The disparity of years is sometimes even less. But, must they therefore take their fathers to their bosoms? Must the jessamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no stranger. Will you share them with me? And you shall honestly tell his Lordship that gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him till love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Gracious Heaven, that you would pay them!

But, did I not say I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas! could only shew at present the affection of a father.

M., weigh us in the scales. If gratitude out-balance love—so.

If you command it, I swear by love, I'll join my regiment to-morrow.

If love prevail, and insist upon his dues, you shall declare the victory and the prize. I *will* take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by surprise. *Sleep upon it*, before you return your answer. Trim shall make the old excuse to-morrow. And, thank Heaven, to-night you sleep alone!

Why did you sing that sweet song yesterday, though I so pressed you? Those words and your voice were too much.

No words can say how much I am yours.

TO MR. HACKMAN.

H., Dec. 7, 1775.

My dear H.—Here has been a sad piece of work ever since I received yours yesterday. But don't be alarmed—We are not discovered to the prophane. Our tender tale is only known to—(whom does your fear suggest?)—to love and gratitude, my H. And they ought both, for twenty reasons. to be *your* friends, I am sure.

They have been trying your cause, ever since the departure of honest Trim yesterday. Love, though in my opinion not so blind, is as good a justice as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter stoutly—my head on his Lordship's side of the question, my heart on yours. At last they seemed to say, as if the oath of allegiance which I had taken to gratitude, at a time when, Heaven knows, I had never heard of love, should be void, and I should be at full liberty to devote myself, body and soul, to—But call on me to-morrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final judgment. This I will tell you now—love sent you the tenderest wishes, and gratitude and I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yesterday.

Yet, oh my H., think not meanly even for this! Do not you turn advocate against me. I will not pain you. 'Tis impossible you ever should.

Come then to-morrow; and surely Omiah will not murder love. Yet I thought the other day he caught our eyes conversing. Eyes speak a language all can understand. But, is a child of nature to nip in the bud that favorite passion which his mother Nature planted, and still tends? What will Oberea and her coterie say to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll blackball you, depend on it.

What would Rousseau say to it, my H.? You shall tell me to-morrow. I will not write another word, lest conscience, who is just now looking over my left shoulder, should snatch my pen, and scratch out *to-morrow*.

TO MISS ———.

Huntingdon, Dec. 7, 1775.

My dearest Soul,—I hope to Heaven, Trim will be able to get this to you to-night! Not I only, but my whole future life, shall thank you for the dear sheet of paper I have just received. Blessings, blessings!—But I could write and exclaim, and offer up vows and prayers, till the happy hour arrives.

Yet hear me, M. If I have thus far deserved your love, I will deserve it still. As a proof I have not hitherto pressed you for anything, conscience disapproves.....Our love, the inexorable tyrant of our hearts, claims his sacrifice, but does not bid us insult his Lordship's walls with it. How civilly did he invite me to H. in October last, though an unknown recruiting officer! How politely himself first introduced me to himself! often has the evil recollection made me struggle with my passion.

Here a chasm must necessarily occur in consequence of the nature of the correspondence. The letters cannot, however, be passed over without allusion to them, as their contents add still to the strangeness of the story, in shewing how much less inducement there could be for the future, to lead Hackman to so unfit a marriage.

The letters then continue as follow:—

TO MR. H ———.

H. 10 Dec. '75.

Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday in my dressing-room, have drove me mad. To offer to sell out and take the other step to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a Lord, for a commission, or some such thing? My soul is above my situation. Besides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H., of what may be only perhaps (excuse me) a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you *may* love me as sincerely as I——

But I will transcribe you a verse which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be part of an old Scots ballad—nor is it generally known that Lady A. L. wrote it. Since we have understood each other, I have never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation—how much more so since your cruelly kind proposal of yesterday! I wept, like an infant, over it this morning:—

I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
 I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin,
 I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.

My poor eyes will only suffer me to add, for God's sake, let me see my *Jamie* to-morrow. Your name also is *Jamie*.

TO MISS ———.

Huntingdon, 28 Dec. 1775

Your condescension in removing my most *groundless* cause of jealousy yesterday, was more than I deserved. How I exposed myself by my violence with you! But, I tell you, my passions are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no Othello, yet am I.

“One not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
 “Perplexed in th' extreme;”

and that God knows how I love you, worship you, idolize you.

How *could* I think you particular to such a thing as B.? You said you forgave me to-day, and I hope you did. Let me have it again from your own dear lips to-morrow, instead of the next day. Everything shall be ready—and the guitar, which I wrote for, is come down, and I'll bring the song and you shall sing it, and play it, and I'll beg you to forgive me, and you shall forgive me, and,—five hundred ands besides.

Why, I would be jealous of this sheet of paper, if you kissed it with too much rapture.

What a fool?—No, my M., rather say—what a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It *is* like.

TO THE SAME.

Huntingdon, 1 Jan. 1776.

Lest I should not see you this morning, I will scribble this before I mount honest Crop; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of it be happy to my M. May—but don't you know there's not a wish of bliss I do not wish you?

A *new* year—I like not this word. There may be new lovers—I lie—there may not. M. will never change her H. I am sure she will never change him for a truer lover.

A new year; 76. Where shall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In misery or bliss, in life or death, in heaven or hell—wherever *you* are there may H. be also!

The soldier whom you desired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactress. Discipline must be kept up in our way; but I am sure you will do me the justice to believe I am no otherwise a friend to it.

TO MR. ———.

H. 23 Feb. 76.

Where was you this morning, my life? I should have been frozen to death with the cold, if I had not been waiting for *you*. I am uneasy, very uneasy. What could prevent you? Your own appointment too.

Why not write, if you could not come?—Then, I had a dream last night, a sad dream, my H.

"For thee I fear, my love ;
Such ghastly dreams last night surprised my soul."

You may reply, perhaps, with my favourite Iphis,
"Heed not these black illusions of the night,
The mockings of unquiet slumbers."

Alas, I cannot help it. I am a weak woman, not a soldier.

I thought you had a duel with a person whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only saw his sword, I *heard* it pass through my H.'s body. I saw you both die ; and with you, love and gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for M. ;—Not one !

You may call me foolish ; but I am uneasy, miserable, wretched ! Indeed, indeed I am. For God's sake let me hear from you.

TO MISS ———.

Cannon Coffee-house, 17 March, 76.

Though you can hardly have read my last scrawl, I must pester you with another. I had ordered some dinner ; but I can neither eat, nor do anything else. "Mad!"—I may be mad, for what I know. I am sure I'm wretched.

For God's sake, for my life and soul's sake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at least to-night to my lodgings, and say what is that *insuperable* reason on which you dwelt so much. "Torture shall not force you to marry me." Did you not say so ? Then you hate me ; and what is life worth ?

Suppose you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me ! Oh ! blot out that *if* !), and being adored by me—still, do you not wish to relieve yourself and me from the parts we act ? My soul was not formed for such meannesses. To steal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie : Perdition ! the thought of it makes me despise myself.

Your children—Lord S—(If we have not been ashamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conscience all along by "He" and "His," and "Old Robin Gray ?" Oh ! how have we descended, M. !) Lord S., I say, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your sweet little girl—I will be a father to her, as well as a husband to you. Every farthing I have I will settle on you both. I will—God knows, and you shall find what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good God, what would I *not* do !

Write, write ; I say, write. By the living God I will have this *insuperable reason* from you, or I will not believe you love me.

TO MR. H ———.

A. 17 March, 76.

And does my H. think I wanted such a letter as this to finish my affliction ? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you distress me.

And do you imagine I have *willingly* submitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your sake, to descend ? What has been *your* part, from the beginning of the piece, to *mine* ? I was obliged to act a part even to *you*. It was my business not to let you see how unhappy the artifices, to which I have submitted, made me. And they did embitter even our happiest moments.

But fate stands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think some terrible catastrophe will come of our connection. "Some dire event," as Storgè prophetically says in Jephtha, "hangs o'er our head ;—

"Some woful song we have to sing
In misery extreme—O never, never
Was my foreboding mind distress'd before
With such incessant pangs !"

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Teresa ! and that we might be happy together in some other world, where gold and silver are unknown ! By your hand I could even die with pleasure. I know I could.

"Insuperable reason." Yes, my H., there is, and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love ; that love which is now my religion. I have hardly any god but you. I almost offer up my prayers *to* you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, that if you were to marry me, you would marry some hundred pounds' worth of debts ! and *that* you never shall do.

Do you remember a solemn oath you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H. ? and how you told afterwards it *must* be so, because you had so solemnly sworn it ?

In the same solemn and dreadful words, I swear, that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a shilling in the world. Jephtha's vow is past.

What your letter says about my poor children made me weep ; but it shall not make me change my resolution.

It is a further reason why I should not. "If I do not marry you, I do not love you." Gracious powers of love ! Does my H. say so ? My *not* marrying you is the strongest proof I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do *you* respect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even *you* will *ever* succeed. Till I have some better portion than debts, I *never* will be your's.

While you are in Ireland—

Yes, my love, in Ireland. Be ruled by me. You shall immediately join your regiment there. You know it is your duty. In the mean time, something may happen. Heaven will not desert two faithful hearts that love like yours and mine. There are joys ; there is happiness in store for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I said just now) *while you are in Ireland*, I'll write to you *every* post, *twice* by one post, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiss your picture, and I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll kiss it again, and then I'll weep again. And—

Can I give a stronger instance of my regard for you, or a stronger proof that you ought to take my advice, than by thus begging my only joy to leave me ? I will not swear I will not survive it ; but, I beseech you, go !

Fool that I am—I undo with one hand all I do with the other. My tears, which drop between every word I write, prevent the effect of my reasoning ; which, I am sure, is just.

Be a man, I say—you *are* an angel. Join your regiment ; and as sure as I love you (nothing can be *more* sure) I will recall you, from what

will be banishment as much to me as you, the first moment I can marry you with honour to myself, and happiness to you.

But I must not write thus. Adieu!

“Ill suits the voice of love when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.”

TO MISS ———.

Cannon Coffee-house 17 March, 1776.

And I will respect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At least, I will think of it all to-night, for I am sure I shall not sleep, and will let you know the success of my struggle it will be to-morrow. I will wait for you at the same place in the Park, where I shall see you open the A. door. Should it rain—I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to see you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this, here; and I am glad I did. We are not in a condition to see each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you have but let me, I would have contrived some scheme about your debts. I *could* form a plan. My Gosport matters—my commission—

Alas, you frown, and I must stop. Why should not fortune smile upon my two lottery tickets? Heaven knows I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in case of my sudden death, “this is the property of Miss ———.” On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I still reserved.

TO MR. ———.

A., 19 March, 1776.

Why, why do you write to me so often? Why do you see me so often? When you acknowledge the necessity of complying with my advice.

You tell me, If I bid you you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go. I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The last was too, too much. I did not recover myself all day. And your goodness to my little white-haired boy—He made me burst into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured gentleman, and producing your present.

Either stay, and let our affection discover and ruin us—or go.

On the bended knees of love I entreat you, H., my dearest H., to go.

TO MISS ———.

Ireland, 26 March, 1776.

Ireland—England—Good Heavens, that M. should be in one part of the world, and her H. in another! Will not our destinies suffer us to breathe the same air? Mine will not, I most firmly believe, let me rest, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus? Approbation! And is that the coin to pass between us?

Yet, I will obey you further. I will restrain my pen as much as possible. I will scratch the word love out of my dictionary. I will forget—I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will* forget you, or anything which belongs to you. But I will, as you wisely advise, and kindly desire me, as much as possible, write on other subjects. Everything entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *Twissify*, and write Tours—or anything but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I *must* be allowed to talk of love, of M.

And, when I *am* able, you must allow me to put a word or two sometimes for myself. To-day, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly so I am.

The truth is—my heart is full: and though I thought, when I took up my pen, I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to say. Were I sitting by your side now (oh that I were!) I should only have power to recline my cheek upon your shoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own safety, but for your sake, is the last of my considerations. Our passage was rather boisterous, but not dangerous. Mrs. F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter I wrote just before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour, were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why did you cheat me so about that box?

Had I known I should find, upon opening it, that the things were for me, I would never have brought it. But that you knew. Was it kind, my M., to give me so many *daily* memorandums of you, when I was to be at such a distance from you? Oh yes, it was, it was, *most* kind. And that, and you, and all your thousand and ten thousand kindnesses I never will forget. The purse shall be my constant companion, the shirts I'll wear by night, one of the handkerchiefs I was obliged to use in drying my eyes as soon as I opened the box, the —

God, God bless you in this world—that is, give you your H——, and grant you an easy passage to eternal blessings in a better world.

If you go before me, may the stroke be so instantaneous, that you may not have time to cast one longing, lingering look on
H.!

TO THE SAME.

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

Your's, dated April the first, would have diverted me, had I been some leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, because I know with how much difficulty you study for anything like wit or humour in the present situation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it, as he ought, will remember it, as he ought. Yet with what a melancholy tenderness it concluded! *There* spoke your heart.

Your situation, when you wrote it, was something like that of an actress, who should be obliged to play a part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by some real catastrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have said something like this in the long letter I have written you since. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you seal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or six words. Leave a space for your seal. Suppose that should be the part of your letter which tells me you still love me. If the wax cover it, I see it not—I find no such expression in your letter—I grow distracted—and immediately set out for Charing Cross to ask you whether you do indeed still love me.

In the hospitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curse in their language, strongly descriptive of it—"may the grass grow at your door!" The women, if I knew not you, I should find sensible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to everything, and to every person but you. If I write any more this morning, I shall certainly sin against your commands.

Why do you say nothing of your dear children? I insist upon it you buy my friend a taw, and two dozen of marbles; and place them to the account of
Your humble servant.

TO THE SAME.

Ireland, 20 April, 1776.

Thanks for the two letters I received last week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of sorrow.

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the press. It will not do. Few are they who, like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are just. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill, advises a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days Christie would knock Chatterton out of all chance in a week. The Spaniards have a proverb, "he who cannot make one verse is a blockhead; he who makes more is a fool." Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps you might not know he was starved to death in the temple of the Muses at Metapontum. The Muses have no temples, it is true, in our days (for God knows they are not much worshipped now), but the Ladies are not without their human sacrifices.

A young man was complaining the other day that he had lost his appetite; "Turn poet, then," said one in company, "they generally have pretty stout ones."

Your *sensible* eyes have not long, I know, been dry from the tale of Chatterton. Even now a pearly drop peeps over the brim of each; and now they drop, drop upon his mangled memory, like the Samaritan's balm upon the traveller's wounds. And, perhaps, what I had heard and told you, may not be half.

That I may make you some amends for teasing you with my bad poetry the other day, I will to-day send you some very good. It is the composition of a clergyman, an Englishman, settled near Dublin. It got the prize at Oxford not long since, and was spoken in the theatre at such a public business, as one at which, I think, I remember to have heard you say you were present. Perhaps you were there this very time.

TO THE SAME.

Ireland, 3 May, 1776.

My last, I hope, did not offend you. The bank note I was obliged to return; although I thank you for it, more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, because you will not load me with your debts, increase those debts; at least prevent you from diminishing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I should be unworthy your love. But be not offended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of such things should have accompanied it, had Heaven made me so rich.

Be not anxious about me. Talk not of the postage which your dear letters cost me. Will you refuse to make your H. happy? And think you I can pay too dear for happiness?

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich—as rich as a Jew: and without taking into the calculation the treasure I possess in your love. Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor soul! That does not swallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Gosport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means besides, I dare say, could I but recollect them. Go to—I tell you I *am* rich. So, let me know you got the silver paper safe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich ! To be sure I am—why, I can afford to go to plays. I saw Catley last night, in your favourite character. By the way, I'll tell you a story of her, when she was on your side the water.

Names do not immortalize praiseworthy anecdotes, they immortalize names. Some difference had arisen between Miss Catley and the managers concerning the terms upon which she was to be engaged for the season. One of the managers called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury Lane, to settle it. The maid was going to shew the gentleman up stairs, and to call her mistress. "No, no," cries the actress, who was in the kitchen, and heard the manager's voice, "there is no occasion to shew the gentleman to a room. I am busy below (to the manager), making apple-dumplings for my brats. You know whether you have a mind to give me the money I ask, or not. I am none of your fine ladies, who get a cold or the toothache, and can't sing. If you have a mind to give me the money, say so ; my mouth shall not open for a farthing less. So, good morning to you—and don't keep the girl there in the passage ; for I want her to put the dumplings in the pot, while I nurse the child."—The turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel's cold leg of mutton, are worthy to be served up on the same day with Nan Catley's apple-dumplings.

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk of other people and write thus gaily. Nothing can make me truly unhappy, but a change in your sentiments of me. By the Almighty God of Heaven, I know not my own feelings so thoroughly ; I do not think I could survive such a thing.

As you love me, scold me not about the poplin you'll receive next week. It cost me nothing—I may surely give what was given to me.

TO MR. ———.

England, 25 June, 76.

Let me give you joy of having found such kind and agreeable friends in a strange land. The account you sent of the gentleman and lady, especially of the latter, quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A lady, from whom I have received particular favours, is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irishwoman. Her agreeable husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable also for his feelings.*

Adieu ! This will affect you, I dare say, in the same manner your account affected me.

TO MISS ———.

Ireland, 1 July, 76.

Your little billet, of the 25th of last month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. Till I saw the joke I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the same packet, I should have been miserable. Yet, I wish you happy, *most* happy ; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happiness from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elsewhere, the wife of my *friend*, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two masters, Love and Honour. If I did not consider you as my wife, I would add, you know I have but *one* mistress.

A friend of mine is going to England—(happy fellow I should think him, to be but in the same country with you)—He will call at the Cannon coffee-house for me. Do send me, thither, the French book you mention,

Werther. If you don't, I positively never will forgive you. Nonsense, to say it will make me unhappy, or that I shan't be able to read it! Must I pistol myself, because a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to set the example, or because a German novelist has feigned such a story? If you don't lend it me, I will most assuredly procure it some time or another; so, you may as well have the merit of obliging me. My friend will send a small parcel for you to D. street. The books I send you, because I know you have not got them, and because they are so much cheaper here. If you are afraid of emptying my purse (which, by the way, is almost worn out), you shall be my debtor for them. So, send me a note of hand, *value received*. The other things are surely not worth mentioning.

TO MR. ———.

England, 20 Aug., 76.

For God's sake! where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?—Are you ill? God forbid. And I not with you to nurse you! if you are, why don't you let somebody else write to me? Better all should be discovered, than suffer what I suffer. It's more than a month since I heard from you. A month used to bring me eight or ten letters. When I grew uneasy, it was in vain, as I said in my last, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I would certainly have seen him, and asked him about you). What is become of all my letters for this last month? Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purse? The book you mentioned is just the only book you should never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never read it! Perhaps you have read it—Perhaps!—I am distracted.—Heaven only knows to whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir!—If you are a woman, I think you will; if you are a man, and ever loved, I am sure you will, oblige me with one line to say what is come of Mr. ———, of the ——— regiment. Direct to Mrs. ———, D. street, London.—Any person whose hands my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they send me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if possible, too well, will thank them.

TO MISS ———.

Ireland, 26 Sept., 1776.

As I am no sportsman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myself happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at ease about me. My health, upon my honour! upon our love! is almost re-established—Were I not determined to keep on *this* side the truth, I would say *quite*. The four letters I have written to you, since—I received your frantic sheet of paper, have explained and made up everything. How can I sufficiently thank you for all your letters; especially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know anybody employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he should insert it in your own words.

Excuse me, I am unwillingly called away.

What I said this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection something of that sort. Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirst, in the year 1711, lived servant with the honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, in re-delivering a parcel of letters

to his master, by mistake he gave him one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He soon discovered the mistake, and hurried back to his master; but unfortunately for poor James, it happened to be the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley, and, before James returned, he had given way to a curiosity which led him to open it, and read the love-told story of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," says Mr. Wortley, "James, you shall be a great man; this letter shall appear in 'the Spectator.'"

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Sir Richard Steel.—It was accordingly published in his own words, and is that letter, No. 71, volume the first of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindness of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wishes were completed, a speedy end was put to a passion which would not discredit much superior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the sister. He died, not many years since, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

To marry you is the utmost of my wishes; but, remember, I don't engage to marry your sister in case of your death.—Death! How can I think of such a thing, though it be but in joke.

TO THE SAME.

Ireland, 6 Feb. 1777.

My last was merry, you know. I can't say as much for your last. To-day you must suffer me to indulge my present turn of mind in transcribing something which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poisoned herself not long since at Inniskillen. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after a dinner yesterday, who is come hither about business, and lives in the neighbourhood of Inniskillen.

The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married about two years, and lived with her husband all that time with seeming ease and cheerfulness.

She was remarkably cheerful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them, in the evening set them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arsenic.

She left a writing on her table, in which is obscurely hinted the sad circumstance which urged her impatience to this desperate act.

Enclosed is an exact copy, even to the spelling.

"This is to let all the world know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occasions this my untimely end; but despair of ever being happy in this world as I have sufficient reasons to think so. I own 'tis a sinful remedy, and very uncertain to seek happiness, but I hope that God will forgive my poor soul; Lord have mercy on it! But all I beg is to let none reproach my friends with it, or suspect my virtue or my honour in the least, though I am no more.

"Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and sisters, and let all mothers take care, and never a child as mine did me: but I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe she meant my good by my marriage.

"Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilst my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my

former peace and tranquility of mind, which I wanted for a long time : but oh ! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity ; and the Lord save me from eternal damnation ; Let no one blame Martin Dixon,* for he is in no fault of it.

"I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than anything else that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned)——and I have some well-wishers that I think proper to give them to.

"First, to Betty Balfour, my silver buckles ; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring ; to Betty Mulligan my laced suit, cap, handkerchief, and ruffles ; to Peggy Delap, a new muslin handkerchief not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer, and hope for my sake those persons will accept of these trifles, as a testimony of my regard for them.

"I would advise† Jack Watson to behave himself in an honest and obedient manner in respect to his mother and family, as he is all she has to depend upon now.

"I now go in God's name, though against his commands, without wrath or spleen to any one upon earth. The very person I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happiness than he ever had, and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember such a one died for him.

"There was, not long ago, some persons pleased to talk something against my reputation, as to a man in this town ; but now, when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed : if ever I knew him, or any other but my husband, may I never enter into glory ; and them I forgive who said so ; but let that man's wife take care of them that told her so ; for they meant her no good by it.

"With love to one, friendship to few, and good will to all the world, I die, saying, Lord have mercy on my soul ; with an *advice to all people never to suffer a passion of any sort to command them as mine did in spite of me.* I pray God bless all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having such a child as I, who is ashamed to subscribe myself an unworthy and disgraceful member of the Church of Scotland,

Jane Watson, otherwise Dixon."

My pen shall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by making a single reflection. We both of us have made, I dare say, too many on it. She too was *Jenny*, and had her Robin Gray.

TO THE SAME.

Ireland, 20 April, 1777.

Now you see there is something in dreams. But why is not your alarming letter more particular about your complaint ? Do they nurse you as tenderly as I would ? Are they careful about your medicines ? For God's sake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the chief justice.

Sir William was grievously afflicted with the stone. In his severe fits he used to take a certain quantity of laudanum drops. On calling for his usual remedy, during the most racking pains of his distemper, the drops could not be found. The servant was dispatched to his apothecary ; but, instead of laudanum drops, he asked for laudanum. A quantity of

* Her husband.

† Her brother.

laudanum was accordingly sent, with special charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his master's hands, who, in his agony, drank up the whole contents, and expired in less than an hour.

Why, my dearest love, did you conceal your illness from me so long? Now, you may have revealed the situation of your health to me too late. God forbid! If I write more I shall write like a madman. A gentleman takes this who sails for England to-day. To-morrow or next day the colonel will be here. If Lord S., as I have reason to expect, has influenced him to refuse me leave of absence, I will most certainly sell out directly, which I have an opportunity to do. At any rate I will be with you in a few days. If I come without a commission you must not be angry. To find you both displeased and ill, will be too much for your poor H. For my sake, be careful. Dr. ——— I insist upon your not having any longer. His experience and humanity are upon a par. Positively you must contrive some method for me to see you. How can love like mine support existence, if you should be ill, and I should not be permitted to see you! But I can neither think nor write any more.

TO THE SAME.

Cannon Coffee-house, Charing Cross, 4 May, 1777.

Did you get the incoherent scrawls I wrote you yesterday and the day before? Yours I have this instant read and wept over. Your feeble writing speaks you weaker than you own. Heavens! am I come hither only to find I must not see you? Better had I staid in Ireland. Yet, now do I breathe the same air with you. Nothing but your note last night could have prevented me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bedside. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gain information from the passing lights, whether you were better or worse. For God of Heaven's sake send me an answer to this.

TO MR. ———.

A. 4 May, 1777, at 3 o'clock.

My dear Soul,—At the hazard of my life I write this to tell you Heaven has spared my life to your prayers. The unfinished note, which my hasty maid—I can't go on.

Sir,—My dear Mistress bids me say, Sir, that her disorder has taken a turn within this hour, and the physicians have pronounced her out of all danger....Honoured Sir, I humbly crave your pardon for sending away my scribble just now, which I am afraid has made you uneasy; but indeed, Honoured Sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear mistress; and then, I am sure I should have broke my heart. For, to be sure, no servant ever had a better, nor a kinder mistress. Sir, I presume to see your Honour to-morrow. My mistress fainted away as she began this, but is now better.

A. 6 o'clock.

The letter of Hackman giving an account of the death of Dr. Dodd, forms an interesting addition to the trial of that unfortunate clergyman, in a previous number of *The Patrician*.

TO MISS ———.

Cannon Coffee-house, 27 June, 1777, 5 o'clock.

As I want both appetite and spirits to touch my dinner, though it has

been standing before me these ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleasure in your delightful situation on the banks of the Thames, which no situation, no thing upon earth, can in your absence afford me!

Do you ask me what has lowered my spirits to-day? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to see the last of poor Dodd. Yes, "Poor Dodd!" though his life was justly forfeited to the laws of his country. The scene was affecting—it was the first of the kind I had ever seen; and shall certainly be the last. Though had I been in England when Peter Toloso was deservedly executed in February, for killing Duarzey, a young French woman with whom he lived, I believe I should have attended the last moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deserve the name of *man*?) was a Spaniard.

Do not think I want tenderness, because I was present this morning. Will you allow yourself to want tenderness, because you have been present at Lear's madness, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am sure)—I do not make a profession of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiste* nor *amateur*—nor do I, like Paoli's friend and historian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Grassmarket at Edinburgh.

Raynall's book you have read, and admire. For its humanity it merits admiration. The Abbé does not countenance an attendance on scenes of this sort by his writings, but he does by his conduct. And I would sooner take Practice's word than Theory's. Upon my honour Raynall and Charles Fox, notwithstanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfinished house, close by the stand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing a blame of his application to the chancellor on his wife, he certainly died with resolution. More than once to-day I have heard that resolution ascribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the Humane Society, would be able to restore him to life. But I give him more credit. Besides, Voltaire observes that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of those who are present—and St. Evremond (the friend of the French M.) discovered that *les Anglois surpassent toutes les nations a mourir*. Let me surpass all mankind in happiness, by possessing my *Ninon* for life, and I care not how I die.

Some little circumstances struck me this morning, which, however, you may refuse to forgive me for so spending my morning, I am sure you would not forgive me were I to omit. Before the melancholy procession arrived, a sow was driven into the space left for the sad ceremony, nor could the idea of the approaching scene, which had brought the spectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and shouting, and enjoying the poor animal's distress, as if they had only come to Tyburn to see a sow baited.

After the arrival of the procession, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed something disagreeably ludicrous with the solemnity. The tenderest could not but feel it, though they might be sorry that they *did* feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off, and the night-cap brought for the purpose was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets de chambre are the greatest enemies to heroes. Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At last arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noise which best explained the feelings of the spectators for the sufferer. Did you never observe, at the sight or the relation of anything shocking, that you closed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, so as to make a sort of hissing sound? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise might have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have seen people writhing and twisting and biassing themselves, after a bowl which they have just delivered.

Not all the resuscitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was so long before the mob would suffer the hearse to drive away with the body.

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How shocking that a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, should leave the world in such a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almost ceased to shock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd. How many men, how many women, how many young, and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their sensibilities about them, hear the sounds, by which at this moment I am disturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the streets! *The last dying speech and confession birth, parentage, and education*—Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow being; sometimes of half a dozen, or even more.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day. And her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying speech, with more indifference than she regards the honest tar hugging his sweetheart at the top of "Black-eyed Susan." All that strikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad singer chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are smiling at the voice of the charmer, wives or husbands (charm she never so wisely), children, parents, and friends, perhaps all these, and more than these, as pure from crimes as we, and purer still perhaps, are weeping over the crime and punishment of the darling and support of their lives. Still less do we at the moment (for the printer always gets the start of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying-speech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve)—still less do we ask ourselves, whether the wretch, who, at the moment we hear this (which ought to strike us as an awful sound) finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horses whipped and encouraged to draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet—whether this wretch really deserved to die more than we. Alas! were no spectators to attend executions but those who deserve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

The correspondence with, and relative to Miss Reay before the murder, terminates thus:—

TO MISS R.

1 March, 1779.

Though we meet to-morrow, I must write you two words to-night just to say, that I have all the hopes in the world, ten days at the utmost will

complete the business. When that is done, your only objection is removed along with your debts ; and we may, surely, then be happy, and be so *soon*. In a month, or *six weeks at furthest*, from this time, I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my *character*, now I have taken orders, makes expedition necessary. By to-night's post I shall write into Norfolk about the alterations at *our* parsonage.—To-morrow.—G.'s friendship is more than I can ever return.

TO CHARLES ———, ESQ.

20 March, 1779.

Your coming to town, my dear friend, will answer no end. G. has been such a friend to me, it is not possible to doubt her information.—What interest has she to serve ? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have so pestered you for these two years, about this business. Look at what I have written to you about G. since I returned from Ireland. She can only mean *well* to me. Be not apprehensive. Your friend will take no step to disgrace himself. What I shall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exist. Yet I will be, you shall see, a *man*, as well as a lover. Should there be a rival, and should he merit chastisement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of everything before I believe.

Yours ever.

TO THE SAME.

6 April, 1779.

It signifies not. Your reasoning I admit. Despair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yesterday, you must see my resolution was taken. Often have I made use of my key to let myself into the A., that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of love—Little did she think it would ever prove the key of death. But the loss of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it possible for me to doubt G.'s information ? Even you were staggered by the account I gave you of what passed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when she loved me, but to cease to live now she ceases to love ? The propriety of suicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing to do with them. All I pretend to prove or disprove is my misery, and the possibility of my existing under it. Enclosed are the last dying words and confession of poor Captain J., who destroyed himself not long ago. But these lines are not the things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reasoning of them, though none in the poetry.—His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducements, poor fellow ! But I refused to allow them. Little did I imagine that I should ever have inducements, as I now have, which I *must* allow. These extraordinary lines are said to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am slow to believe it. They strike me as the production of abilities far superior to his ; of abilities sent into the world for some particular purpose, and which Providence would not suffer to quit the world in such a manner.

Till within this month, till G.'s information, I thought of self-murder as you think of it. Nothing now is left for me but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our passions, I must stand the trials and the punishment. My invention can paint no punishment equal to what I suffer here.

Think of those passions, my friend—those passions of which you have

so often, since I knew Miss ——, spoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my misery, will you not let me fly from my passions? They are a pack of bloodhounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My carelessness has suffered them to overtake me, and now there is no possibility but this, of escaping them. The hand of Nature heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of love has set the heap on fire. I must perish in the flames. At first I might perhaps have extinguished them—now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be smothered, they can never be got under. Suppose they should consume any other person besides myself. And who is he will answer for passions such as mine?—At present, I am innocent.

The following letters were written by Hackman after he committed the fatal act :

TO CHARLES ——, ESQ.

Tothill-fields, 8th April, 1779

I am alive—and she is dead, I shot her, and not myself. Some of her blood and brains is still upon my clothes. I don't ask you to speak to me—I don't ask you to look at me, only come hither, and bring me a little strong poison; such as is strong enough. Upon my knees I beg, if your friendship for me was sincere, do, *do* bring me some poison.

TO THE SAME.

9th April, 79.

Your note just now, and the long letter I received the same time, which should have found me the day before yesterday, have changed my resolution. The promise you desire I most solemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I should, I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poison. Indeed I am too composed for any such thing now. Nothing should tempt me. My death is all the recompense I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has sent me some excellent advice, and Mr. H. has reputed all my false arguments. Even such a being as I finds friends.

Oh, that my feelings and his feeling would let me see my *dearest* friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

TO THE SAME.

Newgate, 14th April, 1779.

My best thanks for all your goodness since this day se'nnight. Oh, Charles, this is about the time. I cannot write.

What follows was written after the unhappy man's conviction. The first letter, one of noble and generous intent, was from Lord Sandwich.

TO MR. HACKMAN, IN NEWGATE.

17 April, 79.

If the murderer of Miss —— wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.

The Condemned Cell in Newgate, 17 April, 1779.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has.

Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants! J. H.

TO CHARLES ———, ESQ.

Newgate, Saturday night, 17 April, 1779.

My dear Charles,—The clock has just struck eleven. All has for some time been quiet within this sad abode. Would that all were so within my sadder breast!

That gloominess of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*, which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the still ear of night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The sound is truly solemn—it seems the sound of death.

Oh, that it were death's sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet—but one day more. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit, till then.

And then——

My God, my Creator, my first Father! Thou who madest me as I am with these feelings, these passions, this heart! Thou who art all might, and all mercy! Well Thou knowest I did not, like too many of Thy creatures, persuade myself there was no God, before I persuaded myself I had a right over any life. O then, my Father, put me not eternally from Thy paternal presence! It is not punishments, nor pains, nor hell I fear: what man can bear I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful to Thy goodness, to be thought unworthy Thy presence, to be driven from the light of Thy countenance.

Well Thou knowest I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in Thy creation—to a dog, a horse; almost to things inanimate—a tree, a book. And thinkest Thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to Thee.

And, might—O might I resign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can see, nor tongue can speak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal existence of love and bliss with her, whom——

Presumptuous murderer! The bliss you ask were paradise.

My Father, who art in Heaven, I bow before Thy mercy; and patiently abide my sentence.

These papers, which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters. Nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been yours more than any other man's.

How have I seen the poor soul affected at that recitative of Iphis in her favourite Jephtha!

“Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne’er yet were stained
With human blood!”

To think that I should be her priest, her murderer! In one of her letters she tells me, I recollect, that she could die with pleasure by my hand, she is sure she could. Poor soul! little did she think——

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air

which follows it, "Farewell," &c., were the last words she ever sung. Now I must say, and *may* say, *experimentally*,

"Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short *hours* of joy, and *years* of pain !

I *may* not add,

"Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and *love*."

Love! Gracious God, this word in this place, at this time !
Oh !

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 4 in the morning.

Oh, Charles, Charles——torments, tortures! Hell, and worse than hell!

When I had finished my last scrap of paper, I thought I felt myself composed, resigned. Indeed I was so—I am so now.

I threw my wearied body—wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's with the workings of my mind—upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more completely cursed.

This world was past, the next was come; but after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal sentence of mental misery (from which there was no flight), of banishment from the presence of my Father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakness feared, was past, irrevocably past.

Her verdict too of punishment was pronounced. Yes, Charles! she—she was punished; and by whose means punished?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never saw, since Omniscience, it seemed, could hardly discern them. O Charles, these foibles, so few, so undiscernible, were still, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my hand sent her to heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I saw the expiation; these eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly punishment.

That passed; she was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thousand virtues.

Then, in very deed, I began my hell, my worse than ever woman dreamed of hell. Charles, I saw her, as plainly as I see the bars of my dungeon, through which, the eye of day looks upon me now, for almost the last time. Her face, her person, were still more divine than when on earth—they were cast anew, in angel moulds. Her mind, too, I beheld as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the same—that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But what saw I else? That mind, that person, that face, that angel was in the bosom of another angel. Between us was a gulph—a gulph impassible! I could not go to her, neither could she come to me.

No; nor did she wish it. There was the curse.

Charles, she saw me, where I was, steeped to the lip in misery. She saw me, but without a tear, without one sigh.

One sigh for her, I thought, and I could have borne all my sufferings.

A sigh, a tear! She smiled at all my sufferings. Yes, she, even she enjoyed the tortures, the rackings of my soul. She bade her companion

angel too enjoy them. She seemed to feast upon my griefs, and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than blest companion.

Flames and brimstone—corporal sufferance—were paradise to such eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! how I rejoiced, how I wept, sobbed with joy, when I awoke, and discovered it was only a dream, and found myself *in the condemned cell of Newgate*.

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79, 5 o'clock in the afternoon

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleasure, than writing to such a friend as you are, and have been, to me?

Pleasure! Alas, what business has such a wretch as I with such a word as that? However, pouring myself out to you thus upon paper is, in some measure, drawing off my sorrows. It is not thinking.

Cruel G.! and yet I can excuse her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wished to preserve a treasure which any one would have prized. G. was employed to preserve the treasure. And she suspected not that my soul, my existence, were wrapped up in it.

Oh, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourself to visit this sad place! And yet—our mutual feelings would render the visit useless. So it is better thus.

Now, perhaps you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happiness and comfort for the present, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happiness.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy? While I——

How many, again, with everything to make them otherwise, are, at this moment, miserable?

The meat is done too little, or too much—(Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem *unnatural*. Alas! they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself)—The servant, I say, has broken something—some *friend* (as the phrase is) does not make his promised appearance, and consequently is not eye-witness of the unnecessary dishes which the family pretends to be able to afford; or some *friend* (again) drops in unexpectedly, and surprises the family with no more dishes upon the table than are necessary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye suffer yourselves to be soured and made miserable, for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by some trifle or another, which does not deserve the name of accident, look here, behold, indeed, that misery of which your discontentedness complains!

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houses and country-houses. Look into my soul; recollect in how few hours I am to die—die in what manner, die for what offence!

Now go,—be cross, and quarrel with your wives or your husbands, or your children, or your guests; begin to curse and to swear, and call Almighty God to witness that you are the most miserable, unlucky wretches upon the face of the earth; because the meat is roasted half-a-dozen turns

too much, or because your cooks have not put enough seasoning into your pies.

I was obliged to lay down my pen ; such a picture as this, in which myself made principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God ! to look back over the dreadful interval between to-day and last October two years. What a tale would it make of woe. Take warning from me, my fellow creatures, and do not love like H.

Still Sunday, 7 o'clock.

When these loose, incoherent papers shall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you some consolation to know my temper of mind at last.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myself more, and more, and more composed, and calm, and resigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that man could bear a great load of affliction better than a small one. I thought so then, now I am sure of it. This day se'nnight, I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildness.

This day se'nnight ! To look back is death—is hell. 'Tis almost worse than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myself.

In proof of that opinion which you always ridiculed—go to the gaming table—observe that adventurer, who is come with the last fifty he can scrape together. See, how he gnashes his teeth, bites his fists, and works all his limbs ! He has lost the first throw—his fifty are reduced to forty. Observe him now—with what composure his arms are wrapped about him. What a smooth calm has suddenly succeeded to that dreadful storm which so lately tore up his whole countenance ! Whence the reason think you ? Has fortune smiled on him ? Directly the contrary. His forty are now dwindled to five. His all, nay, more, his very existence, his resolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him—how calmly, how carelessly he eyes the box. I am not sure he does not almost wish to lose, that he may defy ill-luck, and tell her she has done her worst.

See—

On a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up—death.

I'll surrender my opinion for untenable, if a common observer, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated person yonder who really has won.

—Since I wrote what you last read, I caught myself marching up and down my cell with the step of haughtiness ; hugging myself in my two arms and muttering between my grating teeth, “What a *complete wretch* I am !”

But I can now no longer fly from myself. In a few short hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand which——

I will not distress either you or myself. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd ! Well—you shall hear that I died like a man and a Christian. I cannot have a

better trust than in the mercy of an all-just God. And, in your letters, when you shall these unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the passage, 'tis in Othello.

You must suffer me to mention the tenderness and greatness of mind of my dear B. The last moments of my life cannot be better spent than in recording this complicated act of friendship and humanity. When we parted, a task too much for us both, he asked me if there was anything for which I wished to live. Upon his pressing me, I acknowledged I was uneasy, very uneasy, lest Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of fifty pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," said B. squeezing my hands, bursting into tears, and hurrying out of the room, "I will allow it him." The affectionate manner in which he spoke of my S. would have charmed you. God for ever bless and prosper him! and my S. and you! and—

[The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preserved, though the sense is incomplete.]

TO THE SAME.

Tyburn.

My dear Charles,—Farewell for ever in this world! I die a sincere Christian and penitent, and everything I hope that you can wish me. Would it prevent my example's having any bad effect if the world should know how I abhor my former ideas of suicide, my crime,
 will be the best judge. Of her fame I charge you to be careful. My poor S. will.
 Your dying H



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHY raise mine eyes to such a dazzling height,
 Why soar beyond an humble poet's flight?
 Why mourn for him whose deathless works proclaim,
 At once his country's glory and his fame?
 Who bade a new creation round him shine,
 Poet, historian, novelist divine!
 Enobling nature in the reader's view,
 All love the likeness—for they feel it true;
 And more contented with their worldly lot,
 They bless the sage enchanter, Walter Scott!
 His heroes come from the historic page,
 Instructing youth, delighting sober age.
 He studied nature, on his native plains,
 And gave us nature's heroine, "Jennie Deans."
 Should thoughts chivalrous in your bosom swell,
 Read "Ivanhoe," and bless the enchanter's spell;
 His "Talisman" will bind you "sure and fast,"
 Nor breaks the charm, till you have read the last.
 Alas, for Scott! whose magic hand could give,
 Those master-strokes that bade his pictures live!

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BUT let us turn to thoughts of happier kind,
 Though Scott be gone, our Edgeworth's left behind—
 Both minds exalted—be it ne'er forgot!
 "They wrote no line, they'd dying wish to blot!"
 Long may she write! ere yet she's summon'd hence,
 Steady in friendship, rectitude, and sense.
 Her heart still warm, as when in early youth,
 She lent new charms to virtue, honor, truth;
 Her moral principle still kept in view,
 Convincing reason, while she charm'd it too.
 No heavy pages in her works we find,
 Witty, amusing, sensible, refined;
 Each closing volume, as our friends we mourn,
 Still grieved to part, still anxious to return!

MRS. SOMERS.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

AGES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

It is melancholy to reflect how soon many of the most illustrious men now existing amongst us, will, in the course of nature, pass off this busy scene, and their names form but the bright links in that chain of intellectual greatness, of which our country is so justly proud. In corroboration of our remark, we will give a few of the most striking instances. On the military roll we have the Marquis of Anglesea, in his 81st year; the Duke of Wellington, in his 80th; the Earl of Strafford, about the same age, and Lord Combermere, somewhat, but very little younger. Among the poets, Rogers is 86, Bowles beyond four-score, Wordsworth approximating closely to that patriarchal age, James Montgomery, 77, Tom Moore, 68, and Professor Wilson, nearly 60. The oldest living orator and statesman is, perhaps, Lord Plunkett, who has completed his 84th year. Next to him come Lord Lyndhurst, aged 76, Lord Jeffrey, 75, Lord Brougham, 70, Lords Denman and Melbourne, 69, Lords Cottenham and Campbell, 67, Lord Palmerston, 63, and Sir Robert Peel, 60.

A TRUE STORY.

THE following interesting narrative, referential to a well-known family in the Sister Island, has been communicated to us by an esteemed correspondent.

In the month of October, 1649, when Cromwell was engaged in the siege of one of the most important cities in the South of Ireland, he met with a Roman Catholic gentleman, of ancient family, whose acquaintance he had made on a previous occasion in London. This gentleman was the possessor of a fine and beautifully situated estate in the neighbourhood, where his ancestors had been settled for many generations: and although, no doubt, many of the officers in the Protector's army had cast a longing eye towards this prize, still he was anxious, if he could do so consistently, to leave its owner in undisturbed possession. A proposition was, therefore, made by Cromwell, that provided he took no active part in the struggle then going on, and kept the religion which he held as much as possible in the background, no injury should befall his property.

The terms were tempting, but, at the suggestion of his wife, rejected. A cavalry officer, the founder of a family still settled in the same county where these transactions took place, was dispatched with a troop of Dragoons and some Artillery, to bring the gentleman to his senses.

Tradition asserts that a singular circumstance induced the latter to hold out against the force drawn up under the walls of his castle. When the movements of the troops left it no longer a matter of uncertainty upon what errand they had come, it was very evident that the mind of the besieged

began to waver ; but, when on the point of acceding to the terms proposed by Cromwell, a Bible fell from a shelf to the ground, and opening at the passage in St. Luke—

“He that denieth me before men, him will I also deny before my Father, which is in Heaven,”

was considered as an omen, sent to warn him against concealing or forsaking his faith, and caused him immediately to decide upon the course which he adopted. The walls were battered—a breach was made—the castle taken, and before Cromwell left the neighbourhood, a grant of the estate, containing 2834 acres, was placed in the hands of the victorious Captain of Dragoons.

During the stay of Ireton's forces in the vicinity, this man of war, clad in the unclerical appendages of a pair of enormous jack boots, ascended the pulpit of the Cathedral Church of the diocese on many occasions, and delighted his hearers by his eloquence and nervous style.

In the year 1662, the captain figured as the City Mayor, and discharged the duties of the office much to the advantage of the merchants and citizens.

On his death he left his estates (of which Charles the Second had given him a fresh patent) to his eldest son, who, being a stanch Protestant, and a supporter of William, was included by name, in the act passed by James “for the attainder of divers rebels in the actual service of the Prince of Orange.” To this gentleman succeeded his son, Henry, who, when very young, made a most unsuitable marriage, contrary to the wishes of all his family. And here follows one of the most singular and romantic stories, which formed for many a day a fruitful subject of conversation in the neighbourhood.

Henry had two uncles ; one of them a church dignitary, the other—the eldest—a private gentleman, married, but without issue. Both of these were much averse to the alliance which he had contracted. This evidently annoyed him, and but a short time elapsed, when, leaving his wife in the country, he set off to the Irish capital, as he represented to her, on business of importance and to purchase a carriage. Here he was said to have been seen by a lady to whom he was known, but in what direction he afterwards went, it was impossible ever to discover. Search was made both at home and abroad, and every means taken to discover his retreat, but all to no purpose, as to this day it remains a mystery.

No sooner had his wife intelligence of his strange disappearance, than she, collecting what family papers she could lay her hands upon, betook herself to her father's house, where her sister, also a married woman, at the same time resided. In the course of a few months it was declared that she was likely to produce an heir to the estates of the lost Henry, which estates had been entered upon by his eldest uncle (Charles) after his disappearance. The truth of the statement was much doubted ; however, in due time, a son made his appearance, who, although the one party declared was the lawful issue of the lost Henry, the other as firmly asserted was the offspring of the sister Mary. Henry having married much beneath him, when the estates came into his uncle's hands, his wife, who was never acknowledged by the family, fell into very distressed circumstances, and took up her abode in an obscure part of the city. It so happened that, in a regiment then stationed in the neighbouring barracks, there was a serjeant, an exceedingly handsome and remarkably well-in-

formed man for his station : he, becoming acquainted with the widow's extraordinary history, and obtaining an introduction to her, formed the project of becoming her husband, and thus obtaining a better right to act as her champion in prosecuting the claims of her assumed son. This matter he mentioned to his commanding officer, with whom he was a great favourite ; the matter was arranged ; he left the army ; the widow was married : he studied ; was called to the bar ; and in after years his issue held the office of Recorder to the same city. This, however, was not all. In the year 1719 the claims of the widow's supposed son were prosecuted with rigour, when a long and angry suit was carried on against the heirs male of the lost Henry's uncle, Charles, (he having died in 1718) and after years of litigation, the old gentleman, wearied of law proceedings, and having lost his legal adviser and brother-in-law by death, consented, on condition of being left for a certain number of years in quiet possession, to hand it over at the expiration of that time to the plaintiff.

This decision much incensed his son and heir, who, feeling confident of his right to the property, made no secret of his intention, at his father's death, to commence proceedings afresh. But alas ! for the hopes of the family, this gentleman predeceased his parent. The confession of a midwife and other parties making a very strong case, induced the next brother, a General Officer, to decide, at a subsequent period, on following out the intentions of the deceased ; but when he had collected proofs sufficient for his purpose, he found that the law of limitation, sixty years having elapsed, put an impassible barrier to his intention. The descendants of this child represented their native city in Parliament, and, when the last of the name who held the property, was forced, through difficulties, to dispose of the disputed estate, it was with deep regret that all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, saw a man, who had devoted himself to the amelioration of the condition of his poor countrymen, obliged to bid a long farewell to the scene of his labours.

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JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN'S FIRST PATRON.

So eloquent and pathetic is Mr. Curran's description of his original benefactor, the kind friend to whom he ever ascribed his rise in life, that we cannot refrain from adding the brilliant narrative to our Fragments of Family History.

"When a boy," Mr. Curran told the story to a social party at his own table, "I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect ; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage ; on the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted ; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him ! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse ; he was the Rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities ; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to

spare after having freighted the company. Some sweatmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then sent me to the school at Middleton. *In short, he made a man of me.* I recollect it was about five-and-thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—*it was my friend of the ball alley.* I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed:—‘You are right, sir; you are right. The chimney-piece is your’s—the pictures are your’s—the house is your’s. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!’ He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a *Right Honourable*. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is wine—let us drink to his memory.”

MARIA DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

ABOUT the year 1730, Mr. Edward Walpole, (afterwards Sir Edward, knight of the bath) returned from his travels on the continent, where the munificence of his father, the famous statesman, had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; and so very engaging was he found by the ladies, that he had no other appellation in Italy than that of “*the handsome Englishman.*” Mr. Walpole had lodgings taken for him, at his return, at a Mr. Rennie’s, a child’s coat-maker, at the bottom of Pall-Mall. On returning from visits, or public places, he often passed a quarter of an hour, in chat with the young women of the shop. Among them was one who had it in her power to make him forget the Italians, and all the beauties of the court. Her name was Clement: her father was at that time, or soon after, postmaster at Darlington, a place of 50*l.* per annum, on which he supported a large family. This young woman had been bound apprentice to Mrs. Rennie, and employed in the usual duties of such a situation, which she discharged (as the old lady used to say) honestly and soberly. Her parents, however, from their extreme poverty, could supply her but very sparingly with clothes or money. Mr. Walpole observed her wants, and had the address to make her little presents in a way not to alarm the vigilance of her mistress, who exacted the strictest morality from the young persons under her care. Miss Clement was beautiful as an angel, with good, though uncultivated, parts. Mrs. Rennie had begun to suspect that a connection was forming, which would not be to the honour of her apprentice. She apprised Mr. Clement of her suspicions, who immediately came up to town to carry her out of the vortex of temptation. The good old man met his daughter with tears: he told her his suspicion; and that he should carry her home, where, by living with sobriety and prudence, she might chance to be married to some decent tradesman. The girl, in appearance, acquiesced; but, whilst her father and mistress were

conversing in a little dark parlour behind the shop, the object of their cares slipped out, and, without hat or cloak, ran directly through Pall-Mall to Sir Edward's house, at the top of it, where the porter knowing her, she was admitted, though his master was absent. She went into the parlour, where the table was covered for dinner, and impatiently waited his return. The moment came; Sir Edward entered, and was heard to exclaim with great joy, "You here!" What explanations took place were of course in private; but the fair fugitive sat down that day at the head of his table, and never after left it.

The fruits of this connection were the late Mrs. Keppel; Maria, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and subsequently duchess of Gloucester, the second; Lady Dysart, the third; and Colonel Walpole, the fourth; in the birth of whom, or soon after, the mother died.

Never could fondness exceed that which Sir Edward cherished for the mother of his children; nor was it confined to her or them only, but extended itself to her relations; for all of whom, he some way or other provided. His grief at his loss was proportioned to his affection. He constantly declined all overtures of marriage, and gave up his life to the education of his children. He had often been prompted to unite himself to Miss Clement by legal ties, but the threats of his father, Sir Robert, prevented his marriage; who avowed, that, if he married Miss Clement, he would not only deprive him of his political interest, but exert it against him. It was, however, always said, by those who had opportunity of knowing, that, had Miss Clement survived Sir Robert, she would then have been Lady Walpole.

About the year 1758, his eldest daughter, Laura, became the wife of the Honourable Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards bishop of Exeter. The Miss Walpoles now took a rank in society in which they had never before moved. The sisters of the Earl of Albemarle were their constant companions, and introduced them to persons of quality and fashion: they constantly appeared at the first routes and balls; and, in a word were received every where but at court. The shade attending their birth shut them out from the drawing-room, till marriage (as in the case of Mrs. Keppel) had covered the defect, and given them the rank of another family. No one watched their progress upwards with more anxiety than the Earl Waldegrave. This nobleman (one of the proudest in the kingdom) had long cherished a passion for Maria. The struggle between his passion and his pride was not a short one; and, having conquered his own difficulties, it now only remained to attack the lady's, who had no prepossession; and Lord Waldegrave, though not young, was not disagreeable. Her very amiable conduct through the whole life of her lord, added respect and esteem to the warmest admiration. In April, 1763, about five years after, the small-pox attacked his lordship, and proved fatal. His lady found herself a young widow, of rank and beauty. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed every advantage of youth and person, his death could not have been more sincerely regretted by his amiable relict. At length she emerged again into the world, and love and admiration every where followed her. She refused many offers; amongst others, the Duke of Portland loudly proclaimed his discontent at her refusal. But the daughter of Mary Clement was destined for royalty! The Duke of Gloucester was not to be resisted; and two children, a prince and a princess, were the fruits of their marriage: and hence it came within the bounds of probability, that the descendants of the postmaster of Dartington might one day have swayed the British sceptre.

THE LATE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

THE late Earl of Mornington (the Duke of Wellington's father) furnished a striking instance of an early disposition to music, as well as early attention to musical instruments.

His father played well, for a gentleman, on the violin, which always delighted the child whilst in the nurse's arms, and long before he could speak. Nor did this proceed merely from a love, common to other children, of a sprightly noise, as may appear by the following proof:—Dubourg, who was, thirty-four years ago, a distinguished performer on that instrument, happened to be at the family seat; but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father till his little hands were held; after having heard Dubourg, however, the case was altered, and there was then much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father. Nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play whilst Dubourg was in the house.

At the same period he beat time to all measures of music, however difficult; nor was it possible to force him to do otherwise, the most rapid changes producing as rapid an alteration in the child's hands.

Though passionately fond of music, from indolence he never attempted to play any instrument till he was nine years old. At that time an old portrait painter came to the family seat, who was a very indifferent performer on the violin, but persuaded the child, that if he tried to play on that instrument, he would soon be able to bear a part in a concert.

With this inducement, he soon learned the two old catches of "Christ Church Bells;" and "Sing one, two, three, come follow me;" after which, his father and the painter, accompanying him with the two other parts, he experienced the pleasing effects of a harmony to which he himself contributed.

Soon after this he was able to play the second violin in Corelli's Sonatas; which gave him a steadiness in time that never deserted him. For the next musical stage he commenced composer, from emulation of the applause given to a country-dance made by a neighbouring clergyman. He accordingly set to work, and by playing the treble on the violin, whilst he sung a base to it, he formed a minuet, the base in which he wrote in the treble clef, and was very profuse in his fifths of octaves, being totally ignorant of the established rules of composition.

This minuet was followed by a duet for two French horns, whilst the piece concluded by an Andante movement, thus consisting of three parts; all of which being tacked together, he styled a Serenata. At this time he had never heard any music but from his father, sisters, and the old painter.

He practised on the violin till he was fourteen, but had always a strong inclination to the harpsichord; from which his sister drove him continually, saying that he spoiled the instrument; notwithstanding which he sometimes stole intervals of practice.

About this time the old Lord Mornington declared his intention of having an organ for his chapel; telling his son that he should have been the organist had he been able to play on the instrument. On this the son undertook to be ready as soon as the organ could be finished; which being accomplished in less than a year and a half, he sat down at the maker's, and executed an extempore fugue, to the astonishment of his father, as well as others, who did not conceive that he could have executed a single bar of any tune.

It is well known that this instrument is more likely to form a composer than any other; and his Lordship, in process of time, both read and studied music, whilst he at the same time committed his ideas to writing. As he had, however, never received the least instruction in his abstruse though pleasing science, he wished to consult both Rosengrave and Geminiani; who, on examining his compositions, said they could not be of the least service to him, as he had himself investigated all the established rules, with their proper exceptions.

Though simp'e melodies commonly please most in the earlier stage of life, he had always a strong predilection for church music and full harmony, as also for the minor third; in which, for that reason, he made his first composition.

In process of time his Lordship was so distinguished for his musical abilities, that the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music.

RICHARD NORTON OF RYLSTONE.

In the twelfth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, being a prisoner in England, it was proposed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, with a view to obtain her release, that she should marry the Duke of Norfolk. Queen Elizabeth, when applied to not only refused her consent, but (as was her custom) flew into a violent rage, threw the Duke of Norfolk into the Tower, and ordered Northumberland and Westmoreland to appear at court. These noblemen disobeyed, flew to arms, and called to their aid Richard Norton of Rylstone, an ancient and powerful gentleman, with nine sons. The Catholic standard representing our Saviour on the cross, was mounted by him, and supported by his family and retainers; and, thus surrounded, he proceeded to the head-quarters of the insurgents, who, reinforced, marched to Barnard Castle, defended by Sir George Bowes, which they attacked and took. In the mean time the Queen despatched forces in various directions, under the Earls of Warwick and Sussex, and Ambrose Dudley, to subdue them. The rebels fled northward; but their numbers gradually diminished, until the whole melted away, and the chiefs were left naked and unsupported at the mercy of the enemy. Sixty-three were hanged at Durham; and Sir George Bowes boasted that, between Newcastle and Wetherly, there was scarcely a village some of the inhabitants of which had not been executed. Richard Norton, besides his nine sons, is represented as having an only daughter, Emily, whom he loved with a tenderness equal to that of both parents, since she had lost her mother. When yet a child, a doe, then also young, had been given to Emily by her brothers, and it had grown up under her endearments, making a return for her affection in its own mute gratefulness. Her father and eight brothers, being taken, were all executed, and, their degrading fate being told to the heart-broken Emily, she assumed the garb of a pilgrim, and long wandered far from the scenes of her childhood, till, tired with the blank of things abroad, she returned home, and was immediately recognised by the grateful doe.

Dr. Whitaker, in his "History of Craven," after referring to the desolate state of Rylstone and Bolton Priory, not far distant, states that it was a tradition among the aged people of the neighbourhood, that, not long

after the dissolution of the monasteries, the white doe continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the abbey church-yard, near the grave of Emily, during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.

Mr. Wordsworth has founded a very beautiful poem on the subject, entitled the "White Doe of Rylstone."

ARTHUR ONSLOW.

THIS celebrated speaker of the House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable country public-house, which for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part in vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family, and customers. He continued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and his family, who, not knowing his name, called him "the gentleman," but from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking along Parliament-street, when he met the speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne; and, looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognising the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family, all of whom were disconcerted at liberties, which at different times they had taken with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual, with his holiday face and manners, and prepared to take his seat, but found everything in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The children were not allowed to climb upon him and pull his wig, as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but, finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid his reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

SCOTT OF HARDEN.

IN the seventeenth century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott (afterwards Sir William,) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gideon Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries con-

cerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner. "The gallows," answered Sir Gidean, (for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood,) to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gidean," answered the considerate matron, in her vernacular idiom; "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden, when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?"—"Right," answered the baron, who caught at the idea; "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "Mickle-mouthed Meg;" for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But, at length, when he was literally led forth for execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp.—Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.—

CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Vale Royal, Cheshire.

THE Monastery of Vale Royal owed its origin to the piety of Edward, eldest son of King Henry III. Tradition asserts that the Prince, on his return from an expedition to the Holy Land, was on the point of suffering shipwreck in a dreadful storm, when he made a vow to the Virgin that if she interposed her aid for the preservation of himself and his crew, he would found a Convent for a hundred Monks of the Cistercian Order. The vow, continues the Chronicle of Vale Royal, was instantaneously accepted, the vessel righted itself and was miraculously brought into port : the sailors disembarked, and the Prince landed last of all ; the divine protection then terminated, and every fragment of the wreck vanished under the waters. Without further reference to this traditionary tale of superstition, certain it is that Edward, shortly after accession to the throne, planted a colony of the Dernhall Monks, at Vale Royal, and himself laid the first stone of the Monastery on the site of the High Altar. A brilliant concourse of nobles encircled the Monarch, and the Queen herself participated in the ceremony.

The veracious chronicler of Vale Royal does not allow this memorable occasion to pass without comment and monkish fable ; he boldly asserts that, for ages before, on the Festivals of the Virgin, amidst the solitude that then reigned on its future site, the shepherds had heard music and celestial voices, and had seen occasional radiance that changed the darkness to day ; and he further declares that old people, who had lived at the building of the fabric, had seen the holy pile from turret to foundation stone, glittering in the night with a miraculous illumination, visible to the rest of the country at a surprising distance.

But the Abbey of Vale Royal was intrinsically too grand to require these artificial adornments. For nearly three centuries it exhibited a state of vast splendour and power ; its Abbot held a position equal to that of many principal barons. Like them he had his Seneschal, and his under Seneschal ; the ordinary law of his court was administered by a coroner and the bailiffs of Over and Weverham, in whom a capital jurisdiction was vested. He had his Page to attend upon him in the Abbey, and his Palfreyman to hold the reins of his horse on his journies, in which he appears to have travelled with a powerful retinue, and to have been attended by considerable families of the county.

At the dissolution of the Monasteries, Vale Royal was granted to Sir Thomas Holcroft, (second son of John Holcroft, of Holcroft,) a successful courtier of the time, who acquired his fortune by his situation of esquire of the body to King Henry VIII, and was one of the Cheshire gentlemen who received Knighthood at Leith, in 1544. In his family, the beautiful lands of the dissolved Religious House remained vested two generations, and were sold in 1616, to Mary, Lady Cholmonde-

ley, widow of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley, and daughter of Christopher Holford, Esq., of Holford. This richly portioned heiress had the honour of a visit from King James I., in 1617, and ever after bore the designation of "The Bold Ladie of Cheshire," which the Monarch had applied to her. Referring to the Royal coming, the White Gate Register records, that "on the 21st daye of Auguste, being Thursdays, King James came to Vale Royale, and there kept his Court until Mondaye after."

Lady Cholmondeley survived, until 15th August, 1625, when by Inquisition, she appears to have died, siezed, inter alia, "of the site of the late dissolved Monastery of Vale Royal," and to have given it to her fourth son, Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq. This gentleman, a stanch Royalist, was distinguished in the great civil war, and, after many privations, had to compound for £450. His son, THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY, Esq., of Vale Royal, High Sheriff of Cheshire, at the Restoration, was included in the list of those on whom it was intended to confer the order of the Royal Oak. He married in 1684, Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Walter St. John, Bart., of Battersea, and by her was father of CHARLES CHOLMONDELEY, Esq., of Vale Royal, M.P., for Cheshire, whose grandson, the present possessor of this broad domain, is Thomas Cholmondeley, BARON DELAMERE. The mansion of Vale Royal, as it now stands, consists of a centre with two projecting wings of red stone. Of the original Abbey there is nothing remaining save a few doorways in the offices, but much of the portion erected by the Holcrofts may still be traced. The most striking feature in the edifice is the Great Hall; a magnificent apartment, seventy feet in length, with a coved roof, supported by carved ribs of oak in the style of the seventeenth century, and superior to most college halls.

During the Civil Wars the whole family were very active in support of the Royal cause, and consequently suffered severely. A detachment from General Lambert's army, then engaged in besieging Beeston Castle, plundered Vale Royal, and after stripping it of every valuable article of decoration or furniture, burnt one of the wings, which appeared to have been the refectory of the Abbey, from the marks on the bare walls, which were standing till within these few years. With this event, tradition has connected the singular tale of the household being for some time solely supported by the milk of a white cow, which had found means to escape from the soldiers, who had seized and were conveying her to their camp with the other cattle. Whatever might be the truth, it is certain that her posterity has been preserved from feelings of gratitude, and white cows with red ears, of the very same breed, are still kept at Vale Royal.

The apartments of the present mansion exhibit a great number of family and other portraits; some of them of distinguished merit: Among the latter are CHARLES THE FIRST and JAMES THE SECOND, by Sir Peter Lely; the GREAT DUKE OF SOMERSET, by Reubens; the EARL OF LONDONDERRY, and his sister Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY; GOVERNOR PITT; SIR LIONEL and LADY TOLLEMACHE; LADY SALISBURY, his mother; and the last SIR HUGH CHOLMONDELEY; the latter is a full-length in green armour, painted on board, and placed at the end of the gallery called Sir Hugh's. Here also is a very curious painting on wood of Charles the First putting on his cap previous to his decollation: this was executed by Deniers, 1649. Another painting represents MR. JOHN THOMASINE, the celebrated writing-master of TARVIN; many specimens of whose beautiful penmanship are preserved here: he lived in the family.

The library is very large and valuable : among its most choice rarities are *writings* called "*The Prophecies of Nixon*," the famous Cheshire Prophet : these are preserved with the greatest care, no stranger being permitted to see them.

A few words referring to this extraordinary man—"The Prophet" Nixon—will not inappropriately terminate this sketch of Vale Royal, the residence of his patrons, the Cholmondeleys.

In a pamphlet published at Chester, purporting to contain his original predictions, it is said that he was born at a farm called Bridge House, in the parish of Over, near New Church, and not far from Vale Royal, in the year 1467 ; but in the account of his life, written by John Oldmixon, Esq., he is affirmed to have lived in the reign of James the First. The latter assertion is most consonant to the general history with which tradition has accompanied the narration of his prophecies ; but if actually true, it destroys the validity of various prophetic speeches that have been attributed to him, and, by a natural consequence, throws a shade of considerable doubt over the whole ; yet whatever opinion may be entertained by many on this subject, it is certain that numbers of the inhabitants of Cheshire have given the most unlimited credit to the predictions of their oracular countryman. His infancy and boyhood are reported to have been only remarkable for expressing a heavy and sluggish apprehension, which bordered on stupidity. So feeble, indeed, was his intellect, that even the most common employments of husbandry could not be taught him without considerable fatigue. As his years increased he became distinguished for stubbornness of disposition and sullen taciturnity. His manners were rude and clownish, his appetite voracious, his figure unpleasing, and his voice harsh ; though the latter defect was not often perceived, the *cacoethes loquendi* seldom influencing his conversation to a greater extent than *yes* and *no*.

Trained to the lowest occupations of rustic labour, he never soared to a higher situation than that of a rustic ploughman : here his attainments centered ; and with any other subject, excepting at the times when inspiration is said to have guided him, he was as little acquainted as the clod he was employed to cultivate. On these occasions, tradition affirms that he spoke with more than customary intelligence ; but as soon as the unknown power that propelled him to discourse had ceased to operate, he elapsed into mental imbecility, and driveling idiotism. Previous to the utterance of his prophecies, he generally fell into a trance ; and whatever means were employed to awaken his dormant energies, he remained fixed and insensible, till the bodily paroxysm had abated, of the nature, or even of the presence, of which he appears to have had no acquaintance.

Some mystical expressions, which he uttered on recovering from one of the fits, and of which the whole neighbourhood rang with fulfilment, occasioned him to be noticed by Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., the owner of Vale Royal. This gentleman had taken him into his house, and intended to have had him educated ; but his ignorance proved too powerful for the arts of tuition to remove, and he was suffered to pursue the occupation of guiding oxen to the plough, to which his capacity seemed only adapted.

While in this family, he is said to have predicted many things that were soon afterwards actually fulfilled ; and others that were not to be accomplished till after the expiration of many years : among the latter events were the civil wars, the death of Charles the First, the Restoration, and the Revolution.

In the lives of NIXON above alluded to, are various detached particulars connected with the literal fulfilments of several of his prophecies, and particularly of those which more immediately related to the Cholmondeley family. To those we can only refer, as they involve too many circumstances to be introduced into the present sketch, and might also be misunderstood, unless we had sufficient space to enter into an extended examination of the different relations. The same attendant on his supposed prescience, was the cause of his being sent for to the Court of James the First, who wished to converse with the man that possessed such extraordinary powers. Nixon was unwilling to attend, declaring that his reason for reluctance was, the certainty of being *starved*, should he be obliged to comply with the Monarch's command. The plea seemed founded on an event too improbable to be credited, and he was forced to visit the palace, where the King assigned him a station in the Kitchen, that he might no longer be in fear of perishing with hunger. This, however, is said to have really happened; for the King having departed suddenly for Hampton Court, at a time when Nixon, for some mischievous prank, was locked up in a closet, he was entirely forgotten for three days, at the expiration of which he was found lifeless, being literally starved to death.

Holland House, Middlesex.

"Here Rogers sat—and here for ever dwell
With me, those pleasures that he sang so well."*

ABBOTS KENSINGTON, of which Holland House is the Manorial residence, appears in Domesday Book as "Chrenistun," and in other ancient records is styled "Kenesitune." After passing through the illustrious family of De Vere, it came into the hands of William, Marquess of Berkeley, who gave it to Sir Reginald Bray: subsequently, it fell to Sir Walter Cope, Knt., and was conveyed, in marriage, by that gentleman's only daughter and heiress, Isabel, to Sir Henry Rich, K.B., Captain of the King's Guard, who, not long after, being raised to the peerage, assumed his title of nobility from his wife's inheritance. From this period, Holland House, the cherished home of men "writ in the annals of their country's fame," has held a foremost place among our English mansions. Its situation, close to the metropolis; its attractive style of architecture affording a correct idea of the baronial mansion of the reign of James I.; and, above all, the historical and literary associations which hang around its venerable walls, combine to invest this splendid abode with no common claims to public favour. London, with its smoke, its din, and its busy hum of men, is scarcely two miles distant, and yet Holland House has its green meadows, its sloping lawns, and its refreshing woods. Here still sings the nightingale; here is the pleasant shade; and here may yet be seen the gables and chimneys of the good old times of the Stuarts. An eloquent contemporary thus deplors the possibility of a change coming over so classic a spot, and graphically refers to the glories of this stately pile:—

* These lines were inscribed by the late Lord Holland in an alcove in the quaint old garden of Holland House, where the Bard of Memory was accustomed to sit.

"Yet a few years, and these shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace these turrets and gardens, which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble; with the courtly magnificence of Rich; with the loves of Ormond; with the counsels of Cromwell; with the death of Addison. The time is coming when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amid new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling, which in their youth was the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen; they will then remember with strange tenderness many objects familiar to them—the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, and the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar tenderness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits, in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen for two generations: they will recollect how many men, who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze or canvas, or who left to posterity things so written that it will not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that is loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretta; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember above all, the grace, and the kindness far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed; they will remember that temper, which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of the men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."

But we must revert to the regular descent of the manor, and the history of its successive possessors. Sir Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, the husband of the heiress of Cope, was a courtier, and had the honour of being employed to negotiate a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. The negotiation proved abortive, but the services of Lord Kensington were well appreciated and rewarded, by an Earl's coronet and the Insignia of the Garter. The new title chosen by his Lordship was Holland, and thence the Manor House of Kensington, built by the Earl's father-in-law, Sir Walter Cope, in 1607, received its present appellation. Thus esteemed by the gallant race that then filled the throne of England, the Earl of Holland repaid the royal favour he enjoyed, by the most devoted zeal in the cause of King Charles. At last, when his Majesty became captive in the Isle of Wight, his Lordship took up arms, with other loyal persons, to effect his restoration, but miscarrying at Kingston-upon-Thames, 7th July, 1648, he was made prisoner and committed to the Tower, where he

remained until after the execution of the King, when, being brought to trial, with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Norwich, and Sir John Owen, he was condemned to death, and executed by decapitation, before the gates of Westminster Hall, 9th March, 1649. His son, ROBERT RICH, second Earl of Holland, succeeded his cousin as fifth Earl of Warwick, and thus united the two coronets of his family. He was father of EDWARD RICH, Earl of Warwick and Holland, whose widow, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk Castle, married in 1716, the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, and thus, by linking with the associations of Kensington the memory of that illustrious man, has invested with a classic halo the groves and shades of Holland House. The noble alliance brought, however, little comfort to the poet's mind. "The mansion," says Dr. Johnson, "although large, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest—Peace." The courtly pair lived on ill terms together, and it is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. Of the union there was issue, an only child—a daughter—Charlotte Addison, who is stated to have been of weak intellect. She inherited her father's estate at Bilton, in Warwickshire, which she bequeathed to her maternal kinsman, the Hon John Bridgman Simpson.

The traditions regarding Addison, during his residence at Holland House, are very trifling. "They are simply," says Mr. Howitt, "that he used to walk, when composing his Spectators, in the Long Library, then a Picture Gallery, with a bottle of wine at each end, which he visited as he alternately arrived at them: and that the room in which he died, though not positively known, is supposed to be the present dining-room, being then the state bedroom. The young Earl of Warwick, to whom he there addressed the emphatic words—'See in what peace a Christian can die!' died also himself in 1721, but two years afterwards."

At the youthful earl's decease, the estate passed to his first-cousin, WILLIAM EDWARDES, Esq., (created a Peer of Ireland, as Baron Kensington), and was eventually sold to the Right Hon. HENRY FOX, the distinguished politician of the time of George II., who, on being created a Peer, adopted the title of Holland. His second son, Charles James Fox, the still more illustrious statesman of the succeeding reign, passed his early days in the venerable shades of Holland House; and here lived his nephew, the late kind and accomplished Peer, whose literary tastes and literary friendships collected around him the most intellectual society of the age.

"The general form of the mansion," we quote again from the *Homes and Haunts of the Poets*, "is that of a half H. The projection in the centre forming at once porch and tower, and the two wings, supported on pillars, give great decision of effect to it. The stone quoins worked with a sort of arabesque figure, remind one of the style of some portions of Heidelberg Castle, which is, what is called on the Continent, *rococo*. Here it is deemed Elizabethan; but the plain buildings attached on each side to the main body of the house, with their shingled and steep-roofed towers, have a very picturesque and Bohemian look. Altogether it is a charming old pile, and the interior corresponds beautifully with the exterior. There is a fine entrance hall, a library behind it, and another library extending the whole length of one of the wings and the house up-stairs, one hundred and fifty feet in length. The drawing-room over

the entrance hall, called the gilt-room, extends from front to back of the house, and commands views of the gardens both way; those to the back are very beautiful.

In the house are, of course, many interesting and valuable works of art; a great portion of them memorials of the distinguished men who have been accustomed to resort thither. In one room is a portrait of Charles James Fox, as a child, in a light blue dress, and with a close, reddish woollen cap on his head, under which shew lace edges. The artist is unknown, but is supposed to be French. The countenance is full of life and intelligence, and the child "in it, is most remarkably the father of the man." The likeness is wonderful. You can imagine how, by time and circumstance, that child's countenance expanded into what it became in maturity. There is also a portrait of Addison, which belonged to his daughter. It represents him as much younger than any others that I have seen. In the gilt room are busts of George IV. and William IV. On the staircase is a bust of Lord Holland, father of the second earl, and of Charles Fox, by Nollekens. This bust, which is full of power and expression, is said to have brought Nollekens into his great repute. The likeness to that of Charles Fox is very striking. By the same artist, there are also the busts of Charles Fox, the late Lord Holland, and the present peer. That of Frere, by Chantry, is very spirited. There are also here, portraits of Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and family portraits. There is also a large and very curious painting of a fair, by Callott, and an Italian print of it.

In the library, down stairs, are portraits of Charles James Fox—a very fine one; of the late Lord Holland, of Talleyrand, by Ary Scheffer, perhaps the best one in existence, and the only one which he said that he ever sat for; of Sir Samuel Romilly; Sir James Mackintosh; Lord Erskine, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Tierney; Francis Horner, by Raeburn, so like Sir Walter Scott by the same artist, that I at first supposed it to be him. Lord Macartney, by Phillips; Frere by Shee; Moore; Lord Thanet; Archibald Hamilton; late Lord Darnley; late Lord King, when young, by Hoppner; and a very sweet fancy portrait of the present Lady Holland. We miss, however, from this haunt of genius, the portraits of Byron, Brougham, Crabbe, Blanco White, Hallam, Rogers, Lord Jeffrey, and others.

In the left wing is placed the colossal model of the statue of Charles Fox, which stands in Bloomsbury Square.

In the gardens are various memorials of distinguished men. Amongst several very handsome cedars, perhaps the most luxuriant is said to have been planted by Charles Fox.

The fine avenue leading down from the house to the Kensington road, is remarkable for having often been the walking and talking place of Cromwell and General Lambert. Lambert then occupied Holland House, and Cromwell, who lived next door, when he came to converse with him on state affairs, had to speak very loud to him, because he was deaf. To avoid being overheard, they used to walk in this avenue.

Wressle, co. York:

" Yet, though deserted and in ruin grey,
 The suns of morn upon thy relic stream,
 And evening yields thy wall her blushing ray,
 And Cynthia visits with her silver beam."

This relic of feudal grandeur is situated about four miles north-west from Howden, on a gently rising ground, within two hundred yards of the east bank of the Derwent, and elevated above that river just as much as is sufficient to be secure from the inundations, which frequently cover the adjoining marshes to a very considerable extent. The prospects which the towers of this once magnificent castle could command are wholly unpicturesque, as the surrounding country, though mostly fertile, presents not the least variety of surface.

It appears from the Doomsday book that Gilbert Tyson had part of the manor of Wressle; but from the time of that survey we find no mention of this place till the year 1315, the ninth of Edward II. when it is marked in the record called "*Nomina Villarum*" as one of the lordships of William de Percy. The time when the castle was built is not precisely ascertained; but Leland ascribes its foundation to Thomas Percy earl of Worcester, in the time of Richard II., and Mr. Savage thinks that the era may be fixed to some part of the period between the years 1380 and 1390, when that nobleman, having grown into favour with the king, and obtained a considerable share in the direction of public affairs, might probably erect this monument of his greatness. This earl, with his nephew Henry Hotspur, son of Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, rebelling against king Henry IV., was taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, A. D. 1403, and was beheaded the next day; and in consequence of that event his estates became forfeited to the Crown. The king after retaining Wressle some time in his own hands, gave it to his son John Duke of Bedford, who died possessed of it in the year 1434, the twelfth of Henry VI., and left it to that king, his nephew and heir. The inhabitants of Wressle have a current tradition, that all the men capable of bearing arms in that parish were with the earl of Northumberland at the battle of Chevy Chase, where most of them were slain. Dr. Percy says that the first earl of Northumberland fought the battle of Chevy Chase; but the well known song of that name has been embellished with several circumstances relating to the battle of Otterburn.

Thomas Percy, knight, son of Henry Percy second earl of Northumberland, was created baron Egremont on the 20th Nov. 1446; and in the year 1457 he obtained a grant of the castle and lordship of Wressle to hold during his life. It is probable that the next possessor was Nevil lord Montague, brother of the famous earl of Warwick, who being created earl of Northumberland by king Edward IV., in the year 1463, had all the estates of the Percy's granted to him. But in 1469 Edward revoked that grant, and restored Henry Percy, the fourth earl of Northumberland, to the honours and estates of his ancestors. This castle and manor continued in the Percy family till the death of Josceline the eleventh earl of Northumberland, who dying May 21, 1670, without issue male, the title of earl of Northumberland became extinct; but the barony of Percy descended to his daughter the lady Elizabeth Percy, who in 1682 married Charles Seymour duke of Somerset, and transmitted to that family a very

rich inheritance, in which was included the lordship of Wressle. The Seymours continued lords of this place till the year 1750, when the duke of Somerset dying, his estates were separated, those which came by the lady Percy being divided between Sir Hugh Smithson, baronet, who married the duke's daughter and succeeded to the title of Northumberland, and Sir Charles Windham, baronet, his grace's nephew, who succeeded to the title of earl of Egremont. To this nobleman fell the Yorkshire estates of the Percy's, among which were the lordship and castle of Wressle; and his son the present earl of Egremont is now the proprietor.

Leland describes Wressle castle as built of very large squared stones, a great part of which was supposed to have been brought out of France. The whole building was a quadrangle with five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth over the gateway. He says that it was moated round on three sides, but without any ditch on the fourth, by which was the entrance; and he considers it as one of the most superb houses to the north of the Trent. It also appears that its noble possessors paid some attention to letters. For Leland in his Description says, "One thing I likid exceedingly: yn one of the Toures ther was a study called Paradise, wher was a closet in the middle of eight squares latisd aboute, and at the top of every square was a desk ledgid to set bookes on booke on cofers within them; and this semid as joined hard to the toppe of the closette, and yet by pulling one or al wolde cum downe briste highte in rabbettes and serve for desks to lay bookes on. The garde robe yn the castelle was exceedingly fair. And so wer the gardens within the mote and the orchardes withowt. And in the orchardes were mountes 'Opere topiario' writen aboute with degrees like turnings of cockle shells to cum to the top withowt payn. The river of Darwent rennith almost harde by the castelle and aboute a mile lower goith into the Owse. This ryver at greate raynes ragith and overflowith, much of the ground thereaboutes being lowe medowes. There is a park harde by the castelle."

In this castle the earls of Northumberland displayed a magnificence resembling, and scarcely inferior to, that of the royal court. Their household was established on the same plan: their officers bore the same titles and their warrants ran in the same style. All the chief officers of the earl of Northumberland's household, such as the comptrollers, clerk of the kitchen, chamberlain, treasurer, &c. were gentlemen both by birth and office; and the table at which they dined was called the Knight's board. The number of priests who were kept in this household were not fewer than eleven, at the head of whom was a doctor or bachelor of divinity; and there was also a complete establishment of singers, choristers, &c. for the service of the chapel. The household book of the Percys exhibits a curious display of the magnificence of our ancient nobility; and as the number of the earl of Northumberland's servants, who were in ordinary waiting at his lordship's castles of Wressle and Leckonfield, shew the grandeur of the feudal times, we shall give the following list from Mr. Savage's extracts:

"Gentlemen who wait before noon, six: yeomen and grooms of the chamber who wait before noon, ten: yeomen officers, four: groom officers, four: servants to wait in the great chamber in the morning from six till ten o'clock, twenty: gentlemen to wait in the afternoon, seven: yeoman of the chamber, yeoman waiters, and grooms of the chamber to wait in the afternoon, seven: yeomen officers of the household to wait in the afternoon, four: gentlemen to wait after supper, thirteen: yeomen of the chamber, yeomen waiters and groom officers

and grooms of the chamber to wait after supper, seventeen : yeomen of the household and groom officers of the household, which shall not attend after supper, eight : chaplains and priests, eleven : gentlemen and children of the chapel attending daily at matins, lady mass, high mass, and evening song, seventeen : yeomen officers, groom officers, and grooms in household, not appointed to attend because of their other business which they attend daily in their offices in the house, twenty-seven : an armourer : a groom of the chamber to the lord Percy to wait hourly in his chamber : a second groom for brushing and dressing his clothes : a groom of the chamber to his lordship's two youngest sons : a groom of the stirrup : a groom sumpter man to dress the sumpter horses and my lady's palfreys : a groom to dress the hobbys and nags : a groom to keep the hounds : a groom miller for grinding corn for baking and brewing : a groom porter for keeping the gates : a groom for driving his lordship's chariot : a keeper of the chariot horses : clerks of the household not appointed daily to attend because of making their books, which they are charged with to write upon hourly, seven : servants belonging to gentlemen in his lordship's house, ten : servants and gentlemen servants not appointed to wait because of their other business which they attend on daily for his lordship, forty-four : in all two hundred and twenty-nine."

The civil war in the reign of Charles I. proved fatal to this magnificent castle. During that unfortunate contest it was garrisoned by the Parliamentarians ; and though the earl of Northumberland had espoused their cause with considerable activity, yet the losses which he sustained from his own party, were almost incredible. By an account taken at Michaelmas, 1646, it appeared that the damages done by the garrison to his lordship's buildings, woods, inclosures, &c., with the losses arising from the non-payment of his rents, in consequence of the contributions levied on his tenants, amounted to 42,554*l.* a sum more than equivalent to 200,000*l.* in the present century. And after all the zeal which the earl of Northumberland had shewn for their cause, an order was issued in 1650 for dismantling Wressle Castle, and rendering it untenable, by demolishing three sides of the quadrangle and throwing down all the battlements. It was also required that windows of eight feet in breadth and height, and only eight feet asunder should be broken out all round the remaining side, and that the demolition should take place before the 17th day of May. In consequence of these orders, three sides of the square which composed this castle were demolished : the south side alone, which contained some of the principal state rooms, was left standing to serve as a manor-house ; but even this part was, by throwing down the battlements, deprived of its former majestic appearance.

It appears that after this demolition, Wressle castle was not long used as the mansion of its lords. It was occupied as a farm house till the year 1796, when an accidental fire, which broke out on the 19th February, completed its destruction ; and the naked walls are now the only remains of this noble monument of feudal grandeur.

SOME SCRAPS FROM THE DECAMERON, AND A FEW WORDS ABOUT ITS AUTHOR.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO was the Scheherizade of the West, and as the Western world was at the period of his existence, inferior to the East under the Caliph Haroun and his immediate successors, so must his stories concede the palm to those admirable, unsurpassable tales related by the Indian Sultana. Yet, if not to the same extent as the Orientalists, the Italians have ever had glowing souls, lively imaginations, and language most flowing. Thus it was that Italy produced Boccaccio, the father of modern romance, the progenitor of unrivalled intellectual amusement for the Christian world. Of all minds, that of the true story teller is the most fertile, and the most intent upon its object. The narrator of fiction sees a boundless expanse before him, and nothing can restrain or limit his flight. Thus was it with the author of the *Decameron*.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, was born at Certaldo, in Tuscany, in the year 1313. In his earliest application to learning, he exhibited luminous proofs of a genius that presaged the most felicitous success. But his father, being a commercial man, and not in affluent circumstances, designed him for trade, and with this view placed him with a Florentine merchant, who carried him to Paris. In this employment he continued for six years, and being expert in the art of keeping accounts, was much valued and esteemed by his master. But he now grew weary and impatient of his occupation ; and, as he shewed an aptness for study, his father made him change his present course, and apply himself to the canon-law, which was thought more congenial to his disposition, as well as more likely to enrich his finances. In this profession, however, he lost almost as much time as he had consumed in his former pursuit. It did not please him—*Dulces ante omnia Musæ*. Devoted to the muses, his father's commands, the reproofs and exhortations of his friends, were insufficient to check his natural tendency to poetry and philosophy. This irresistible affection he has himself expressed in lib. xv. de Geneal. Deorum, adding these curious remarks concerning his early attachment to fictions. 'Nor was it a new inclination,' says he, 'that turned my thoughts wholly to poetry, but a disposition of long standing : for I very well remember, that, before seven years of age, when as yet I had seen no fictions, had applied to no masters, and scarcely knew my letters, I had a natural talent for romance, and produced some trifling tales.

Shall we proceed with his life ? It may be told, with all its fame, in one phrase—He was an author, and wrote the *Decameron*.

Some information respecting his person we extract from a life by Filippo di Matteo Villani. 'The poet was rather inclined to corpulence, but his stature was portly, his face round, with a nose a little depressed above the nostrils, his lips somewhat full, but nevertheless handsome and well-formed, his chin dimpled and beautiful when he smiled, his aspect jocund and gay,

and his discourse agreeable and polished. He delighted in conversation, and gained many friends, but not one that succoured and assisted him in his need.'

Boccaccio died in 1375, and was buried at Certaldo, in the church of St. James and St. Philip, and the following epitaph, written by himself, as Villani rather superfluously observes, *lui viventi, when he was alive*, was inscribed on his tomb :

Hac sub mole jacent cineres, ac ossa Joannis,
Mens sedet ante Deum, meritis ornata laborum :
Mortalis vitæ genitor Boccaccius illi,
Patria Certaldum, studium fuit alma Poësis.

"Here," says an anonymous author from whom we borrow, "we shall briefly remark, that Boccaccio's 'Tales have been translated at different periods, into most languages, and his imitators and debtors are without end. His Decameron has been a store from which, confessedly, and frequently otherwise, innumerable authors, since his day, have drawn without scruple, and often with more wisdom than honesty.—We have pointed out some instances of the wealth acquired by Chaucer from this source ; and various advantages which Shakespeare and others have derived from the same spring, might, but for the reason already given, be added to swell the list ; for we may justly say, with Milton, alluding to this work of our Author :—

'Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns, draw light ;'

Or we may affirm of him what Doctor Johnson has well observed of Homer, 'That nation after nation, and century after century, have been able to do little more than *transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.*'"

And now to glance at the *Decameron* itself. What adventures ! what descriptions ! and despite of the unhappy coarseness that here and there pervades, what morality and satire ! For example, how graceful is the following narrative !

"It often happens that much pains have been taken, and many reproofs spent in vain upon a person, when sometimes a word thrown in by chance, and without any such design, has done the business. A good thing said may often be of service, and ought to be regarded, whoever the person is that reports it.

"During the reign of the first King of Cyprus, after the conquest of the Holy Land, by Godfrey of Boulogne, it happened that a gentlewoman of Gascoigne went on a pilgrimage to visit the holy Sepulchre, and, on her return home, being arrived at Cyprus, she was ill-treated by a parcel of villains, and making her complaint without receiving any redress, she resolved at length to go to the king ; but she was told, that she would only lose her labour, for he was so careless in every respect, and so little of a man, that, far from avenging the injuries done to others, he suffered an infinite number of the most shameful affronts offered to himself ; inasmuch that whoever were offended at him might vent their resentment at any time in the most opprobrious language. Which, when she had heard, entirely despairing of redress, she yet proposed some comfort to herself in her calamity, to upbraid him for his meanness of spirit ; and coming all in tears before him, she said, 'My lord, I appear in your presence not ex-

pecting to be revenged for the injuries I have sustained : but this small satisfaction I entreat, that you would tell me how you can bear those which I hear are committed towards yourself, that I may from thence be instructed patiently to bear my own, which, God knows, were it in my power, I would willingly consign to you, since you endure them so well." The king, who till that hour had been dull and inactive, as if he had been roused from a long sleep, began with avenging that lady's wrongs in the strictest manner, and from that time forward was most zealous in the punishment of every one who dared to do anything contrary to the honour of his crown."

How elegant are some of Boccaccio's touches, such as this:—

"The more we speak of the acts of fortune, so much the more, to such as consider them attentively, there remains to be spoken : which none need wonder at, who consider that all things, which we foolishly call our own, are in her power ; and that she blindly wills them from one to another incessantly, and without any rule or method that can be discovered by us."

The following is a capital hit at those intolerable bores—prosy, pointless, and ever perplexed would-be story tellers:—

"There lived in our city, not a great while ago, a lady of much worth and wit, whose good qualities deserve not that her name should be concealed ; she was called then Madame Oretta, and was the wife of Signor Geri Spina ; who, being by chance in the country, as we are now, and going to take a walk along with some ladies and knights, who had dined at her house the day before, from one place to another, and their journey seeming a little tedious as they were on foot, one of the knights who happened to be on horseback, said, that if she pleased, he would carry her part of the way, and entertain her with one of the best stories in the world. 'Sir,' she replied, 'I should be extremely obliged to you for it.' The knight, who told a story with as ill a grace as he wore a sword, began his tale, which was really a good one ; but, by frequent repetitions, and beginning it over again to say it better ; by mistaking also one name for another, and relating everything in the worst manner, he mangled it to that degree, that he made the lady quite sick : and, being able to bear it no longer, seeing him set fast, nor likely soon to extricate himself, she said pleasantly to him, 'Sir, your horse has a very uneasy trot, I beg you would set me down.' The knight, who took a hint more readily than he told a story, made a laugh of it, and turned his discourse to something else ; leaving what he had sorrowfully begun, and worse conducted, without offering to end it."

Boccaccio abounds with these kind of pleasant passages, but we reluctantly pass them over, to come to a tale which we have ever looked on as a perfect model of sweetness and simplicity. It commences with peculiar homeliness, and is charming throughout. The story is this :—

"You must all have heard of King Charles the Ancient, or the First, by whose glorious enterprise and great victory obtained over King Manfredi, the Ghibelline faction was driven out of Florence, and the Guelphs restored. On which account a certain Knight, called Neri de gli Uberti, departed with his whole family and a great store of wealth, meaning yet to live under the protection of no other king ; and choosing a solitary place, with a design to end his days in quiet, he went to Castello da Mare, where he purchased, about a bow-shot from all other houses,

amongst the olives and chesnuts with which that place abounds, a little estate, and built a small convenient house upon it, by the side of which was a most delightful garden, and in the middle of that, according to our taste, as there was great command of water, he made a fine canal, storing it well with fish; and attending only to the care of his garden, it happened that King Charles came during the summer to amuse himself at Castello da Mare for a few days; when, hearing of Neri's fine garden, he had a great desire to see it; and, considering that he was of the adverse party, he resolved to use the more familiarity towards him; so he sent him word, that he and four friends would come and sup with him the next evening in his garden. This was an agreeable message to Signor Neri, who made the necessary provisions for his entertainment, receiving him afterwards in the best manner he was able. The king highly commended both the house and garden; and the table being spread by the side of the canal, he sat down, ordering Count Guido de Monforte, who was amongst his attendants, to sit on one side, and Signor Neri on the other, and as for the remaining three, they sat as they were placed by Signor Neri. Supper was now served up in the most delicate order, with the best and richest wine, greatly to the king's liking; and whilst he was eating, with great admiration of the beauty of the place, two young damsels entered the garden, of about fifteen years of age, with their hair like golden wire, most curiously curled, and garlands of flowers upon their heads, whilst their mien and deportment bespoke them rather angels than mortal creatures: their garments were of fine linen cloth, as white as snow, which were girt round their waists, and hung in large folds from thence to their feet; she that came first had two fishing-nets, which she carried in her left hand upon her shoulder, and in her right was a long stick: the other, that followed, had a frying-pan upon her left shoulder, and under the same arm a faggot of wood, with a trevet in her hand, and in the other hand a bottle of oil and a lighted torch: at which the king was greatly surprised, and waited attentively to see what it meant. The damsels being come before him, made their obeisance in the humblest and modestest manner; and at the entrance of the pond, she that had the pan, with the other things, laid them down upon the ground, and taking up the stick which the other carried, they both stepped into the canal, the water of which came up to their breasts. A servant immediately kindled a fire, and laying the pan upon the trevet, and putting oil therein, he began to wait till the damsels should throw him some fish. So one of them beating the places where the fish lay, and the other holding the net, they soon caught fish enough, to the great diversion of the king; and throwing them to the servant, who put them alive, as it were, into the pan, they took out some of the finest, as they had been before instructed, and cast them upon the table before the king, Count Guido, and their father. The king was highly delighted with seeing them jump about, and he took and tossed them back in like manner, and so they diverted themselves, till the servant had fried that which he had in his pan, which was set before the king, by Signor Neri's order, more as a curiosity than anything nice and dainty. The damsels, thinking they had now done enough, came out of the water, with their garments hanging about them, and modestly saluting the king as before, they returned into the house. The king, with the count and the gentlemen that attended, were much taken with their extraordinary beauty and modest behaviour: the king especially, who was perfectly lost in admiration, and finding a secret passion stealing upon him, without knowing

which to prefer, they were so exactly alike, he turned to Signor Neri, and asked whose two damsels they were? When he replied, 'My lord, they are my daughters, born both at a birth, one of whom is called Gineura, the pretty, and the other Isotta, the fair;' The king commended them very much, and advised him to marry them; but he excused himself, alleging, that he was not in circumstances to do it. Nothing now remained to be served up but the dessert, when the two ladies came attired in rich satin, with two silver dishes in their hands, full of all manner of fruit, which they set before the king; and retiring afterwards to some distance, they sung a song, beginning in the following manner,

'Thy power, O love, who can resist?' &c.

with such exquisite sweetness, that it seemed to the king as if choirs of angels were descended from Heaven for his entertainment. No sooner was the song ended, but they fell upon their knees before him, to take their leave, which the king, though he was secretly grieved at it, seemed graciously to comply with. When supper was concluded, the king, with his attendants, mounted their horses, and returned to the palace, where, being unable to forego the love that he had conceived for Gineura, for whose sake he also loved her sister, as resembling each other, he grew so uneasy that he could think of nothing else; upon which account he cultivated, under other pretences, a strict friendship with the father, and used frequently to visit him at his garden, in order to see Gineura; till, unable to contain any longer, seeing he could think of no better way, he resolved to take not one only, but both from him by force; and he signified his intention to the Count Guido, who, being a nobleman of strict honour, said to this effect: 'My liege, I am greatly surprised at what you now say, and more perhaps than any other person would be, since I have known you more, even from your infancy; and as I never remember any such thing of you in your youth, when love has the greatest power over us, it seems now so odd, and out of the way, that I can scarcely give credit to it. Did it become me to reprove you, I know very well what I might say, considering that you are yet in arms in a kingdom newly conquered, amongst a people not known to you, abounding with treachery and deceit, and have many great and weighty affairs upon your hands; yet you can sit down at ease in such circumstances, and give way to such an idle passion as love. This is not like a great king, so much as an inglorious stripling. And, what is worse, you say you are resolved to take the two daughters away from a poor gentleman, whom he had to wait upon you out of his abundant respect, as well as to shew his great confidence in you, believing you to be a generous prince, and not a rapacious wolf. Have you so soon forgotten that it was Manfredi's taking the same liberties which opened your way to this kingdom? Can there be a baser crime than to take away from one that honours you, his honour, his hope, his entire comfort? What will people say in such a case? Do you think it any excuse his being of a different party? Is this kingly justice, to treat people in that manner, be they of what party they will, that throw themselves under your protection? It was great glory to conquer Manfredi, but, let me tell you, it will be much greater to conquer yourself. You, therefore, who are ordained to correct vice in others, learn to subdue your own; curb that unruly appetite, nor stain with so foul a blot the character you have so gloriously acquired.' These words touched the king to the quick, and so much the more as he knew them to be true; therefore he sighed and

said, 'Count, I hold it an easy conquest over an enemy, however formidable, compared to one's own passion ; but, be the difficulty ever so great, such is the force of your words, that before many days are past I will convince you, if I know how to conquer others, that I am able also to withstand myself.' So he went to Naples soon after, when, to put it out of his power to do a base thing, as well as to reward the knight for the favours shewed him, he resolved, however grating it seemed, to give another the possession of that which he himself coveted, to marry both the ladies, not as Signor Neri's daughters, but his own. Bestowing, then, large fortunes upon them, Ginuera, the pretty, he gave to Signor Maffeo da Palizzi, and Isotta, the fair, to Signor Gulielmo dello Magna, both worthy knights, retiring himself afterwards to Puglia, where, with great pains and trouble, he got the better at last of his passion and lived with ease and quiet ever after. Now, some people, perhaps, may say, that it is a small thing for a king to have bestowed two ladies in marriage. I allow it : but for a king to give away the very lady that he himself was in love with, and without plucking the least bud, flower, or fruit of his love, that I will maintain to be great indeed—Such, then, were the virtues of this most generous king, rewarding the courtesy of a noble knight, shewing a great and proper regard to his beloved fair one, and subduing his own desires with strict resolution and honour."

Honor to Boccaccio ! others may have taught us more, but he was the discoverer of a mine that has made us rich in recreation. He it was, to use the words of Chaucer, " whose rhetorike so swete enlumined Italie," aye, and hath since entertained the world

HISTORIC RUINS.

The Architectural Remains about Trim.

THERE are few persons who do not find pleasure in visiting celebrated ruins: to the historian, the poet, and the artist, they are fraught with interest; the romantic wanderer seeks their lonely haunts, indulging in dreams of past glory; and even the unromantic sight-loving citizen makes a holiday party to eat his cold dinner on the sod, beneath the shade of some old tower or roofless cathedral. His may not be a feast of reason; but judging from his abundant corporeal supply, he enjoys a very reasonable feast. There are many interesting ruins throughout Ireland—landmarks of time, transmitting to us the importance attached to the town or village near to which they once stood, in the pride of strength or beauty. Trim, the county town of Meath, situated on the river Boyne, is a place of great antiquity, and boasts of several fine old ruins. King John's Castle, built by Hugh De Lacy, in 1173, to whom Henry II. granted Meath by Royal Charter, stands on the south side of the Boyne, enclosed by strong walls, and turrets, with donjon and keep. King John, when in Ireland, passed some days in Trim; Richard II. committed the young lords, Gloucester, and Henry of Lancaster, afterwards Henry V., prisoners to the Castle: parliaments were held here, in the years 1447, 1484, 1487, 1491. In the reign of Edward II., Richard, Earl of Ulster held his court here with great splendour. The ruins of the fine old Castle, with the Boyne winding round its base, present a very imposing appearance. As the visitor approaches the town from that side, its unguarded battlements and lonely towers stand in sombre relief to the white cottages and modern buildings around, once the busy scene of strife or revelry. These relics now slumber in the summer sunshine; amidst the ruins, the village children love to play, watching the swallows twittering round the ivy-mantled walls, where many of the feathered tribe find shelter, the only things of life that still linger amidst these cold grey wrecks of time.

From the top of the Castle the view is very fine, several counties can be seen; at a short distance, the hills of Tara, once the seat of royalty and of song; to the right, the ruins of Dangan, the birth-place of England's Iron Duke, who, for some time resided in a small house in Trim, where his early education commenced. A column of the Corinthian order is erected in honour of him on the fair green of the town—all that remains to Meath of her absent son. The town, like most places in Ireland, is poor and neglected, there being no resident landlord to take an interest in its welfare. The beautiful pillar of Wellington encircled by wretched cabins, more like Indian huts than Christian dwellings, stands indeed in

strong contrast to the squalid misery around. A very cross literary man of satirical talent, some forty years ago stopped at the inn of Trim to breakfast; his entertainment must have been as bad as his temper, when he wrote the following lines on the window-shutter:—

“I envy much the brains of him,
Who aught could find to praise in Trim;
Where even the clergy try to damn men;
Where joy is rung from human grief,
Where every common man's a thief,
And every gentleman a hangman.”

It is quite evident he was a prejudiced traveller, who did not allow himself time to observe the natural beauties of the place, and to remember its claim to historic and classic fame. It was for years the retreat of Swift's Stella. The remains of the Dean's church are little more than a mile from the town. William Howitt, in his “Homes and Haunts of the Poets” gives a long and graphic account of Laracor, Swift's Vicarage in this neighbourhood. We extract the following from it:—

“Swift seemed to settle down at Laracor in good earnest. He found the church and parsonage much neglected and dilapidated, and set about their repairs at once. He was active and regular in the discharge of his clerical duties. He read prayers twice a week, and preached regularly on Sundays. The prayers were thinly attended, and it was on one of these occasions that Lord Orrery represents him as addressing the clerk, Roger Coxe, as ‘My dearly beloved Roger.’ The truth of the anecdote has been disputed, and is said to exist in an old jest-book, printed half a century before. This does not, however, render it at all improbable that Swift did not make use of the jest, especially when we know that Roger was himself a humourist and a joker; as, for instance, when Swift asked Roger why he wore a red waistcoat, and he replied, because he belonged to the church militant.

“Swift took much pleasure in his garden at Laracor; converted a rivulet that ran through it into a regular canal, and planted on its banks avenues of willows. As soon as he was settled, Stella, and her companion Mrs. Dingley, came over and settled down too. They had a house near the gate of Knightsbrook, the old residence of the Percivals, almost half a mile from Swift's House, where they lived when Swift was at Laracor, or were the guests of the hospitable vicar of Trim, Dr. Raymond. Whenever Swift left Laracor for a time, as on his annual journeys to England, the ladies then took possession of the vicarage of Laracor, and remained there during his absence. The site of Stella's house is marked on the Ordnance Survey of the county of Meath.

“Laracor is about two English miles from Trim. It lies in a drearyish sort of farming country, and to Swift, full of ambition, and accustomed to town life, and the stirring politics of the time, with which he was so much mixed up, one would have thought must prove a perfect desert. There is no village there, nor does there appear to have been one. It was a mere church and parsonage, and huts were very likely scattered about here and there, as they are now. The church still stands; one of the old, plain, barn-like structures of this part of the country, with a low belfrey. The

graveyard is pretty well filled with headstones and tombs, and some that seem to belong to good families. The churchyard is surrounded by a wall and trees, and in a thatched cottage at the gate lives the sexton. He said he had built the house himself: that he was seventy-five or so; and his wife, who had been on the spot fifty years, as old; but that the incumbent, a Mr. Irvine, was eighty-four, and that he was but the third from Swift. Swift held it fifty-five years, the next incumbent nearly as long, and this clergyman thirty-six, or thereabouts. It must, therefore, be a healthy place. The old man complained that all the gentry who used to live near were gone away. His wife used to get 20*l.* at Christmas, for Christmas boxes, 'and now she does not even get a cup o'tay. Poor creature! and she so fond of the tay!'

"Like his house at Dublin, Swift's house here is gone. There remains only one tall, thick ruin of a wall.—'What is that?' I asked of a man at a cottage, close by. 'It's been there from the time of the Dane,' said he. For a moment I imagined he meant the Danes; but soon recollected myself. Close to it, at the side of the high road, is a clear spring, under some bushes, and margined with great stones, which they call 'the Dane's cellar,' and 'the Dane's well.' Swift has not lost his popularity yet with the people. 'He was a very good man to the poor,' say they. 'He was a fine bright man.' This, however, is all the remains of his place here. The present vicar has built himself a good house in the fields, nearer to Trim; and not only the dean's house is all gone except this piece of wall, but his holly hedge, his willows, and cherry trees have vanished. A common Irish hut now stands in what was his garden. The canal may still be traced, but the river walk is now a marsh."

Trim also abounds in monastic ruins. The relics of the ancient Abbey, in which was preserved an image of the Virgin, burnt at the Reformation, consist principally of part of the tower of the yellow steeple, one half of which was destroyed by Cromwell, against whom it was defended for a considerable time. Here was a Dominican Friary founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in 1263, by Geoffrey de Geneville, Lord of Meath. This great man, who had joined a crusade to the Holy Land, and took an active part in the campaigns of Edward I., ended his days in the habits of a Dominican in the cloister, which he and his wife had built fifty years before. Yet, the most beautiful of all the many ruins, are those of the old Abbey of Newtown, unrivalled in its picturesque situation, on a bank above the river; eternal verdure seems to mark the spot; the ivy, *that* sweet garland of antiquity, clusters round its Gothic windows, clasping in its tender arms the holy shrine, and casting its green mantle over its fallen beauty; the burying ground around seems a velvet couch whereon "the weary are at rest," so soft and verdant is the sod at all times. Many of the rustic graves are shaded with hawthorn and elm trees: it is a hallowed and romantic spot. The Abbey was founded by Simon de Rochfort, Bishop of Meath, about the year 1206; the Prior was a lord of parliament. The church of Trim is of great antiquity, and said to have been founded by St. Loman, in A.D. 433, its first bishop, and nephew to St. Patrick. To the present rector of this church, the very Rev. Dean Butler, we are indebted for being able to give the above notices correctly, for we borrow from his learned little book of dates and records relative to the ruins of Trim. He is a gentleman of literary and antiquarian taste, and resides at the Glebe, a very tastefully

laid out and cultivated spot, opposite to the ivy-mantled old church. Dean Butler is married to a younger sister of Miss Edgeworth, by her father's last wife and survivor. Miss Edgeworth is very partial to Trim, and is a frequent visitor at the Glebe. M. D.

THE CHAPEL ON WAKEFIELD BRIDGE, LATELY A RUIN, BUT NOW RESTORED.

THE Chapel on Wakefield Bridge is famous in history and poetry, as marking the spot where, during the Wars of the Roses, the Black Clifford slew the youthful Duke of Rutland, the brother of Edward IV. This chapel, after being permitted to fall into decay and to become degraded to all manner of purposes, has been at last restored through the laudable exertions of the present Vicar, and inhabitants of Wakefield, and the people of the county of York. In a number of *The Wakefield Journal*, the event is thus noticed:—

“It is our gratifying duty to place on record the restoration and opening of the exquisite specimen of ecclesiastical architecture on Wakefield Bridge, known more generally as the “Chapel on the Bridge,” but more properly as the Chantry of St. Mary. Considering the reputation which this architectural gem had so long possessed throughout the country, one cannot but look back with astonishment and surprise that so long a period should have allowed it to become the prey of unrestrained mischief and barbarous desecration, which had only converted it into an inglorious monument of their own lack of taste or refinement. For centuries its hallowed walls were the haunts in turn of the “money-changers,” the pedlar, or the handicraftsman; who only seemed to occupy it as if to vie with the ravages of time in the unholy work of devastation. All honour, then, to the individuals through whose exertions this restoration has been effected; who have rescued our old town from its long and ill-borne slander; and again graced the ancient bridge of the romantic Calder with its pristine glories. Among the foremost of these names must be placed that of the Rev. Samuel Sharp, Vicar of Wakefield; to whose exertions we shall subsequently refer more in detail. Nor has the handsome manner in which his appeals have been responded to, resulted merely in the erection of a purposeless ornament to the town. It is now re-dedicated to the services of religion according to the rites of the Established Church; affords accommodation to the inhabitants of the recently-formed district of St. Mary, in place of an inconvenient building hitherto used for the purpose in the locality. The officiating minister of the district is the Rev. T. B. Parkinson. We cannot here omit to notice the liberality with which members of various dissenting persuasions have lent their pecuniary assistance, and the zeal they have manifested in furtherance of the work now happily brought to so successful an issue. There still, however, remains a considerable amount to defray the expenses already incurred, as well as to complete several internal and external works which the want of funds has hitherto prevented being undertaken. These we shall notice below. The expense already incurred has been about 2000*l.*; of which 500*l.* remains unsubscribed. The former amount is exclusive of the handsome gifts from individuals of various portions of the edifice, and its appendages. We feel assured, however, that when the facts of its present position become more fully known throughout the kingdom, the admirers of our national architecture will not allow its claims to remain unanswered.

"The first service in the restored edifice was performed on Sunday last, Easter Day; (1848) and during the Easter Festival the church services have been regularly performed."

St. Mary's Chapel, on the bridge at Wakefield, formed one of the most exquisite specimens of the decorated English style of architecture in the country. When the circular Saxon arch totally disappeared in 1220, the early English style commenced, the principal characteristic of which was its lancet-shaped windows. About the year 1300 such modifications had been introduced, and ornaments superadded as to give the title of the *decorated* English style. This is the most beautiful of all styles for ecclesiastical building. Of the style immediately preceding this, the Bridge Chapel at Wakefield was perhaps the most profusely decorated in the kingdom. The rich and superb workmanship of its west front, with its industrious and elegant tracery; its sculptured parapet and elaborate pinnaled canopies; the admirable proportions of the building and purity of embellishment exhibited in its details, have formed a theme of continued admiration and delight, no less than the beauty of the associations linked with the earlier history of the edifice.

As connected with the history of the bridge, the tragical death of the Duke of York's second son, the Earl of Rutland, forms a bloody episode in the history of the battle fought near the spot during the conflicting wars of the roses in 1640.

Sir Robert Aspoll, a priest, who was tutor to the Duke's second son, Rutland, led the interesting youth—not twelve years old, out of the bloody field, towards the town. Clifford saw his rich dress—followed—overtook him on the bridge, and demanded who he was. There is a tradition that Rutland begged shelter and concealment from a poor woman, who *tenanted a cottage on the bridge*, but she refused him admittance. At this critical moment, Clifford came up, and demanded who he was. The boy, speechless from alarm, fell on his knees—and held up his hands—and raised his imploring eyes. "Save him," said the chaplain, "he is the son of a Prince and may do you good hereafter!" "The son of York!" shouted the vindictive Lord, remembering his own loss at the Battle of St. Albans; "thy father slew mine, and so will I slay thee and all thy kin!" and to the destruction of his own character, buried a dagger in the youth's heart!

This cruel scene is given with terrible effect by Shakespeare, in King Henry VI., Part 3, Act 1, Scene 3.

The early history of the chapel on Wakefield Bridge, like that of most other wayside chapels throughout the kingdom, is involved in considerable doubt; and perhaps the architectural evidence of the building itself, so far as the scanty restorations will allow, is (in this case as in others) the most trustworthy guide as to the date of its original foundation. The remains of these solitary little buildings, though frequently met with, have never hitherto excited sufficient interest to lead to any inquiry as to the purposes for which they were formerly erected. The inquiry is far more interesting than might at first appear, these chapels being intimately connected with the early history of roads, which with causeways, aqueducts, and bridges, had followed the Romans in the conquering progress through subjugated provinces. Besides bridge chapels there were others on the highway, or in lonely places, which linked the intervals in the chain of communication, and were founded with the same benevolent intention—namely, that of providing for the temporary rest and refreshment of pilgrims and

travellers. Since journeys in former and Catholic times had, perhaps, less to do with commerce than religion, it seems very probable that the road between these little asylums was intrusted to their peculiar care, the whole being directed by and under the control of the superior establishments, from which such provident measures emanated. A small chapel was frequently situated on the outer boundary of convents, so as to be approached without entering the precinct gateway. It was also one among the uses to which the apartments over bars at the foot of bridges, or the entries of a town, were occasionally set apart. The west gate of the city of Canterbury was an example of this kind. At Litcham, in Norfolk, the Chapel belonging to the religious house established on the bank of the Nar, and in the road to Walsingham, was attached to the foot of the bridge for the admission of all who passed by the way. These solitary Chapels had no lodging rooms, and were places of transit rather than of sojourn: within their consecrated walls each wayworn and devotional traveller found rest for a short interval at the hours of prayer, or during a toilsome journey; here he gave utterance to his gratitude for past mercies, and to supplications for future; and then he sped him to the Hospital for bodily repose and refreshment, sure of welcome from the good Superior, who "loveth the stranger in giving him food and raiment." The clerical offices were performed by an authorized member of the religious house in possession of the advowson, a cappellane subservient to the parish priest, or in appointment of the lord of the manor. As to the motive for building chapels on bridges, we find in Mr. Leatham's lectures the following:—"In the first place, in ancient times, bridges were entrusted to the clergy for repair: their erection was considered an act of great piety; they were places of great resort, markets being sometimes held there, and tolls collected from passengers. Secondly—the building of a Chapel strengthened the bridge, it served for the general accommodation of travellers, and enabled them to offer up a prayer in setting out on, and a thanksgiving on their return from, a long journey. By night a light was kept burning on the tower, and this served as a mark for travellers by land or by water." Wayside chapels were the only places of public worship with which burial grounds were not locally connected. They had no walled enclosures; and no kind of sepulchral memorial has been discovered within or on the outside of any of these edifices, often as death must have overtaken the pilgrim on his way. Neither was the administration of baptism, nor the celebration of matrimony included in the duties prescribed to them, as was sometimes the case in privileged instances in assistant chapels belonging to districts at a distance from the mother church. The ruins of a village church environed by the graves and monuments of mortality, present a less dreary aspect than these forlorn structures. Surely there must have been something more than idle curiosity as asserted by many—something holy in pilgrimages, conducted as they were under much and severe privation, without prospect of relief for many long days together, except in the hope of assistance within the walls of these sacred and provident institutions.

The chapel on Wakefield bridge, like many another pious edifice, became a prey to the sweeping devastations made on holy institutions by Henry VIII.: it was suppressed as a place of worship, and afterwards rented out for various secular purposes. Its history thence until its present restoration consisted only of changes in possession by under tenants, which were, in general, varied modes of further mutilation of its beautiful

remains. A warehouse—an old clothes shop—a flax dresser's shop—a news-room—a cheese-cake and ginger-bread shop—a corn factor's office—a tailor's residence—such are the terms in which its protracted degradation must be told.

In justice to the people of Wakefield and its neighbourhood, it must be said that they ever readily expressed their disgust and impatience at this unrighteous desecration. One of the first, however, to speak boldly and publicly out upon the subject was Mr. Maude of Moor House, a magistrate for the West Riding, (now a liberal contributor to the restoration) who, at the Easter Quarter Sessions held at Pontefract in 1834, called the attention of the late Lord Wharnccliffe, then chairman, and his brother Justices to the dilapidated state of the building. Little, however, was done at the time: the honor of the chapel's restoration remained for the present day, when we happily see reviving that spirit of piety in architecture which led our forefathers to decorate every thickly inhabited locality of England with structures, whose wonderful magnificence animated the faithful, and did due homage to the glory of the living God. The chapel on Wakefield bridge is now most tastefully, splendidly, and solidly renovated.

GENEALOGICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

SIR,—Six months have elapsed, since I availed myself of your pages to invite public attention towards the formation of a Society for the purposes indicated above. I regret to say, after so much patient waiting, that the amount of co-operation has not been sufficient to warrant any active proceedings. The project must yet remain in abeyance. Genealogical and heraldic studies are in comparative infancy with us. They are growing daily in importance and interest; and it is impossible to look back, through a few years, upon the Past, without auguring a brilliant and successful Future.

Meanwhile, it is happy for us to know that the majority of documents, which would come under such a Society's notice, are in perfect safety in their various receptacles. They can bide their time. There is but one class that seems in danger; and I would offer some hints calculated to promote their preservation, simple, and of a practical kind. The invaluable records I would thus seek to perpetuate, are—Parochial Registers.

I have read, with pleasure, the letter from the Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nafferton Vicarage, printed in your February No. (p. 166), in reference to this subject; and fully concur with him in the importance he attaches to these Ecclesiastical Entries. They are the silent—in most instances, the only—witnesses to the births, marriages, and burials of thousands; yet the nation has done nothing to save them from extinction, and their continuance depends so much on casual circumstances, that it were safer to predict their destruction than their preservation. There are certain objections, however, to the Parliamentary interference Mr. Morris suggests, such as would make one less anxious that the thing should be attempted by the Legislature. In the first place, I question whether Parochial Registers are public, as distinguished from ecclesiastical property, so as to bring them fairly under such supervision. In the next place, I am sure that an Act of Parliament can never so effectually operate for good, as the private enterprise of a few zealous individuals, who are heartily interested in the matter. A law is a cumbrous piece of machinery, rarely perfect in all its parts, and sometimes mutilating if not destroying much that is good; while its design was to subserve every purpose of usefulness alone. Did Englishmen rely on the "Acts" of the Legislature, and not on their own unflinching industry, the country would never have attained its present high position.

At the same time, if our last appeal must be made to the two houses and to the sovereign, I shall be the last to create obstructions.

I would now respectfully lay before the clergy of the United Kingdom, an easy and feasible plan of not alone preserving the Registers, but of forming in each parish a local memorandum book of imperishable interest to the antiquary, genealogist, and district resident; and of amassing a store of minute information, such as cannot be looked for in the pages of a

County History. The proposal is simply this. Let the incumbent make known to his parishioners his intention of newly copying all the registers, and let him solicit their pecuniary help towards the expenses. A shilling subscription from each of the richer inhabitants, will supply the requisite funds, and can hardly be refused, when the records are all of a personal nature. With these subscriptions, let a folio volume of parchment leaves, and secured by a lock and key, be purchased, and the transcripts be made by the neatest penman of the place, who shall be remunerated at so much per page. Each item to be *literally* copied, whether orthographically correct or not. A margin to be left around each page, to admit of the book's being again bound if necessary; and at the foot of each page, a blank space of about two inches, for the purpose of introducing the following verification :—

"We, the Minister and Churchwardens of the Parish of ———, in the County of ———, have carefully compared the above entries with the original in the Parochial Register, and certify that the transcript has been made without the smallest alteration, whether by addition, omission, or otherwise.

(Signed) A. B., Rector, Vicar, or so forth.
C. D. } Churchwardens for the time
E. F. } being."

Dated this ——— day of ———, in the year of our Lord, 184—.

Should more than one volume be required, the same process needs but to be repeated, until all the registers were fairly copied out; and by a little attention to the inks used, there can be no fear of these parochial documents for three centuries to come. Some words and dates would be found in the earlier registers to be blurred; but faded writing can be readily restored to its original freshness, by applying with a camel's hair brush, a wash of galls bruised and steeped in any white wine—the proportions being, one gall to the full of a wine glass. Where a word, notwithstanding, was doubtful, it would be perhaps advisable to make a fac-simile on tracing paper, and so transfer it; but I should expect that the instances would be very few, where the Minister, Churchwardens, and Amanuensis, aided by a good magnifying glass, would fail in their decyphering. The Amanuensis should read over every page carefully, previous to his transcribing it, and should have any entry he did not understand explained to him by his employers.

Into this new volume, or volumes if need be, every monumental inscription, whether in the church or graveyard, should be faithfully copied. And as each new stone was erected, I would have the date, the person, and the exact locale specified in the registry. I mean the date when, the person by whom, and the place where it was set up. Indeed, at the same time of copying any epitaph, it would be most desirable that some notice of its location should be also given. If it be in the church, the nave, chancel, side-aisle, or chapel should be mentioned; if without in the burying ground, the quarter, east, west, north, or south, should be indicated, and a small diagram of the place, if divided into squares, and lettered or otherwise indexed, would at once signify the particular spot.

Beside these, I would have the clergyman introduce some graphic illustrations which—if he possessed adequate skill—might be his own contribution, or if not, then the gift of some artistic friend. Should we not all wish to see what our churches were one, two, three, or more centuries ago? In some few cases we can; but in the majority, the wish is vain.

A south-east and a north-west view externally, will give all the great features; but I would also have an interior, and drawings of curious fonts (should such be found), with sketches of remarkable tombs, and heraldic notices of hatchments. These copies to be in like manner authenticated, as were the registers.

Nor would I rest here, though what follows may appear to be of a less clerical character. I would have the village pastor acquaint himself thoroughly with the history of his locality. I would have him familiar with every national event that occurred within the sphere of his labour, and occasionally draw his lesson, whether of warning or encouragement, from the reminiscences he could thus call up around him. I would have him so investigate old times, that the biography of every remarkable individual, connected with his parish, should be well known to him. Should he be blest with a family, I would have him direct their investigation to a still more extended knowledge of the place. The botany he may very fitly turn his daughters' minds to, and teach them a moral in every simple flower: nor need his sons be unemployed. Them I would direct to the *fauna* of the locality; and in pursuing the study of the habits and characteristics of the animated beings around them, they could not be idle. The antiquities might be committed to both.

After a time, when materials grew on his hands, I would have him venture on a Parochial History. The volume might simply consist of all his "gatherings." A reprint of the registers, copies of all interesting epitaphs, notices of remarkable inhabitants, illustrations of the topography and historical associations, and some account of the natural history; these would be quite enough. And think you not, Mr. Editor, that if we possessed such *Parochialia Collectanea* for every place in these islands, we should have a fuller knowledge of ourselves than any nation has yet attained to? I commend the project to your readers' best attention, and remain

Yours very truly,

GENEROUS.

11th May, 1848.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING IN 1848.

IF the annual display of the Royal Academy fully and fairly expresses the state of art in England, a visit to the present Exhibition will soon satisfy any person who has been observant of the progress of painting of late years, that these are not the palmy days of British art. The Royal Academy, which has reached its eightieth anniversary, might certainly occupy a prouder position than it now holds. Some few years since, rapid was the progress in improvement, and unquestionable was the approach to excellence; but, compared with the Exhibitions of the two years immediately preceding, the present display shews a lamentable falling off. While we thus speak, far be it from us to state aught from which it might be inferred that the works of Art which are now exhibited by the Royal Academy are not creditable, taken generally, to the present school of painting in England; we merely give it as our humble opinion, that a decided inferiority, as compared with previous exhibitions, is now at once discernible. Having offered these few prefatory remarks, we shall proceed to notice the productions which appear to us most worthy of observation.

Foremost stands LANDSEER, proudly pre-eminent wherever the artists of England are named. His principal work in the present Exhibition is called, "Alexander and Diogenes," and this he has treated in his own peculiar style. A white mastiff, in whose eye a mingled expression of contempt and pride is wonderfully blended, represents Alexander, while a rough-looking dog performs the part of the cynic; and, true to history, occupies a tub. The attendant courtiers are, of course, of the canine species, and to each has the painter most felicitously given the character to be represented in this scene. It is needless to say that the animals are painted with that fidelity to nature in which Landseer invariably succeeds, and that the drawing and colouring are both equally excellent. Next in importance to this picture is another from the same easel—"An Old Cover-Hack." The scene is a stable yard, in which stands a white horse, and for the correctness of the portrait we have no doubt his owner will vouch. In the foreground lies a hound licking his foot, and near the stable door are placed two dogs, painted as Landseer alone can paint. The accessories, although trivial to enumerate, are treated in an admirable style, and heighten the effect of this masterly production. Another work by Landseer, "A Random Shot," is not in his happiest manner. A wounded deer lies bleeding on a snow-drift, and is approached by a fawn. From the pencil of Landseer, the animals are perfection, but in these only, in the present instance, the excellency consists.

"Chivalry" is the subject of a picture by MACLISE, on which much labour must have been bestowed, but to which, as an historical composition, aiming at high art, equal praise cannot be given. The drawing is correct, and the grouping is well arranged, but the sickly tone of the colouring, the sharpness of the outline, and the management of the light, sadly mar the effect of what might otherwise be fairly considered an admirable performance. We would respectfully recommend Mr. MacLise to give

attention to the motto chosen this year by the Academy, of which he is certainly a most worthy member, and he will find that, "True art can only be learned in one School, and that School is kept by Nature." Hogarth closely followed this precept which he taught, and the Artists of the present day will not err if they will tread in his footsteps. "John Foster, Esq., in the character of Kiteley," is a clever picture, by Maclise. It is of cabinet size, and here the faults to which we have alluded in speaking of the larger work, are not apparent; but in the "Portrait of Mrs. Charles Dickens," they are repeated in their fullest force. In portrait-painting simplicity of style is much to be commended, but we think Mr. Maclise might have omitted the thimble on the lady's finger.

PATTEN, who ranks deservedly high as a colourist, has produced a very superior work—"Flora and Zephyrus." In the female figure there is careful and correct drawing, but the painter has injured the effect of his picture by introducing gold embroidery on the robe.

"The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards of the South of France, on the banks of the Gironde," displays the exquisite taste with which UWINS treats these subjects. Many of the figures are, in themselves, portraits, and the rich glow of an autumnal sun imparts to every object a delightful hue, that the painter has, with great truth to nature, ably depicted.

Every visitor to the Exhibition of last year will remember the beautiful picture—beautiful from its simplicity—of "The Early Life of Our Saviour," by HERBERT. He has now produced a work in a similar style—"St. John the Baptist reproving Herod." Simple in its arrangement, but gorgeous in colouring, and in drawing admirable, it is in every way worthy of this able painter, and will add to his already well-earned reputation.

MULREADY has wasted his powers on a very silly subject—"A Boy shooting Cherries into the Mouth of his Companion." It is a small-sized picture, painted with all that careful neatness which characterizes the productions of this artist. In a style similarly careful is painted "A Rustic Party at a Game of Whist," by WEBSTER. The varied expression in the countenances of the four players is admirably treated.

One of the most attractive pictures in the rooms—attractive to a true lover of art—is "Lady Jane Grey," by LESLIE. It illustrates a part of the history of her life where she

" ————— in her chamber sate,
Musing with Plato,"

when others went to enjoy the chase. It is exquisitely painted, and may be looked upon as the gem of the collection.

ETTY, as usual, has his studies from Academy models, and strains at effect in foreshortening, to an extent that surpasses even Michael Angelo himself. As studies of colour, some of Etty's works are excellent, and we should not omit to notice his peculiar powers in "A Group of Captives." A blonde and two brunettes, the former, whose face is hidden, is admirable for the richness of tone in the flesh tints. There is a large picture, the figure is in fact colossal, of "John the Baptist," by Etty, which will not, we think, add much to the painter's renown. The figure is totally deficient in that commanding dignity, which should be characteristic of "Him that crieth from the Wilderness."

In correct drawing there is not an artist in the British School to equal

ELMORE. This admirable quality, without which a painter cannot reach eminence in his art, is fully displayed by Mr. Elmore in a picture of 'The Death-bed of Robert King of Naples, surnamed 'The Good and the Wise.' " A number of characters are introduced, but the grouping is so well managed, that all confusion is avoided, and the story is well told. We should add, that the colouring is as rich as the drawing is careful and correct.

KENNEDY has been most successful in his picture of "Palmer and Sir Guyon's approach to the Bower of Bliss." The subject is taken from the "Faerie Queene," and the painter has ably represented the scene of the poet's exquisite description. Another scene from the same immortal poem, forms the subject of a very superior work, by PICKERSGILL, the Associate, "The Contest of Beauty for the Girdle of Florimel—Britomartis unveiling Amoret"—

"Whose face, discovered plainly, did expresse
The heavenly portrait of brighte angels' hue."

The picture, like that to which we have just alluded, is remarkable for beauty of colour, and both display great ability in composition

STONE and EGG are public favorites, and deservedly so. The former exhibits this year a highly creditable production—"Christ and the Sisters of Bethany." It is sweetly painted, and chaste and pure in style, on the model of the ancient masters; it is remarkable for its simplicity. We hope to see this picture properly engraved, and trust that Mr. Stone will again exert his powers in the illustration of a subject similar to this, which he has so successfully treated. The only picture from Mr. Egg's easel, in this year's exhibition, is worthy of his fame. The subject his "Queen Elizabeth discovering she is no longer young." The costume and the accessories are executed with the painter's accustomed ability, and the mixture of rage and mortification in the features of the Queen are cleverly expressed.

Among the portrait painters GRANT immeasurably outstrips all his competitors. He exhibits several full-lengths of life-size. In the graceful elegance of the figures, his splendid picture of "The Ladies Mary Fitzalan, and Adeliza Fitzalan Howard, daughters of the Duke of Norfolk," cannot be surpassed; and in similar style, is his group of Lady Pollington and her son, with her sister Lady Dorothy Neville. In the latter he has given an inexpressible grace to the head, and although nearly in profile, "the very soul of the person represented, is visible in the portrait."* BUCKNER has some very clever pictures in the Exhibition. That which pleased us most is one containing full-length portraits of "The Marchioness of Ormond and her son the Earl of Ossory;" a highly creditable performance, and calculated to gain for the painter a lasting renown. Another portrait worthy of notice is that of "The Earl of Sefton," by WESTCOTT, an admirable likeness, and full of freedom and spirit.

We must not omit to mention a picture by CORN, Academician elect. The subject is the arrival of Wolsey at Leicester shortly previous to his death, as described in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. It is stated to have been painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and will not be unworthy of a place in the Royal Collection.

The landscapes in the present Exhibition are not so numerous as in

* This was said of Vandyck as a portrait painter.

those of former years, but these are sufficient to uphold the fame of the English School in this branch of the art.

STANFIELD exhibits five pictures, all remarkable for that exquisite style he has made peculiarly his own. "Amalfi" is a noble work, which presents a scene possessing many features of picturesque beauty. The precipitous rocks washed by the sea, the lonely watch-tower, and the mountains fading gradually into indistinctness in the distance, are each touched by the hand of a master. Of equal excellence is "Mola de Gaeta, from the Appian Way," in which the light and shade are admirably managed.

We were much struck with a very sweet landscape, "A View at Ambleteuse," by G. STANFIELD, jun., an artist who certainly will bring no discredit on the name he bears.

CRESWICK, WITHERINGTON, and LEE, retain their well-earned reputation, and COOPER exhibits some of his Cuyyp-like productions. HARDING contributes but one picture—"The High Alps, as seen between Como and Lecco,"—a magnificent work in his happiest style.

There is a splendid interior by ROBERTS, "The Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul at Antwerp." This, the catalogue informs us, has been painted for Robert Vernon, Esq., to form a part of his collection of the Works of British Painters, presented by him to the nation. The gorgeous decorations of the church, with its magnificent high altar, are represented with fidelity, and with a great freedom of pencil; the colouring is clear and fresh, and, as usual with all the works of this artist, the linear and aerial perspective are managed with equal skill. "Mount St. Michael, on the Coast of Normandy," proves the versatility of his powers, and shews that in landscape and in architecture he is equally excellent.

The peculiar effect of sunset and moonlight have been so admirably treated by DANBY as to render his name famous. The former he has introduced in a picture, called "The Evening Gun," in a style which renders it the very perfection of art. The frigate at anchor in a calm, with her tapering spars strongly defined, is represented with happy effect, but he has sadly over-masted the vessel, and his knowledge of Naval architecture is not equal to that possessed by Knell, who has painted a picture full of life and spirit, "The Action off Camperdown."

The miniatures are numerous, but with the exception of THORBURN, ROSS, and CARRICK, the exhibitors in this branch claim but little attention. By the former there is a group containing portraits of the Queen, the Princess Helena, and Prince Alfred, in which the simplicity of style borders on affectation. Far better is his picture of Lord Arthur Hervey's family.

Some of the architectural drawings are very fine; and among them we observed "A sketch of a National Gallery," by WESTMACOTT. Were a structure erected from the design, it would in some measure be entitled to bear the name of a palace of the arts, and would grace the splendid site occupied by the present miserable building, which is as unfitted for the uses to which it is now placed, as it is disgraceful to the nation.

The works in Sculpture, the purest of the arts of form (in which Phidias excelled before Apelles was known), are considered by the Royal Academicians of the present day to be unworthy of a better place in the gallery of the nation than the miserable closet to which they have been doomed, and where it is almost impossible, from a want of space, to form a correct judgment of them. This is a gross injustice to the Sculptors of England, and we fear there is no remedy, while the present ill-constructed building

stands. But we must speak of the Sculpture as far as a confined inspection will enable us. GIBSON, an English Academician, but a Sculptor who has attained all his excellence at Rome, exhibits an admirable marble bust of Her Majesty ; and a statue in marble of "Aurora stepping upon earth, scattering dew." In this statue Gibson has taken for his model the purest form in Grecian art, and has embodied the loftiest conception of ideal beauty.

The "Dancing Girl Reposing," by MARSHALL, executed in marble for the Art Union of London, and for which he gained the £500 prize, is now well known from casts and from engravings. It is a figure of exquisite grace, and forcibly recalls to our mind the chaste and purely classical forms that came from the chisel of Canova.

BAILEY, whose "Eve" is sufficient to establish his fame, only exhibits two busts. That of the Hon. Paul Methuen is equal to Chantrey, which is no mean praise. Of busts by various other Sculptors there is a large collection,—among them we should notice one, by DURHAM, of Madle. Jenny Lind, remarkable as an admirable likeness. Likewise worthy of note, for the closeness of the resemblance, are MOORE's busts of Viscount Palmerston and the Right Hon. Richard Sheil. An equestrian statuette of the Queen, by Count D'Orsay, is full of that life and spirit he imparts to his models, and is not wanting in the grace and dignity which are among Her Majesty's acknowledged characteristics.

Θῆτα.

* * * Want of space compels us to postpone to next month our notice of the * Exhibition of the Societies of Painters in Water-colours, Burford's New Panorama of Paris, &c.

THE OPERA.

HER Majesty's Theatre is now in all its glories of last year. Jenny Lind is here once more, unrivalled, unimpaired in excellence—unabated in attraction. Her *Sonnambula*, her *Figlia del Reggimento*, and, for the first time in this country, her *Lucia di Lammermoor*, have enraptured crowd after crowd. The magic melody of her voice is still supreme. It becomes, however, a work of supererogation to detail its effects, or to comment on its splendour. We therefore, after remarking that she is again ably supported by Gardoni, pass on to one great recent novelty of the season, the first appearance of the *prima donna* Signora Tadolini, who has such wide-spread continental fame. The opera chosen for her debut was that of "*Linda de Chamouni*."

Signora Tadolini has long been the boast of Italy and the Austrian empire; and she has accordingly come to this country with a reputation fully formed—a reputation which she did not in any sense of the word gainsay upon her appearance. Her advent on the stage was hailed with a hearty welcome by one of the most crowded and fashionable houses of the season, including royalty; and she fully justified, at the very onset of her performance, the anticipations excited by her previous high character. Signora Tadolini has a voice clear, bell-toned, and remarkably agile. She is a real *soprano-acuto*, endowed with astonishing facility of execution. On her debut, her first notes were clear and the intonation true, but they wavered with trepidation. There could not, however, exist for a moment the slightest doubt of her being a gifted singer; and, when she had become somewhat recovered, her execution of her first cavatina—the favourite "*Luce di quest' anima*"—at once revealed greatness. The applause was enthusiastic; throughout the evening she kept up her supremacy. The requisite grace, style, and variety of her execution gave rise every moment to exclamations of admiration. At the conclusion she introduced a rondo from an opera written for her by the Italian composer, Lauro Rossi. This *morceau* displayed the resources of her talent, untouched before, and probably expressly reserved. The boldest flights, as well as the most intricate chromatic passages, she executed with the greatest ease, and with a novelty and originality in the highest degree interesting to the musician and fascinating to all. As the curtain descended there arose a tempest of plaudits. The curtain rose again—even the Queen and the Royal Consort, who had risen with their suite to retire, remained standing to hear this *morceau* over again. Mr. Reeves was the tenor on the first occasion of Signora Tadolini's acting, but he has since seceded, and Gardoni has shewn great talent in assuming his part most effectively, at almost a moment's notice.

In person, Signora Tadolini is full but well formed: she has a grand Italian countenance, with mobile features and expressive eyes; and is altogether a very handsome woman

Signora Schwartz's magnificent voice and cultivated style were developed to great advantage in the part of Pierrotto ; and it is not saying too much to assert, that since the best days of Maria Brambilla, this character has had no better representative. She looked and played the part remarkably well, and shewed herself an intelligent actress as well as a skilful musician, in the course of its performance.

Coletti's Antonio was grand, impressive, and lofty in its character. Lablache was as great as ever in the Prefetto, and that is saying as much as possible. The orchestra and chorus were excellent.

The ballet department now boasts of the united presence of Cerito, Rosati, and Carlotta Grisi. Such, then, being the state of this great Theatre, can attraction, operatic or Terpsichorean, further go ?

LITERATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION OF ETON COLLEGE, AND OF THE PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SCHOOL, by E. S. CREASY, M. A., Professor of History at University College, London; late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and formerly Newcastle Scholar, Eton. Longman & Co., Paternoster Row, 1848.

ETON COLLEGE, beautiful in its situation, aristocratic in its pupils, and excellent in its education—Eton, whence so many great men have sprung and so many doubtless are yet to spring, will ever be a subject of deep and agreeable interest. Mr. Creasy, a distinguished disciple of this justly renowned school, here gives a record of the foundation and vicissitudes of the place, and an account of its laws and institutions. Mr. Creasy has written the book with clearness, care, and accuracy, but we confess that we are a little disappointed at his not having entered somewhat discursively and poetically into so graceful a subject. Surely Eton College, the proud nursery of the Peers of England, situate, as they themselves are, just below and next to the royalty of Windsor, teems with history and anecdote far beyond dry details of its chartered origin and ordinances. A mere description of its picturesque locality would fill a chapter. How differently does Stoughton, in his "Windsor in the Olden Time," begin to talk about it. He speaks thus:—

"Let us now yield to the gentler influence of natural scenes and objects connected with Windsor in the days of Elizabeth; and first let us go down to Eton. 'In the precincts of Windsor,' says Paul Hentzner, 'on the other side the Thames, both whose banks are joined by a bridge of wood, is Eaton, a well-built college. As we returned to our inn, we happened to meet some country people, celebrating-harvest home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres: this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can, till they arrive at the barn. The farmers here do not bind up their corn in sheaves, as they do with us, but directly as they have reaped or mowed it, put it into carts, and convey it into their barns.' These are pleasing images of rural simplicity; and we confess, those well-loaded carts, winding along the village of Eton, then of agricultural appearance, with the merry maidens and the farmers' servants singing their songs of glee, and shouting harvest-home, while the setting sun throws his slanting rays over the chapel towers, and the well-reaped fields around it,—all calm and silent, save when interrupted by those joyous shouts—we confess, these sights and sounds have, to our eye, ear, and heart, a beauty far transcending all the pomp and pageantry of proud Bessy's court."

We must, however, take Mr. Creasy's work as we find it; and, being an account of what Eton was and is, it certainly has its merits. It thoroughly explains the nature of the establishment, and corrects some popular prejudices about it, with apparent good argument and truth. Of the foundation of the College, Mr. Creasy thus writes:—

"Henry the Sixth had in his infancy succeeded to the English throne, and he had

'Worn upon his baby brow the top
And round of sovereignty'

over France also. But during his boyhood England had lost almost all her conquests in that country; and the growing turbulence of the English nobility, together with the public discontent at the national reverses, must have made the young heir of the Lancastrian dynasty feel, as he advanced towards manhood, that he was entering on a troubled and perilous reign. But the gentleness of spirit and fervid piety which distinguished and sustained Henry through all the vicissitudes of his troubled life, grew in him from his youth up. Blended with these we find in his disposition an earnest love of learning, and a sincere zeal for the progress of education and the advancement of all the liberal sciences. Like the other princes of his house, he was a zealous adherent of the Roman Catholic church, and a severe enemy of the followers of Wycliffe; and some have supposed that a desire to discourage the spread of Lollardism through the agency of private teachers, many of whom were at that time imbued with the new tenets, co-operated in the minds of Henry and his advisers with the other motives that led to the foundation of Eton College, not only as a place of gratuitous instruction and maintenance for indigent scholars, but as a place of education for the children of wealthier families.

"The state of literature in England, and indeed in Europe in general, was by no means brilliant at this period. Some learned Greeks had already left Constantinople for Italy, and communicated some acquaintance with their language; but it was almost unknown in the Western kingdoms. Latin, from being the language of the Church, had never ceased to be studied; but it was more the Latin of the missals and the schoolmen than that of the classics. The Roman laws formed one of the branches of learning in our Universities (involving also the study of the Latin tongue), but the logic and metaphysics of the schoolmen continued to form the main pursuits of men who devoted themselves to a learned life.

"Henry applied for the sanction of the Pope for his foundation, and in the following February a bull of Pope Eugenius the Fourth was obtained, authorising the king to found and endow his College as specified in his charter.

"This bull also contained a papal indulgence, which is styled in the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury ordering its publication, more ample than any previously granted by any Roman pontiff. In it Pope Eugenius granted a plenary remission of sins to those who should devoutly visit the College chapel on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The contributions of the pilgrims were to be devoted to the support of the College buildings, and to the expulsion of the Turks from the Holy Land.

"The building of the College commenced in the year 1441; the first stone of the chapel being laid in the month of July in that year.

"The first statutes were drawn up in 1443, and in that year William Waynflete, the first provost, and the first fellows, clerks, and other members of the College were sworn in. A more complete body of statutes was published by the Founder in 1446. He also, according to a power which he had reserved to himself, granted his letters patent to the bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, authorising them to correct and reform the statutes during his life; this was in 1454. Some additions were accordingly made by these prelates to the body of the statutes, which then were finally completed.

"The Founder in his statutes greatly enlarged the members of his College,

as mentioned in the original charter; King Henry's final design comprising seventy scholars instead of twenty-five; and adding also an usher for the school, a parish clerk and two more choristers; but reducing the number of the almsmen from twenty-five to thirteen.

"The school thus founded speedily was resorted to as a place of education by the sons of the higher orders, as well as by the class for whose immediate advantage the benefits of the foundation were primarily designed. The vicinity of Eton to Windsor, the usual place of royal residence and of the court, probably aided much to thus make Eton from its very commencement the first place of education in the land. An interesting anecdote is cited in the MS. history to which I have referred, apparently first told by one of King Henry's chaplains, who was an eye-witness of what he relates, which shews both how early the school was frequented by the connexions of the King's attendants, and the gentle but earnest anxiety of the Founder for his young Alumni. 'When King Henry met some of the students in Windsor Castle, whether they sometimes used to go to visit the King's servants whom they knew, on ascertaining who they were, he admonished them to follow the path of virtue, and besides his words would give them money to win over their good-will, saying to them, 'Be good boys; be gentle and docile, and servants of the Lord. *Sitis boni pueri, mites et docibiles, et servi Domini.*'—Kind and wise words from the Founder's own lips, which the Eton boy of the present day should cherish, as addressed to himself as well as to those who first enjoyed the Founder's bounty four hundred years ago.

"In the well-known collection called the Paston Letters there is preserved a curious document, which proves both how early the sons of the English gentry were educated at Eton, and also that from the very first period of the school's existence, skill in Latin versification was regarded as the crowning excellence of an Etonian. The letter I refer to, is one written on the 14th of February 1467, by William Paston, junior, from Eton, to his elder brother, John Paston, at the family seat in Norfolk. The young student, who seems at the date of the letter to have been about eighteen or nineteen, and who was evidently an Oppidan, thanks his brother for money sent him to pay for his board, and for some figs and raisins which he was expecting by the first barge. He then narrates a love affair, and describes the merits of a young gentlewoman to whom he had been introduced at a wedding-party in the neighbourhood by his Dame. The young gentleman seems even at that tender age to have been wary in his love, and does not omit to mention the money and plate that would form his fair Margaret's immediate dowry, and also her reversionary interests, which he wishes his brother to inquire further into. And, as if he distrusted his taste in beauty, he wishes his brother to see the young lady and judge for himself, and says, 'Specially behold her hands, for and if it be, as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick.' He seems impatient to leave Eton, and tries to convince his brother that he only lacks skill in versification to make his education complete. To shew what progress he is making in this requisite, he quotes with a good deal of self-satisfaction a Latin hexameter and pentameter distich of his own making, on a given theme which he also quotes. The verses are not calculated to impress us with a very high opinion of young Paston's knowledge of quantity, &c.; but they throw valuable light on the state of education then existing in England, and on the system pursued at Eton soon, if not immediately, after its foundation."

It is gratifying to read the following account of the present condition of the Scholars on the foundation, or Collegers, as they are called:—

"The next great improvement of recent years that claims attention, is the total reform that has taken place with respect to the selection and the treatment of the scholars on the foundation; and the increased care taken to make merit the test of a boy's chance of proceeding from Eton College to King's College, Cambridge.

"The unsatisfactory manner in which the Collegers were lodged and the general objections to the system in force respecting them, have already been noticed a few pages above. Several efforts were made by the present College authorities a few years ago to remedy some of the grievances complained of. The quality of the diet was improved. The annual sum formerly received by the Head-master from the Collegers, as well as from the Oppidans, ceased to be taken from the boys on the foundation; and the Provost and Fellows paid the Head-master an equivalent sum from the College funds. This annual payment, consisting of six guineas per year for each Colleger, Dr. Hawtrey, the present Head-master, has most liberally devoted to the College improvements. Other changes were introduced, all shewing the same desire on the part of the authorities to improve the position of the boys on the foundation. But no complete and effectual amelioration could be effected, so long as the old defective and objectionable system of lodging the boys remained unaltered. At last, in 1844, a decisive effort was made. By the combined exertions of a large body of old Etonians and other well-wishers to Eton, the College authorities were enabled to undertake and complete the erection of new buildings, and the alteration of the old ones, on a scale ample enough to provide for every scholar on the foundation those d.encies and comforts, which in modern usages and manners are absolutely necessary, and also to provide the means of ensuring that proper and prompt superintendence, which is essential for the due maintenance of discipline and decorum.

"There is now no hardship whatever in the life of an Eton Colleger. Indeed many of the Oppidans in the older boarding-houses are not so comfortably lodged as the boys on the foundation; and as sufficient accommodation for every purpose of study and quiet is now provided, besides the increased liberality and care shewn in providing for their meals, the education of a Colleger has been rendered really a cheap one, while at the same time his position has been freed from all its former unpleasant incidents.

"By means of the recent improvements, each of the forty-nine senior students on the foundation has his separate apartment. A portion of the old Long Chamber serves as a dormitory for the twenty-one younger boys of the seventy. But these are provided with studies; and there are also breakfast-rooms and lavatories. Rooms are annexed for the servants whom the College now hires and employs to attend to the buildings, and to perform all those offices of domestic service which the boys formerly had to do for themselves. And that which is probably the greatest improvement of all has been also attended to. Apartments for one of the assistant-masters have been built in communication with those occupied by the boys. One of these gentlemen now permanently resides there. And although the upper boys still are the vicegerents of authority, and are responsible for the preservation of order, the prompt superintendence of a higher power is ensured at all hours, and every desirable guarantee of discipline and quiet provided.

"Far greater liberality also is now shewn by the Colleger authorities in respect to the diet provided for the scholars on the foundation. The quality and number of the meals have been increased, and the system of serving them to the boys rendered consonant to modern usages. The parent of a boy on the foundation has now really very few things to provide for him in addition to the College allowances. The fee of the tutor under whom he must be placed (for this system is now universal in the school) is ten guineas a year. A small annual payment will also be requisite for the care which will be paid to some of the domestic arrangements respecting his son by one of the Dames. Each parent can best judge for himself what the pocket-money and clothing which he allows his son will cost him; and he must add something for the yearly expenses of books, and for the journeys backwards and forwards at each of the three vacations."

NOTES ON THE NOBILITY, BY DAVID ROSS. NO. 1, THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL—NO. 2, THE HOUSES OF STANLEY AND SEFTON. London. W. S. Orr and Co.

IN the "Liverpool Chronicle," an influential local Journal, a series of articles has recently appeared on the ancient aristocracy of the Empire, which has attracted so much public attention, that the learned Editor, Mr. David Ross, has been induced to republish these "Notes on the Nobility" in a separate and more convenient form. The first two numbers comprise Memoirs of the eminent Houses of Russell, Stanley, and Molyneux, which are to be succeeded by those of Howard, Cecil, Gordon, Talbot, Paget, Grey, Lindsay, Gower, Grosvenor, &c. The plan is a good one, and the execution highly creditable to the historical learning and literary taste of Mr. Ross. The Memoir of the Russells deserves especial commendation: it is a theme of surpassing national interest, and most ably has the writer availed himself of its striking points. Few names on the records of England have been more illustrious than that of Russell, still fewer so interwoven with the brilliant events of our annals. It acquired historical renown under the rule of the Plantagenets, and from that turbulent era to our own comparatively tranquil times, no generation has passed without its eminent character. So early as the reign of Henry VI., Sir John Russell was speaker of the House of Commons. He was grandfather of the first Earl of Bedford, the most accomplished gentleman at the Courts of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as his descendant Francis was acknowledged to have been at the Court of George III. Of this distinguished race, Mr. Ross's Memoir affords a most perfect history—full of biographical details, ably written, and public and personal anecdotes most amusingly told; for the Stanleys and the Molyneuxes Mr. Ross had a local regard, which must have rendered his task one of peculiar gratification. Admirably indeed has he entered on their eventful history.

This series, we may with truth say, will form, when completed, a most valuable addition to the genealogical literature of our country.

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

Adair, Charlotte Hamilton Hay, second dau. of Major J. Adair, 27th April, aged 14.

Adrian, Miss Mary Ann, 29th April, at Pentonville, aged 52.

Aislabie, Miss Francis, at Doncaster, 2nd May, aged 78.

Allin, Thomas Darke, Esq., 23rd May, at Clapham New Park.

Amyot, Jane, wife of Thomas Amyot, Esq., 24th April, aged 65.

Anderson, Josephine Bartolozzi, wife of J. R. Anderson, Esq., and sister of Madame Vestris, 30th April.

Andrews, Anne, relict of T. R. Andrews, Esq., late of Upper Bedford-place, 2nd May, at Dover.

Andrews, Edward, Esq., of Sunbury, Middlesex, 23rd April, aged 42.

Ashburton, Lord, 12th May. Within one short month, three eldest brothers of the great commercial family of Baring have passed off the scene of life. Lord Ashburton, the second of the three, died on the 12th of May. at Longleat. His lordship was born 27th October, 1774, and succeeded, at the decease of his father, the late Sir Francis Baring, Bart., to the chief management of the eminent mercantile firm, so well known throughout the world as "Baring Brothers and Co." In early life, Mr. Alexander Baring travelled much in the United States, and even penetrated some distance into the primeval forests of America, amongst which he encountered the most distinguished wanderer of that age, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. Washington, too, was also among those with whom he had the good fortune to find favour during his first visit to the New World. While in America, Mr. Baring married, 23rd August, 1798, Anne Louisa, eldest dau. of William Bingham, Esq., of Philadelphia, a senator of the United States, and through this alliance acquired influential commercial connexions on the

other side of the Atlantic, which, in the sequel, aggrandized the importance of the London house. Mr. Baring's first entrance on the political arena was as member for the borough of Taunton, in 1806. That town he continued to represent until 1818. He next sat for Callington, and for Thetford, and finally was returned Knight of the Shire for Essex. In 1834, on the formation of Sir Robert Peel's short-lived administration, Mr. Alexander Baring became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1835 was raised to the Peerage of Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton, in Devon. This title his Lordship selected as having been borne by his first cousin, the famous lawyer, John Dunning, on his elevation to the Upper House. The last occasion in which Lord Ashburton was engaged in the service of the Crown, was the Embassy to America in 1842, which led to the adjustment of our differences with that country. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, William Bingham, now Lord Ashburton. He leaves, besides, two other surviving sons, and two surviving daughters. We cannot better conclude our brief notice of this distinguished merchant and statesman, than by quoting the words of an eminent contemporary:—"Although (said Lord Stanley in a recent debate) my noble friend, Lord Ashburton was not a frequent speaker or debater in your Lordships' House, yet those of your Lordships who have had the opportunity of knowing and hearing him will be aware of how much value and importance was his opinion; and you will appreciate far more than the powers of the highest eloquence, the loss which the country has sustained in that clear and impartial judgment, that candid consideration, that vast experience, which he brought to bear on all those questions, and the practical

knowledge which he brought to bear more especially on all mercantile subjects—subjects to which he had devoted the study and observation of a long life—and which clothed his opinion with the highest authority. I am sure I may add, that the general amiability, the uniform kindness and courtesy, not only of manner but of heart, which characterised my noble friend, must have rendered it impossible that he could have left behind him a single enemy, public or personal. I am sure those who have been admitted to the honour of his friendship, even more than others, must feel the loss which your Lordships and the country have sustained.”

Baring, Henry, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, Esq. Mr. Baring was the third son of Sir Francis Baring, the first Baronet, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of William Herring, Esq., of Croydon, cousin and co-heir of Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury. At the period of his decease he had completed his 70th year. He married first, 19th April, 1802, Maria Matilda, second dau. of William Bingham, Esq., and by her (from whom he was divorced) had two sons and two daughters, viz. 1. Henry Bingham, M.P. for Marlborough, who is married to the Lady Augusta Brudenell, sister of the Earl of Cardigan; 2. James Drummond; 3. Anna Maria, wife of William Gordon Coesvelt, Esq.; and 4. Frances Emily, wife of Henry Bridgeman Simpson, Esq. Mr. Henry Baring's second wife was Cecilia Anne, eldest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Wm. Wyndham, and by her he leaves seven sons and one daughter. His death occurred on the 13th May, at his town residence, Berkeley-square.

Barelay. At sea, on the 11th of Dec., 1847, on his return voyage from India, by the ship Collingwood, R. D. Crawford, commander, Thomas Tickell Barclay, Esq., in the 26th year of his age, last surviving brother of the present Sir Robert Barclay, Bart., of Pierstoun, Ayrshire.

Barron, Mrs., of Northumberland-street, 23rd May, aged 81.

Bass, Eleanor Elizabeth, relict of James Eltham Bass, Esq., 2nd May, at Upper Tulse Hill, aged 30.

Bayne, Elizabeth, relict of Joseph Bayne, Esq., of Barbadoes, 3rd May, at Brighton.

Bedwell, Elizabeth, wife of Philip Bedwell, Esq., of Clapham Common, 16th May.

Bishop. The widow of Samuel Bishop,

Esq., formerly of Camberwell, 16th April, at St. Helens, co. Lancaster.

Bishop, John, Esq., of Sunbury House, Middlesex, 10th May, aged 54.

Blair, Frederick Charles, Esq., commander R.N., 18th May, aged 40.

Boag, Mrs. Hannah, of Mount-street, 17th May.

Bokenham, Ellen, youngest daughter of the late George Bokenham, Esq., 27th April.

Bolton, Eliza Fanny, wife of Major A. Bolton, 5th Dragoon Guards, 13th May.

Bonnor, Charles Cliffe John, only child of Major Bonnor, Ceylon Rifles, 13th May, aged 15.

Bonsor, William, Esq., of Great Grimsby and Barnoldby-le-Beek, co. Lincoln, 26th April, aged 76.

Boord, Henry John, Esq., of Park-hill, near Newton Abbott, aged 39.

Botham, Anne, at Clapton, 5th May, aged 86.

Bowker, Sarah Eagles, wife of Thomas Bowker, Esq., 1st May, aged 44.

Bowles, Mrs. George, at Bedford-place, Hampstead-road, 12th May.

Boyd, Hugh Stuart, Esq., late of Bally Castle, Ireland, 10th May, aged 68.

Bridge, Samuel Southby, eldest surviving son of the late Thomas Bridge, Esq., of London, 20th March, at Montreal.

Bright, Joseph, Esq., of Dalston, 10th May.

Brittlebank, William, Esq., of Oddo, co. Derby, 23rd April, aged 84.

Brooke, Jane, relict of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Brooke, C.B., of the 4th Foot, aged 77.

Broughton, Sophia, relict of Thomas Broughton, Esq., of Walsoken House, Norfolk, 24th April.

Brown, Elizabeth, relict of Thos. Brown, Esq., of Epsom, 14th May.

Brown, Maria, wife of James Miller Brown, of Basinghall-street, 3rd May, aged 47.

Broxholm, Sarah, second daughter of Robert Broxholm, Esq., of Sunbury, Middlesex, 13th May.

Bruce, Margaret Alex. Neilson, wife of G. Stuart Bruce, Esq., late of Connaught-square, 14th May.

Bullery, Charles, Esq. formerly E.I.C. Civil Service, and some years M.P. for West Love, 13th May, aged 74.

Burgess, Edward, third son of John Oakley Burgess, Esq., of Ramsgate, 12th March, on board the Monarch, off the Cape of Good Hope, aged 18.

Burgess, Henry G., Esq., of the Ordnance Department, eldest son of the late H. W. Burgess, Esq., of Sloane.

- street, 21st April, at St. Ketts, aged 25.
- Burmester, Anne, wife of John Burmester, Esq., second son of the late Henry Burmester, Esq., of Graymore House, Essex, 12th May.
- Burn, John Ilderton, Esq., late of Gray's Inn, 11th May, aged 75.
- Burnand, Lewis, Esq., 20th May, at Stoke Newington, aged 75.
- Cadell, Sophia Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Cadell, Esq., 11th May, at Weymouth-street.
- Carroll, William, Esq., 26th April, aged 64, at Kingstown, near Dublin.
- Carter, Harriet, wife of Robert Carter, Esq., of Brixton, and second daughter of the late William Robinson, Esq., of Holloway, 18th May.
- Castello, Susan, youngest daughter of David Castello, Esq., of New Grenada, 26th April.
- Chapman, Mary Anne, wife of M. J. Chapman, Esq., M.D., 22d April, at Torquay.
- Clarke, Susan, wife of C. E. Clarke, Esq., of Lower Grosvenor-place, 25th April.
- Clay, Elizabeth, relict of Richard Clay, Esq., formerly of Almondbury, and mother of Mrs. John Tindale, 25th April.
- Clementi, Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Vincent Clementi, Curate of Thatcham, and daughter of the late Rev. John Banks Cleaver Banks, LL.B., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, 13th May.
- Cobham, Warner, Esq. of Wherton-st., Pentonville. 10th May.
- Colthurst, Major, J.B., at Duprez Castle, Cork, th May.
- Cooper, Bertha. Amelia, daughter of J. W. Cooper, Esq., of Notting-Hill, 16th May, aged 12.
- Copland, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis, late of the Queen's Bays, only surviving son of the late Alexander Copland, Esq., of Gunnersbury Park, Middlesex, 19th May.
- Coryton, Mary Anne, second daughter of the late J. T. Coryton, Esq. at Pentillie Castle, Cornwall, 4th May.
- Craufurd, Mrs. Catherine Mary, 16th May, at Upper Berkeley-street.
- Creswell, Charles, Esq., of Islington, 3d May, aged 84.
- Cripps, William, Esq., M.P. This gentleman, whose recent conflict with Mr. Feargus O'Connor in the House of Commons is still fresh in the recollection of our readers, expired on the 11th May, at his residence in St. James's-place. The malady of which he died was an attack of the brain fever. The hon. member—son of Joseph Cripps, Esq., M.P., for Cirencester, from 1807 to 1841—was a barrister by profession, and one of the Lords of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel's late Administration. In politics he always acted with the Conservatives attached to Sir Robert, and formed one of the majority on the repeal of the Corn Laws. He was M.A. of the University of Oxford, and was at one time Vinerian Fellow. Mr. Cripps was married to the dau. of Benjamin Harrison, Esq., Chairman of the Exchequer Loan Commission.
- Crompton, Thomas, Esq., of Margate, 21st April.
- Crookshank, Fitzroy Wheeler, Esq., of 6th Madras Infantry, at Bellary, aged 19.
- Cuming, William, Esq. Purser R.N., 16th May, aged 63.
- Cundell, Richard, Esq., of Kilbourne and Burdon, 23d April, aged 51.
- Cunningham, Fanny, wife of Charles Cunningham, Esq., of Robertland, N.B., and daughter of the late Sir John Gall, Bart., 12th May, aged 68.
- Curtis, Rebecca, Mary, relict of Captain T. Curtis, R.N., and younger daughter of the late Sir William Curtis, Bart., 11th May.
- Cuthbert, Sarah, wife of Lewis Morris Cuthbert, Esq., of St. John's Wood, 5th May, aged 50.
- Dacres, Commander J. Richard, of Her Majesty's ship Nimrod, 14th February, on the Mozambique coast, aged 36.
- Dale, Mary Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Dale, Esq., M.D., 21st May, aged 59, at Thornbury.
- Dalyell. Major-Gen. Dalyell was third son of the late Sir Rt. Dalyell, Bart., of Binns, Linlithgowshire, and brother of Sir James Graham Dalyell, the present Baronet. This family of Dalyell represents the ancient Earls of Meuteth: its Baronetcy was conferred on the son of one of its most renowned ancestors, the famous Cavalier General Dalyell, Commander in Scotland during the wars of the Covenant. Robert Dalyell, the subject of this notice, emulated the military reputation of his forefather; he served in the British army during the whole of the late war, from its breaking out to its glorious close in 1815; he obtained much personal distinction at Kioge, at the reduction of Copenhagen, and at Vittoria and Toulouse. Major-General Dalyell died on the 24th ult., at an advanced age, at Edinburgh.
- Daniel, John Augustus, second son of Thomas Daniel, Esq., 11th May, at Stoodleigh, Devon, aged 23.

Daniel, Mary, relict of Lient.-Colonel Alexander Daniel, 30th April.

Darling, Jane, wife of George Darling, Esq., M.D., of Russell-square, 19th May, aged 61.

Davis, Anne, wife of Lewis Davis, Esq., of Woolwich, 18th May, aged 39.

Davison, Catherine, relict of Thomas Davison, Esq., of Bedford-row, 3d May, aged 76.

Dawes, Hester, wife of Thomas Dawes, Esq., 11th May.

Dawson, Richard, Esq., of Bennett-street, Blackfriars, aged 67.

Day, John, Esq., late of Margaret-street, 22d April, at Blackheath, aged 40.

Deane, Jane, eldest daughter of Charles Deane, Esq., of Blandford-pl., Regent's Park, 6th May, aged 26.

Delmar, Harriet, widow of Charles Delmar, Esq., 8th May, at Canterbury.

Despard, Harriet Anne, relict of General John Despard, 14th May, aged 77.

De Whelpdale, Mary, relict of John De Whelpdale, Esq., of Bishop's-yard, Penrith, 8th May, aged 73.

Dodd, Fanny, wife of A. T. S. Dodd, Esq., of Chichester and Ryde, and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Heathcote, of Hackney, 14th May.

Dodsley. On the 10th May, at Swinner-ton Rectory, Staffordshire, Joyce Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. C. Dodsley, and only child of the late Francis Beaumont, Esq., of Barrow-on-Trent, Derbyshire.

Dolan, John James, Esq., 29th April, at St. Martin's-lane, aged 66.

Douglas. Alexander Douglas, fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Douglas, Bart., 6th May.

Dowson, Joseph Withers, fourth son of Septimus Dowson, Esq., of Southtown, Great Yarmouth, 6th May.

Drayton, Mary, relict of Edmund Drayton, Esq., of Forest Gate, West Ham, Essex., 16th May.

Duke. On the 9th May, at Montrose, John Duke, Esq., surgeon R.N., only brother of Alderman Sir James Duke, M.P. for Boston.

Dunnean, Edward, Esq., Surgeon, of Leadenhall-street, 30th April, aged 42.

Ebley, Charles, Esq., of Hampstead Hall, of the Bankruptcy Court, 9th May.

Edwards, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Jane Edwards, Esq., 8th May, at Dolgelly, North Wales, aged 78.

Edwards, Anne, wife of Wm. Edwards, Esq., of Great Elm, county Somerset, at Weymouth, 24th April, aged 63.

Elkins, William, Esq., of Guildford, 30th April, aged 82.

Ewart. On the 8th May, at Shorham Vicarage, Kent, Georgiana, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Repton, Prebendary of Westminster, and widow of James, Kerr Ewart, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, aged 37.

Eyton, Henry, Esq., late of the firm of Cockshott and Co., of Pernambuco and Liverpool, 13th May.

Finnis, John, Esq., 19th May, at Dover, aged 56.

Fisher, Jane Ellen, wife of Doctor A. L. Fisher, 7th May, at Pall Mall.

Fitzroy, Lady Mary. The Sydney papers bring intelligence of a most lamentable accident—the upsetting of a carriage, by which Lady Mary Fitzroy, wife of Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, K.C.H., Governor of New South Wales, was killed. Her remains were consigned to the grave at Sydney, the funeral solemnities being attended by nearly the whole of the Government Officers and Ministers of the Colony. Upwards of 5000 persons were present. Lady Mary Fitzroy was daughter of Charles, late Duke of Richmond, K.G., by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. She was born 15th August, 1790, and married 11th March, 1820, Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, by whom she leaves three sons and one daughter, Mary Caroline, wife of the Hon. Keith Stewart, Capt. R.N.

Frere. On the 2nd May, in the Cloisters, Westminster, Louisa Jane Temple Frere, second daughter of the Rev. Temple Frere, Prebendary of Westminster.

Friswell, Mary, relict of Richard Friswell, Esq., 4th May, at Wimpole-st.

Furber, Sarah, daughter of the late William Furber, Esq., 11th May, at Upper Gower-street, aged 35.

Galatti, George S., Esq., 26th April, at Syra, Greece, aged 70.

Galloway, Elizabeth, wife of Doctor Thomas Galloway, R.N., 10th May.

Goldie, General Alexander John, of the Nunnery, Isle of Man, and late of the 6th Dragoon Guards, 25th April, aged 74.

Gompertz, Lyon, Esq., 8th May, at Kennington, aged 86.

Goodechild, The Rev. Cecil Wray, of Sutton Valence, Kent, 30th April, aged 38.

Gordon. On the 20th April, at Gittisham, Devon, aged 24, Lieutenant John Henry Gordon, 6th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, second son of

- M. F. Gordon, Esq., of Abergeldie, Aberdeenshire.
- Gosling, John, Esq., of Gloucester-place, 17th May, aged 85.
- Graham, Janet, third daughter of the late James Graham, Esq., at Woodside-terrace, Glasgow, 19th May.
- Grant, At Bendinine, New South Wales, on the 27th of November last, James Macpherson Grant, Esq., second son of the late Sir George Macpherson Grant, of Ballindalloch, Bart.
- Grant, Fanny, wife of Frederick J. R. Grant, Esq., of Sussex-place, Kensington, 1st May.
- Grant, William Thomas, youngest son of the late Charles Grant, Esq., M.P. for co. Inverness, 15th May.
- Green, Paul Frederick Reigels, only child of the Rev. Frederick Green, 4th May.
- Greville, William Hamilton, only son of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Greville, 30th April, at Knightsbridge Barracks.
- Groom, Mary, relict of Richard Groom, Esq., 20th May, at Brixton.
- Hales, Mary, relict of Wm. Hales, Esq., and sister of the late Admiral Hayes, C.B., 20th May, at Camberwell.
- Hall, Mary Johanna Senhouse, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Hall, R. Eng., 24th April, aged 19.
- Halpin, William Henry, Esq., for upwards of 30 years connected with the Metropolitan and Provincial Press, second son of W. H. Halpin, Esq., of Dublin, 8th May, aged 54, at Dublin.
- Haly, Richard Aylmer, Esq., late Capt. 18th Regt., eldest son of Aylmer Haly, Esq., of Plumpton-place, Sussex, 17th May.
- Hamp, Elizabeth, daughter of J. Hamp, Esq., of Catton, co. Derby, 20th of May.
- Hancock, Edward, Esq., formerly of the Stock Exchange, 30th Dec., at Sydney, New South Wales, aged 60.
- Harding, Miss Elizabeth, 27th March, at Ashwick, co. Somerset, aged 75.
- Harrison, Gertrude Maria, wife of the Rev. James Harwood Harrison, and dau. of H. L. Rose, Esq., of Dover, at Bugbrooke Rectory, co. Northampton, 18th May.
- Hawes, Mr. Joseph, of Upper Clapton, 14th May, aged 44.
- Hearle, Joseph, Esq., 25th April, at Hammersmith, aged 54.
- Heathcote, Henry, Esq., aged 23, at Ramsey, Isle of Man, 2nd May.
- Heathcote, Thomas Charles, eldest son of the late Captain Gilbert Heathcote, R.N. 24th April.
- Hemming, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Samuel Hemming, D.D., of Hampton, Middlesex, 9th May, aged 76.
- Hemington, Sarah, relict of Thos. Hemington, Esq. and elder dau. of the late Robert Scratton, Esq., 12th May.
- Hudson, Richard, Esq., of Smith Place, Kennington Common, aged 76.
- Hodson, Anne, relict of the Rev. Fordsham Hodson, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, Canon of Christchurch, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, at her residence, 22, Little Pulteney-street, Bath, 23rd April.
- Hornby, Captain Phipps John, of the Royal Engineers, eldest son of Admiral Phipps Hornby, Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, at Montreal, 8th April.
- Hornell, Robert, Esq., of Clapham, late of Sierra Leone, 24th April, aged 63.
- Ind, Edward, Esq., of Eastbury Lodge, Romford, 12th May, aged 69.
- Isaacson, Emma, wife of John Frederick Isaacson, Esq., 3rd May, at Norfolk Street, aged 37.
- Jackson, Catherine Hannah, the beloved wife of Howard Jackson, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir George Mouat Keith, R.N., at St. George's Terrace, Kensington, on Sunday, 23rd April.
- Jackson, Biddy, relict of William Jackson, Esq., of Hackney, 27th April, aged 83.
- Jarim, William Alexis, Esq., of Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, 11th May, aged 65.
- Jermyn, Lady Katherine. This lamented lady died on the 20th May, shortly after her infant child. At the period of her decease she had completed her 39th year. Her Ladyship was fourth daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and wife of Earl Jermyn, eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol. Her surviving issue are four sons and three daughters. Lady Katherine Jermyn's death occurred under very painful circumstances. A few days before, her husband sickened with the small-pox, and during his Lordship's illness her Ladyship persisted in affording her personal attendance. The result was that she took the disease herself. Being at the time *enciente*, her Ladyship, from the excitement consequent on the fever, was prematurely confined of an infant, which survived only a few hours. This unfortunate occurrence aggravated the complaint, and after four hours' suffering, Lady Katherine breathed her last on the evening of the 20th inst.

Jones, Thomas, Esq., of Hinton Charter House, co. Somerset, 8th May.

Jones, John, Esq., of Llanarth Court, co. Monmouth. This gentleman, the representative of one of the oldest families in England, and the possessor of very extensive estates, died at Bute House, Petersham. He was born 5th August, 1790, and married, 11th September, 1817, Harriet, only daughter of Arthur-James, eighth earl of Fingal, K.P., by whom he leaves four sons and one daughter. Of the former, the eldest, John Arthur Jones, Esq., now of Llanarth, is married to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., of Llanover, M.P. for Marylebone. Mr. Jones had sought, during the last four years of his life, to obtain royal permission to resume the ancient surname of his family, Herbert or Fitzherbert, and the claim was not decided at the period of his decease. The patriarch of his race in England was Herbert, styled Count of Vermaudois, who came over with the Conqueror, and filled the office of Chamberlain to William Rufus. From the eldest line of Herbert's descendants sprang the families of Progers, of Wern-du, and of Jones, of Llanarth; and from the junior, the chivalrous Earls of Pembroke, the Lords Herbert of Chisbury, &c. The noble house of Ranelagh is also a scion of the Jones's of Llanarth. The deceased gentleman, who was eldest son of John Jones, Esq., of Llanarth and Upton Court, had six brothers, the second of whom, William, now of Clytha, inherited the great property of his grand-uncle, W. Jones, Esq., of Clytha.

Kaye, Miss, 17th May, at Gnestling, Sussex.

Keane, James, Esq., 24th April, aged 76.

Keary, Anne, wife of William Keary, Esq., of Stoke-upon-Trent, and second daughter of John Mee, of East Retford, 10th May.

Kell, Eliza, wife of Robert Pritchard Kell, Esq., of the Bank of England, 12th May.

Kensit, Mary, wife of the Rev. G. R. Kensit, Vicar of Bletchworth, Surrey, 9th May, aged 46.

Kent, Henry, of Culham House, Reading, 1st May, aged 63.

Kent, Henry, Esq., 27th April, at Warwick Lodge, Maida Hill, aged 54.

Lake, Sarah, wife of William Walton Lake, Esq., of Islington, 17th May, aged 71.

Lamborn, Charles, Esq., late of the Woods and Forests, 3rd May, at Kensington, aged 76.

Lawrence, Elizabeth French, youngest daughter of the late Most Rev. Richard Lawrence, Archbishop of Cashel, 14th May.

Lawson, Jane, third daughter of Robert Lawson, Esq., of East Barnet, 29th April, aged 26.

Lea, Arthur Augustus, Esq., of Wadham College, Oxon, and of Kidderminster, 13th May, aged 23.

Leary, Lieut. Joseph Henry, Chief Ranger of the Forests of Seinde, 19th March, at Meanee.

Leslie, Percival Edward, eldest son of Edward Leslie, Esq., of Woodford Bridge, Essex, 4th March, at the Cape of Good Hope.

Lethbridge, Ernest Aeland, of H. M. S. Trafalgar, third son of John Hesketh Lethbridge, Esq., of Cosham Lodge, Hants, 1st May, aged 16.

Letts, Frances, wife of John Letts, Esq., of Brockbourne, Herts, 30th April, aged 60.

Lewis. Of scarlet fever, on the 7th May, Victoria Josephine, aged five years and four months; and on the 9th, Charles Tinney, aged three years and seven months, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of 13, Crescent-place, Mornington-crescent.

Linwood, William, Esq., of Forty Hill, Enfield, 6th of May, aged 83.

Lloyd, Maria Sinlope, eldest daughter of the late Francis Lloyd, Esq., M. P. for co. Montgomery, 7th May.

Lloyd, Miss Charlotte, 29th April, at Nottingham-street, aged 74.

Loch. On the 14th of February, of fever, on board Her Majesty's ship Nimrod, at Mozambique, deeply lamented, Geo. John Loch, Esq., Lieutenant, R.N., aged 25, only son of John Loch, Esq.

Loring. On the 1st April, at his residence, Englefield, Toronto, Canada West, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Roberts Loring, youngest son of the late Joshua Loring, Esq.

Louch, Henry, Esq., of Manor Cottage, E. I. Road, 30th April.

Lowndes, Charles, Esq., at Paisely, 18th April.

Lucas, R. W., Esq., 20th May, at the Woodlands, co. Gloucester, aged 76.

Lunan, Miss Catharine, late of Kingston, Jamaica, 23rd April.

Lyndon, Jane, wife of Robert Lyndon, Esq., 14th May, at Barnes.

Lytton, Emily Elizabeth Bulwer. It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of this young lady,

- the only daughter of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., of Knebworth Park, Herts. The melancholy event occurred on Saturday, the 29th April. Miss Bulwer Lytton was, through her father, descended from the Bulwers of Norfolk, one of the oldest families in that county, the Robinsons of Gwersylt, and the Norreyses of Speke, as well as from Anne Tudor, sister of Sir Owen Tudor, grandfather of King Henry VII. Through her mother, Rosina Wheeler, she deduced descent from the noble house of Massy.
- Maberly, the Rev. Samuel, of Mells, co. Somerset, youngest son of Joseph Maberly, Esq., of Harley-street, 22nd May.
- Mackenzie, Mary, wife of William Mackenzie, Esq., of Warwick-square, Pimlico, C. E.
- Mackie, William, Esq., late of Wandsworth, and formerly Paymaster of the 27th Reg., 22nd April, aged 71.
- Maitland. At Ramornie, Fifeshire, on the 26th May, James Heriot, Esq., of Ramornie, second son of the late Capt. the Hon. Frederick Lewis Maitland, R.N., of Rankeilour and Lindores.
- Manners. At Shirley, near Southampton, on the 6th May, in her 76th year, most deeply regretted by her family and friends, Louisa Ann, eldest daughter of the late Robert Manners, Esq., granddaughter of the late Lord William Manners, and niece of the late Countess of Dysart.
- McCarthy. On the 13th May, at Pembroke-place, Dublin, Anne, relict of the late Denis McCarthy, Esq., of Maxgrove, county of Cork, and sister of the late Robert Power, Esq., of Whitechurch-house, co. of Waterford, Ireland.
- McKenny. At Sydney, New South Wales, on Sunday, October 31, the Rev. John McKenny, Wesleyan minister, aged 57. He was a native of Newry, in Ireland, and received his first appointment as a Wesleyan missionary, to the Cape of Good Hope, in 1813. In 1816 he was appointed to Ceylon, and in 1835, to Sydney, New South Wales. The high esteem in which he was held in the colony was manifested by the attendance at his funeral. The ministers of other denominations, as well as the Wesleyan ministers, and the officers of the society in Sydney and Parramatta, were present. About 50 coaches followed the body to the grave, where the Rev. Frederick Lewis, who in 1835-6 had been his fellow-voyager from England, gave a suitable address.
- Maule, William Henry, Esq., of Godmanchester, 22nd May, aged 67.
- McLean, Miss, at Norland-square, aged 54.
- McDermott, Charles, Esq., of Kennington, Surgeon, 3rd May.
- McDowall, Mrs. Susanna, of Oldbury-on-the-Hill, co. Gloucester, and Esher, Surrey, 4th May, aged 71.
- Meredith. On the 23rd April, of dysentery, aged 21, William Saunders Meredith, Esq., third son of John Meredith, Esq., Lambeth-road, and late of the diplomatic department, Hong Kong, China.
- Monk, Mrs. Sarah. This highly-esteemed lady, who died at Tickall, in Yorkshire, on the 23rd April, was a centenarian, having at the time of her decease passed her 101st year. Mrs. Monk, whose sense, accomplishments, and piety were very generally known and valued, was the daughter of the Rev. Joshua Waddington, Vicar of Harworth, in Nottinghamshire, and the widow of Charles Monk, an officer in the 45th Regiment, youngest brother of the late Sir James Monk, Chief Justice of Montreal. Mrs. Monk's son, the Right Rev. James Henry Monk, D.D., is the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; her nephew, the Very Rev. George Waddington, is Dean of Durham; another nephew, Horace Waddington, Esq., is a distinguished member of the bar, and Recorder of Lichfield. Among her other numerous relations are Mrs. Shirley, widow of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man; Lady Hall, wife of Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P.; and Madame Bunsen, wife of the Prussian Minister at St. James's.
- Monro, Sir Hugh, Bart. Sir Hugh Monro, of Foulis, whose death we here record, was the representative of a very ancient Scottish family. The first of the race designated of Foulis lived as far back as the eleventh century. The nineteenth Baron of Foulis in descent from him, Hector Monro, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia the 7th June, 1634. The Baronets who succeeded him were persons of distinction in Scotland. The sixth Baronet, Sir Robert Monro, fell gallantly fighting on the Hanoverian side at the battle of Falkirk. His son, Sir Harry Monro, M.P., married Anne, daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq., of Kilravock, by whom he was, with other issue, father of Sir Hugh Monro, the subject of this notice, who succeeded him as eighth Baronet in 1781. Sir Hugh married, several years ago, Jane, daughter of Alexander Law,

- Esq., of London. This lady, while bathing, was unfortunately drowned in 1803. She left an only child, Mary Seymour, who survives her father. Sir Hugh Monro was a Deputy-Lieutenant of Ross-shire, and possessed considerable property in that county. His death occurred on the 2nd May, at his residence in Manchester-square, at the advanced age of 85. The estates and title are inherited by George Monro, cousin of the deceased, who is now in his 79th year, and served for a long period in India with distinction. This gentleman's claim to the descent of the Baronetcy was confirmed in 1828 by the Lord Chancellor, after considerable litigation.
- Morley, John, Esq., 10th May, at Hackney, aged 89.
- Morrison, Archibald, Esq., of Eaton Hall, near Norwich.
- Mullinex, George, youngest son of the late Henry Mullinex, Esq., of the Chapel Royal, 28th April, aged 21.
- Munyard, Joseph, Esq., of Kingston, and the Mount, Hampstead, May 21, aged 61.
- Nesbitt, Captain George Quiros, B.N.L., third son of the late Major-General Nesbitt, H.C.S., 13th March, aged 35.
- Newton, John Hayne, Esq., M.R.C.S., and of Her Majesty's Forces, on Easter Sunday, at St. Servan, France, aged 84.
- Norton, Henry, Esq., of Uxbridge, 2nd May, aged 55.
- Nugent, Lady Anne Lucy. Her Ladyship, distinguished for her literary taste and mental accomplishments, expired on the 19th ultimo, in the 58th year of her age, after an illness of some weeks' duration. She was the second dau. of Lieut.-General the Hon. Vere Poulett, M.P., second son of Vere, third Earl Poulett, and married, 6th Sept., 1813, George Lord Nugent, by whom she had no issue.
- Oldham, Sarah, relict of J. O. Oldham, Esq., of Montague-place, Russell-square, 30th April.
- Oliver, John Staniland, Esq., of Blandford-square, 17th May, aged 61.
- Ommanney, Edward L., Esq., of St. Peter's, co. Bedford, 9th May, aged 68.
- Oppenheim, Samuel, youngest son of Henry Oppenheim, Esq., of Tottenham, 28th April, aged 37.
- Owen, Katharine, wife of the Rev. Edward Owen, A.M., 30th April, at St. Leonard's Parsonage, Wendover.
- Palmer, Mrs. W., of South-street, Berkeley-square, 22nd April, aged 39.
- Palmer, the Rev. Samuel, 11th May, at Chigwell, aged 80.
- Parish, Woodbine, Esq., for many years Chairman of the Board of Excise, 13th May, aged 80.
- Parker, Frances, third daughter of the late Charles Rowland Parker, Esq., of Blackheath, 6th May.
- Parker, Montague Frederick, only son of Frederick Parker, Esq., of Beech Lodge, Great Marlow, Bucks, 19th May.
- Parsons, Lient.-Colonel, Resident of Zante, Corfu, 20th April, aged 63.
- Paterson, Thomas William, Esq., of the 63rd Regt., 10th May, at the Barracks, Manchester, aged 20.
- Pickwood, Sophia, widow of Robert Williams Pickwood, Esq., many years Chief Justice of St. Kitts, and daughter of the late John Pogson, Esq., of Rongham-place, Suffolk, 23rd May.
- Ponsford, Lionel T., of Bayswater, 16th April, aged 31.
- Portal, John, Esq. This gentleman died on the 7th May, at his seat, Freefolk Priors, Hants, in his 85th year. He was the head of the Portal family, and for upwards of fifty years a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Southampton. His large estates extended over the parishes of Treefolk, Laverstoke, Overton, Whitechurch, Kingsclere, Ashe, Hannington, and Stevenston. He married, August, 1815, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Henry Drummond, Esq., of the Grange, Hants, by Anne, daughter of the late Viscount Melville, and has left issue. The family of De Portal was amongst the French Refugees of the 17th century, and had held the highest rank amongst the nobles of Languedoc, for several ages—during which time many members of the family were signally distinguished by military achievements, and in the political history of those periods.
- Powell, Joanna, relict of Alexander Powell, Esq., of Hurdcott, Wilts, 22d April.
- Powis, Richard, Esq., of Greenwich, 27th April, aged 85.
- Price, George, Esq., formerly of Bennett's Bridge, Kilkenny, 15th April, at Jamaica, aged 46.
- Privat, Miss Anna Maria, 24th April, at Forest-place, Leytonstone, aged 72.
- Pym, Lady Jane Elizabeth, wife of Francis Pym, Esq., of the Hasells, co. Beds., 25th April, aged 51.
- Raikes, Anne, widow of Robert Raikes, Esq., 28th April, at Welton House, co. York, aged 76.

Raper, Catherine, wife of W. A. Raper, Esq., 8th May, at Horsham, aged 58.

Reynolds, Charlotte, wife of George Reynolds, Esq., formerly of Christ's Hospital, 13th May, aged 87.

Reynolds, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Robert Reynolds, of Farringdon, Berks, 13th April.

Rich, Charles, Esq., 15th May, at Stepney, aged 68.

Richardson, Major, 28th April, at Blackheath, aged 78.

Richardson, Thomas, Esq., of Denmark Hill, 26th April, aged 78.

Risley, Elizabeth Rebecca, only daughter of the Rev. William Cotton Risley, late Vicar of Doddington, Oxon, 19th May, aged 19.

Robinson, Thomas, Esq., of Oxford, Banker, 1st May, aged 67.

Robinson, Henrietta, wife of Marmaduke Robinson, Esq., of Chandos-street, 24th April.

Rogers, Miss Hester, of Dowdeswell House, co. Gloucester. The decease of this estimable lady occurred at Dowdeswell House, near Cheltenham, on the 18th ult., at the advanced age of eighty-seven. She was the eldest dau. of the Rev. Richard Rogers, LL.B., of Dowdeswell, and inherited her estates from her uncle, Edward Rogers, Esq., in the year 1810. The family of Rogers, originally of Bryanston, county Dorset, has long been established in Gloucestershire, and seated at Dowdeswell since the reign of Elizabeth. To the memory of one of the Gloucestershire Rogers Dryden wrote the following beautiful epitaph:—

"Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure—

Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race:

More moderate gifts might have prolonged his date,

Too early fitted for a better state;

But knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way."

Miss Rogers is succeeded in her manors and estates by her nephew and heir, Richard Rogers Coxwell, Esq., a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, eldest surviving son of the Rev. Charles Coxwell, of Abington House, Rector of Dowdeswell, by Anne, youngest sister of the deceased lady.

Rose, Ellen, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir George Henry Rose, 2nd May.

Rowe, George, Esq., of Camberwell, 28th April.

Samuda, Benjamin, Esq., at Wood Lawn, Dulwich, last surviving son of the late

David Samuda, Esq., of Great Alie-street, 4th May, aged 80.

Sanderson, the Rev. Charles, Curate of St. James', Clerkenwell, 1st May.

Sandys, the Rev. George William, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Woolwich, 10th May, aged 36.

Scott, Page Nicolas, Esq., 27th April, at Norwich, aged 66.

Scougall, Catherine, second daughter of the late George Scougall, Esq., of St. Petersburg, 12th May.

Scrimgeour, Isabella, eldest daughter of John Shedder Scrimgeour, Esq., of Highgate, 7th May.

Scrivens, George, Esq., of Clapham Common, 25th April, aged 67.

Sers, James, Esq., at Long Sutton, co. Lincoln, 3rd May.

Sewell, Jane, relict of Thomas Sewell, Esq., of Newport, Isle of Wight, 20th May, aged 74.

Sheldrick, Elizabeth, relict of James Sheldrick, Esq., of Lower Shadwell, 18th May, aged 74.

Shepherd, Francis Henry Heyman, son of the Rev. E. I. Shepherd, Rector of Luddesdown, Kent, 8th May, aged 11.

Sherman, Martha, wife of the Rev. James Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars, 11th May, aged 42.

Shultz, John Frederick, Esq., late Capt. of the 12th Regiment, 18th May.

Simon, William Frederick, Esq., late of Carlisle, 5th May, aged 35.

Simpson, Edward, Esq., at Kenilworth, aged 61.

Smith, Thomas, Esq., at Cheshunt-street, Herts, eldest son of Thomas Smith, Esq., of North Clapham Road, 6th May, aged 39.

Smith, Euphemia, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Smith, Esq., of Edinburgh, 14th May.

Smith, Thomas, Esq., of Uxbridge, Banker, 24th April, aged 63.

Smyth, Mrs. Jane, 13th May, at Freeland Lodge, Oxon., aged 86.

Snow. On the 24th April, at 22, Half Moon-street, in his 37th year, Peter Duveluz Snow, late of Queen's College, Cambridge, Esq., son of the late B. G. Snow, Esq., of Highgate.

Spencer, Elizabeth Frances, relict of Henry Leigh Spencer, Esq., 30th April.

Squibb, Frances Elizabeth, wife of George James Squibb, Esq., 6th May.

Squire, William, Esq., Surgeon, of Wandsworth, 3rd May, aged 38.

Squire, Susanna, relict of B. Squire, Esq., of St. Neot's, Hunts, 25th April.

Stainforth, Richard Terrick, Esq., 7th May, at Hutton Lodge,

Stampa. On the 8th May, at Trevorterrace, Knightsbridge, Captain Paul Anthony Stampa, of the 60th Rifle corps, in the 83rd year of his age.

Stein, James, Esq., at Edinburgh, 12th April.

Stevenson, Marianne, youngest daughter of Major Stevenson, of Borcombe, Hants., 10th May, at Knightsbridge, aged 20.

Streatfild, the Rev. Thomas, F.S.A., 17th May, at Charts Edge, Kent, aged 71.

Taswell, Octavia, wife of William Taswell, Esq., 30th April, at Green Park, Bath.

Tate. Mr. Wm. Tate was a distinguished author in that valuable branch of literature which relates to commerce and accounts. He wrote several excellent works on exchanges, book-keeping and arithmetic. He was himself one of the best mathematicians and accountants of the present day, and his demise may be regarded as a loss to the commercial world. One of Mr. Tate's productions was the "Modern Cambist." Mr. Tate departed this life at Charles Square, London, on the 28th April, having just completed his 67th year. Mr. Tate leaves, to deplore his death, a widow and five sons, William, John, Frederick, Henry (of Liverpool), and Edwin; the eldest succeeds him in his business.

Tatham, Louisa, wife of — Tatham, Esq., of Northfleet, Kent, 30th April.

Taylor, Thomas Glanville, Esq., East India Company's Service, a gentleman well known in the astronomical and scientific world, 3rd May, at Southampton, having just arrived from India after 18 years' service. His daughter died the following day.

Tennant, Henry Dalzell, of Limehouse, 19th May, aged 48.

Terry, the Rev. Michael, M.A., Rector of Dummer, Hants, 22nd April.

Thomas, Alexander, Esq., of Rozel Cottage, Barnsbury Park, 20th May, aged 58.

Thomas, Captain William, formerly of the 42nd Highlanders, 15th May.

Thomas, Miss Frances, of Tulse Hill, 19th May, aged 57.

Thompson, William, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge, eldest son of the late Rev. William Thompson, of London, on Tuesday, 25th April, at Vienna, aged 24.

Timperon, John Robert, son of the late Joseph Timperon, Esq., 5th May.

Topham, Ovid, Esq., of Holloway, 9th May, aged 69.

Trench, Jane, youngest daughter of Rev. F. S. Trench, of Kilmorony, Ireland, 11th April.

Troughton, Margaret, wife of E. J. Troughton, Esq., jun., 8th May, at Cranbrook, Kent.

Tuckfield, Charlotte, relict of Richard Hippisley Tuckfield, Esq., and sister of the late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart.

Timley, William, Esq., of Camden Town, 7th May, aged 95.

Unwin, Jos., Esq., 2d May, at Calthorpe-street, aged 64.

Unwin, Mrs. William, of Milton-street, Dorset-square, 25th April.

Vansittart, Henry, Esq., of Kirkleatham, county York. The decease of this gentleman took place a few days since. He was only son of the late Henry Vansittart, Esq., nephew of Lord Bexley, and grandson of Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal. The extensive estates he possessed in Yorkshire were held in right of his wife, Teresa, second daughter of Charlotte, Viscountess Newcomen, and widow of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. By this lady he had one daughter, Teresa, who wedded, 11th May, 1841, Arthur Newcommon, Esq., of the Royal Horse Artillery. Mr. Vansittart was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Yorkshire, and served as its High Sheriff in 1820.

Venning, S. B., Esq., of Clapham, 6th May, aged 47.

Vilmet, Amand, Esq., of Bayswater, 24th April, aged 69.

Walker, Mrs. Caroline Georgiana, of Walworth, 21st April.

Walls, Jane, relict of Charles Walls, Esq., of Upper George-street, 18th May, aged 76.

Warde, Charles J. R. Prescott, eldest son of the late James Prescott Warde, Esq., tragedian, 7th May, aged 26.

Warrant, Captain Thomas, R.N., 17th May, aged 73. Captain Warrant entered the navy in 1793.

Watson, Emily, wife of George Watson, Esq., of Fakenham, Norfolk, and dau. of Anthony Groyne, Esq., 12th May.

Waugh. At Coonoor, Madras, of the cholera, on the 20th February, in his 26th year, Lieutenant Francis Waugh, 47th M.N.I., youngest son of Thomas Waugh, Esq., of the Grove, Camberwell.

Weaver, Harriet, wife of John Weaver, Esq., of Atherstone, 4th May, at Hanwell.

Webb, Matilda Jane, wife of Francis Webb, Esq., of Doughty-street, 23d May.

Welch, Robert Hayes, Esq., formerly of Dublin and Jamaica, 24th April, aged 59.

West, Margaret, wife of William West, Esq., of St. Pancras, 20th May, aged 46.

White, William Cecil, seventh son of the late Lieut.-Col. White, 23d April, at Hadley, Middlesex.

Williams, Sophia Simonds, wife of J. Dore Williams, Esq., of Pierce Williams, Essex, 15th May.

Williams, Harriet Anne, widow of Robt. Williams, Esq., 10th May, at Brixton, aged 76.

Williams, John, Esq., of Maida Vale, 12th May.

Wilmore, Harriet Elizabeth, eldest dau. of J. T. Wilmore, Esq., A.R.A., 16th May, aged 18.

Wood, John Esq., of Brownhills, county Stafford, 18th May, aged 70.

Woolley, Louisa Charlotte, wife of C. A. Woolley, Esq., of Pentonville, only daughter of John Numbray, 6th May.

Wright, Geo., Esq., of Heysham Lodge, near Lancaster, 30th April, aged 91.

Wright, Mrs. Charles, 29th April, at Enfield Highway, aged 81.

Yardley, Mrs. Jemima Stringer, 22d April, at St. John's Wood.

Yorke, Henry Galgacas Redhead, Esq., M.P. The melancholy death of this gentleman, who, in a paroxysm of mental aberration, put a period to his life a few days since, has cast a deep gloom over his family and friends. He was son of the late well-known political writer, Henry Redhead Yorke, Esq., and, like his father, was, to use his own words, "a moderate Reformer, when moderation is sufficient; a decided Reformer, when decision is better; a Radical Reformer, when Radicalism is best; but above all things, an uncompromising friend of the people." Mr. Yorke married, 26th December, 1827, the Hon. Elizabeth Cecilia Crosbie, only daughter and heir of William, late Lord Brandon, and has left issue.

Zinzan, Anne Elizabeth, wife of Robert Zinzan, Esq., 19th May, at Hackney.

END OF VOL. V.

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